



Mr. Samuel Butler

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HUDIBRAS:

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of the

LATE WARS.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

ADDITIONS

Annotations to the Third PART,

With an Exact

INDEX to the Whole;

Never before PRINTED.

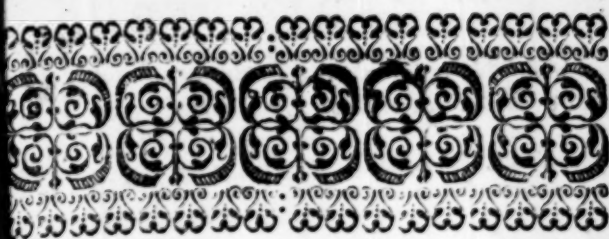
Adorn'd with CUTS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. Chiswel, J. Tonson, T. Horne,
and R. Wellington. MDCCX.



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TO THE
R E A D E R.



POETA nascitur non fit,
is a Sentence of as great
Truth as Antiquity; it
being most certain, that
all the acquir'd Learning
imaginable is insufficient
to compleat a Poet, with-
out a Natural Genius and Propensity to
so Noble and Sublime an Art. And we
may without Offence observe, that many
very Learned Men, who have been ambi-
tious to be thought Poets, have only ren-
der'd themselves obnoxious to that Sa-
tyrical Inspiration, our Author wittily in-
vokes;

Which made them, tho' it were in spight
Of Nature and their Stars, to write.

On the other Side, some who have had very little Human Learning, but were endued with a large Share of Natural Wit and Parts, have become the most Celebrated Poets of the Age they liv'd in. But as these last are, Raræ Aves in terris; so when the Muses have not disdain'd the Assistances of other Arts and Sciences, we are then bless'd with those lasting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may justly claim a kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author, had his Modesty permitted him, might with Horace have said,

Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius;
Or with Ovid.

Jamque opus Exegi, quod nec Jovis
ira, nec Ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere
Vetustas.

The Author of this Celebrated Poem, was of this last Composition; for altho' he had not the Happiness of an Academical Education, as some affirm, it may be perceiv'd, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplish'd in the most useful Parts of Human Learning.



Rapin

To the READER. iii

Rapin (in his Reflections) speaking of the necessary Qualities belonging to a Poet, tells us ; he must have a Genius extraordinary ; great Natural Gifts ; a Wit, just, fruitful, piercing, solid and universal ; an Understanding, clean and distinct ; an Imagination, neat and pleasant ; an Elevation of Soul, that depends not only on Art or Study, but is purely a Gift of Heaven, which must be sustain'd by a lively Sense and Vivacity ; Judgment to consider wisely of Things, and Vivacity for the beautiful Expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this Character is due to our Author, I leave to the Impartial Reader, and those of nicer Judgments, who had the Happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The Reputation of this Incomparable Poem, is so thoroughly establish'd in the World, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any Panegyrick upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious Part of Mankind will readily acknowledge to be a Sovereign Judge of Wit, was so great an Admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his Conversation : However, since most Men have a Curiosity to have some Ac-

iv To the READER.

count of such Anonymous Authors, whose Compositions have been Eminent for Wit or Learning; I have been desired to oblige them with such Informations, as I could receive from those who had the Happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectifie the Mistakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his Athenæ Oxonienses, concerning him.



THE



THE
AUTHOR'S
LIFE.



Amuel Butler, the Author of this Excellent Poem, was Born in the Parish of *Strensham*, in the County of *Worcester*, and Baptiz'd there the 13th of *Feb.* 1612. His Fa-

ther, who was of the same Name, was an honest Country Farmer, who had some small Estate of his own, but Rented a much greater of the Lord of the Manor where he liv'd. However, perceiving in this Son of his an early Inclination to Learning, he made a shift to have him Educated in the Free-School at *Worcester*, under Mr. *Henry Bright*; where having past the usual Time, and being become an excellent
A 4 School-

School-Scholar, he went for some little time to *Cambridge*, but was never matriculated into that University; his Father's Abilities not being sufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education; so that our Author return'd soon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. *Jefferys* of *Earls-Croom*, an Eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he liv'd some Years in an easie and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Master, he had sufficient Leisure to apply himself to whatsoever Learning his Inclinations led him to, which were chiefly History and Poetry; to which, for his Diversion, he joined Musick and Painting; and I have seen some Pictures, said to be of his Drawing, which remain'd in that Family; which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to satisfy the Reader of his early Inclinations to that Noble Art, for which also he was afterwards entirely belov'd by Mr. *Samuel Cooper*, one of the most Eminent Painters of his Time.

He was after this recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, *Elizabeth Countess of Kent*, where he had

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not only the Opportunity to consult all manner of learned Books, but to converse also with that living Library of Learning, the great Mr. *Selden*.

Our Author liv'd some time also with Sir *Samuel Luke*, who was of an ancient Family in *Bedfordshire*; but, to his Dishonour, an Eminent Commander under the Usurper *Oliver Cromwell*; and then it was, as I am inform'd, he compos'd this Loyal Poem. For tho' Fate, more than Choice, seems to have plac'd him in the Service of a Knight so Notorious, both in his Person and Politicks, yet by the Rule of Contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, that he was most Orthodox, both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induc'd to believe he wrote it about that Time, because he had then the Opportunity to converse with those living Characters of Rebellion, Nonsense, and Hypocrisie, which he so Lively and Pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the Restauration of King *Charles* I. those who were at the Helm minding Money more than Merit, our Author found that Verse of *Juvenal* to be exactly verify'd in himself;

Haud facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat,
Res angusta Domi :

And being endued with that innate Modesty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts; he became Secretary to *Richard* Earl of *Carbury*, Lord President of the Principality of *Wales*, who made him Steward of *Ludlow-Castle*, when the Court there was reviv'd. About this Time he Married one Mrs *Herbert*, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our *Oxford* Antiquary has reported: She had a competent Fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill Securities, so that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary, to have been Secretary to his Grace *George* Duke of *Buckingham*, when he was Chancellor to the University of *Cambridge*; but whether that be true or no 'tis certain, the Duke had a great Kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that *Mecænas* of all Learned and Witty Men, *Charles* Lord *Buckhurst*, the late Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, who being himself an

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excellent Poet, knew how to set a just Value upon the Ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the Necessities of those, whose Modesty would endeavour to conceal them ; of which our Author was a signal Instance, as several others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteness of his Wit, and Easiness of his Conversation, had render'd him most acceptable to all Men ; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning Judgment could distinguish, (as Mr. Cowley expresseth it)

From the Great Vulgar or the Small.

And having thus liv'd to a good Old Age, admir'd by all, tho' personally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680. and was bury'd at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. L---vil of the T---le, in the Yard belonging to the Church of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, at the West-end of the said Yard, on the North-side under the Wall of the said Church, and under that Wall which parts the Yard from the common High-way. And

And since he has no Monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of *Michael Drayton* the Poet, as the Author of Mr. *Cowley's* has partly done before me.

And tho' no Monument can claim,
To be the Treasurer of thy Name ;
This Work, which ne'er will die, shall be
An Everlasting Monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest Pretenders to Learning or History; nor can scarce any one be so Ignorant, as not to know, that the chief Design thereof, is a Satyr against those Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, murdered the best of Kings, to introduce the worst of Governments; destroy'd the best of Churches, that Hypocrisie, Novelty and Nonsense, might be predominant amongst us; and overthrew our wholesome Laws and Constitutions, to make way for their *Blessed* Anarchy and Confusion, which at last ended in Tyranny. But since, according to the Proverb, *None are so Blind as they that will not See*; so those who are not resolv'd

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to be invincibly Ignorant, I refer, for
their farther Satisfaction, to the Histories
of Mr. *Fowlis* of Presbytery, Mr. *Walker*
of Independency; but more especially to
that incomparable History lately publish'd,
wrote by *Edward*, late Earl of *Claren-*
don, which are sufficient to satisfie any
unbiafs'd Person, that his general Chara-
cters are not fictitious: And I could
heartily wish, these Times were so reform-
ed, that they were not applicable to
some even now living. However, there
being several particular Persons reflected
on, which are not commonly known,
and some old Stories and uncooth Words,
which want Explication, we have thought
fit to do that Right to their Memories,
and for the better Information of the less
learned Readers, to explain them in some
additional Annotations at the End of this
and the Second Part.

How often the Imitation of this Po-
em has been attempted, and with how
little Success, I leave the Readers to
judge: In the Year 63 there came out
a spurious Book, called, *The Second Part*
of *Hudibras*; which is reflected upon by
our Author, under the Character of
Whacum, towards the latter End of his
Second

Second Part : Afterwards came out the *Dutch* and *Scotch Hudibras*, *Butler's Ghost*, the *Occasional Hypocrite*, and some others of the same Nature, which, compar'd with this, (*Virgil Travesty* excepted) deserve only to be condemn'd, *ad Ficum & Piperem* ; or if you please, to more base and servile Offices.

Some vain Attempts have been likewise made to translate some Parts of it into *Latin*, but how far they fall short of that Spirit of the *English* Wit, I leave the meanest Capacity, that understands them, to judge. The following *Similies* I have heard were done by the Learned Dr. *Harmer*, once *Greek Professor* at *Oxon*.

So learned Taliacotius from, &c.

Sic adscititios nasos de clune torosi
Vestoris, doctâ secuit *Talicotius Arte* 4
Qui potuere parem durando æquare Parentem
At postquam fato Clunis computruit, ipsum
Una sympathicum caput tabescere Rostrum.

So Wind in the Hypochondres pent, &c.

Sic Hypochondriacis inclusa meatibus Aura
Definet in crepitum, si fertur prona per alvum,
Sed si summa petat, montisq; invaserit arcem
Divinus furor est, & conscia Flamma futuri.

So Lawyers, lest the Bear Defendant, &c.

Sic Legum mystæ, ne forsan Pax foret, Ursam
Inter furantem sese, Actoremq; Molossium;
Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentisque refigunt.
Luctantesq; canes coxis, femorisq; revellunt.
Errores justasque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumq; prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.
Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.
Eja! agite ô cives, iterumq; in prælia tradunt.

There are some Verses, which, for Reason of State, easie to be guess'd at, were thought fit to be omitted in the first Impression, as these which follow :

Did not the Learned *Glyn* and *Maynard*,
To make good Subjects Traitors, strain hard?
Was not the King, by Proclamation,
Declar'd a Traitor thro' the Nation?

And now I heartily wish I could gratifie your farther Curiosity with some of those *Golden Remains*, which are in the Custody of Mr. *L---vil* ; but not having the Happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor Interest to procure them, desire you will be content with the following Copy, which the Ingenious Mr. *Aubrey* assures he had from the Author himself.

No

No Jesuit e'er took in Hand,
 To plant a Church in barren Land :
 Nor ever thought it worth the while,
 A Swede or Russ to reconcile.
 For where there is no store of Wealth,
 Souls are not worth the Charge of Health ;
 Spain in America had two Designs,
 To sell their Gospel for their Mines.
 For had the Mexicans been poor,
 No Spaniard twice had landed on their Shore.
 'Twas Gold the Catholick Religion planted,
 Which had they wanted Gold, they still had wanted.

The Oxford Antiquary ascribes to our Author two Pamphlets, supposed falsely, as he says, to be William Pryn's. The one entituled, *Mola Asinaria: Or, The Unreasonable and insupportable Burthen, press'd upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation, &c.* London, 1659, in one Sheet 4to. The other, Two Letters, one from John Audland, a Quaker, to Will. Pryn ; the other, Pryn's Answer ; in three Sheets in Folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small Poem of one Sheet in Quarto, on *Du Vall*, a Notorious High-way-man, said to be wrote by our Author ; but how truly, I know not.



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H U D E-

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and much more for this article
 The name of the person who
 was the first to introduce the
 use of the word "Index" in
 the English language is not
 known. It is, however, a
 word of great antiquity, and
 has been used in many
 languages for many centuries.
 The word "Index" is derived
 from the Latin word "index",
 which means "a pointer" or
 "a guide". It is a word of
 great importance, and is
 one of the most useful words
 in the English language.



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HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST CANTO.

*Sir Hudibras his passing Worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth;
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
is sung, but breaks off in the Middle.*

CANTO I.

WHEN civil Dudgeon first grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why;
When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
That Dame Religion as for Punk:
Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,
So not a Man of them knew wherefore:

B Y

- When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, surrounded
 10 With long-ear'd Rout, to Battel sounded,
 And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
 Was beat with Fist, instead of a Stick:
 Then did Sir *Knight* abandon Dwelling,
 And out he rode a Colonelling.
- 15 A Wight he was, whose very Sight wou'd
 Entitle him, *Mirror of Knighthood*;
 That never bow'd his stubborn Knee
 To any thing but Chivalry;
 Nor put up Blow, but that which laid
- 20 Right-Worshipful on Shoulder-blade:
 Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
 Either for Chartel or for Warrant:
 Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
 That cou'd as well bind o'er, as swaddle:
- 25 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
 (So some Rats of Amphibious Nature,
 Are either for the Land or Water.)
 But here our Authors make a Doubt,
- 30 Whether he were more Wise, or Stout.
 Some hold the one, and some the other;
 But howsoe'er they make a Pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his Brain
 Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain;
- 35 Which made some take him for a Tool
 That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool,
 For't has been held by many, that
 As *Montaigne*, playing with his Car,
 Complains she thought him but an Ass,
- 40 Much more she wou'd Sir *Hudibras*;
 (For that's the Name our valiant Knight
 To all his Challenges did write.)



But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was no such:
 We grant, altho' he had much Wit,
 H'was very shie of using it;
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about;
 Unless on Holy-Days, or so,
 As Men their best Apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he cou'd speak *Greek*,
 As naturally as Pigs squeek:
 That *Latin* was no more difficile,
 Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle:
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His Bounty unto such as wanted;
 But much of either wou'd afford
 To many, that had not one Word.
 For *Hebrew* Roots, altho' they're found
 To flourish most in Barren Ground,
 He had such Plenty, as suffic'd
 To make some think him Circumcis'd;
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a Profelyte, but for Claps.
 He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
 Profoundly skill'd in Analytick;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South-West* side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change Hands, and still confute;
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of Argument, a Man's no Horse;
 He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
 And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
 A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,
 And Rooks *Committee-Men* and *Trustees*.

- He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
 And pay with Ratiocination.
 All this by Syllogism, true
 80 In Mood and Figure, he wou'd do.
 For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
 His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
 And when he hap'n'd to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 85 H'had hard Words, ready to shew why,
 And tell what Rules he did it by.
 Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.
 For all a *Rhetorician's* Rules
 90 Teach nothing but to name his Tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his Speech
 In loftiness of Sound was rich;
 A *Babylonish* Dialect,
 Which learned Pedants much affect;
 95 It was a Parti-colour'd Dress
 Of patch'd and py-ball'd Languages:
 'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
 Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.
 It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
 100 As if h'had talk'd three parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble
 Th'had heard three Labourers of *Babel*;
 Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
 A Leash of Languages at once.
 105 This he as volubly would vent,
 As if his Stock would ne'er be spent:
 And truly, to support that Charge,
 He had Supplies as vast and large.
 For he could Coin or Counterfeit
 110 New Words, with little or no Wit;

Words so debas'd and hard, no Stone
Was hard enough to touch them on.
And when with hasty Noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em.
That had the Orator, who once
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble Stones
When he liarangu'd, but known his Phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater* :
For he by *Geometrick* Scale
Could take the Size of *Pots of Ale* ;
Resolve by Signs and Tangents straight ;
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted Weight ;
And wisely tell what Hour o'th' Day
The Clock does strike, by *Algebra*.

Beside, he was a shrewd *Philosopher*,
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over :
Whate'er the crabbed'st Author hath,
He understood b'implicit Faith :
Whatever *Sceptick* cou'd enquire for ;
For every *why*, he had a *wherefore* :
Knew more than Forty of them do,
As far as Words and Terms cou'd go.
All which he understood by Rote,
And as occasion serv'd would quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said, or sung.
His Notions fitted Things so well,
That which was which he cou'd not tell ;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th'other, as great Clerks have done.
He cou'd reduce all Things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abstracts ;

- 145 Where Entity and Quiddity,
 The Ghosts of defunct Bodies fly;
 Where Truth in Person does appear,
 Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
 He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
 150 As *Metaphysick* Wit can fly.
 In *School Divinity* as able
 As he that hight *Irrefragable*;
 A second *Thomas*, or at once,
 To name them all, another *Dunce*:
 155 Profound in all the Nominal
 And Real ways beyond them all;
 For he a Rope of Sand could twist
 As tough as Learned *Sorbonist*;
 And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull
 160 That's empty when the Moon is full;
 Such as take Lodgings in a Head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice,
 165 As if Divinity had catch'd
 The Itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
 Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
 And stab her self with Doubts profound,
 Only to shew with how small pain
 170 The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;
 Altho' by woful Proof we find,
 They always leave a Scar behind.
 He knew the Seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what Degree it lies:
 175 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it,
 Below the Moon, or else above it.
 What *Adam* dreamt of, when his Bride
 Came from her Closet in his Side:

Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter :
If either of them had a Navel ;
Who first made Musick malleable :
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had Cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this without a Gloss, or Comment,
He would unriddle in a Moment,
In proper Terms, such as Men smatter,
When they throw out and miss the Matter.

For his *Religion*, it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:
'Twas *Presbyterian* true Blue,
For he was of that stubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant
To be the true Church *Militant* :
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun*;
Decide all Controversie by
Infallible *Artillery* ;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apostolick *Blows* and *Knocks* ;
Call Fire, and Sword, and Desolation,
A *godly-thorough-Reformation*,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done :
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
In odd perverse Antipathies :
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
Than Dog distract, or Monkey sick.

- That with more Care keep Holy-Day
 The wrong, than others the right Way:
 215 Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worship'd God for spight.
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 220 One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All Piety consists therein
 In them, in other Men all Sin.
 225 Rather than fail, they will desire
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with *Mine'd Pies*, and disparage
 Their best and dearest Friend *Plum-Porridge*,
 Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,
 230 And Blaspheme *Custard* thro' the *Nose*.
 Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
 Like *Mahomet's*, were *Ass* and *Widgeon*,
 To whom our Knight, by fast Instinct
 Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
 235 As if Hypocrisie and Nonsense,
 Had got th' Advowson of his Conscience.
 Thus, was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward.
 That next of all we shall discuss;
 240 Then listen, Sirs, it follows, thus.
 His tawny *Beard* was th' equal Grace
 Both of his Wisdom and his Face;
 In Cut and Dye so like a Tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile:
 245 The upper part thereof was Whey,
 The nether Orange mixt with Grey.

This hairy Meteor did denounce
 The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns;
 With grisly Type did represent
 Declining Age of Government;
 And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
 Its own Grave and the State's were made:
 Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a Nation rue;
 Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
 To wait upon the publick Downfal.
 It was Monastick, and did grow
 In holy Orders by strict Vow;
 Of Rule as fullen and severe,
 As that of rigid *Cordeliere*:
 'Twas bound to suffer Persecution
 And Martyrdom with Resolution;
 To oppose it self against the Hate
 And Vengeance of th' incensed State:
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn;
 With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and Martyr'd.
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
 As long as Monarchy should last.
 But when the State should hap to Reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A Sacrifice to Fall of State;
 Whose Thread of Life the fatal Sisters
 Did twist together with its Whiskers,
 And twine so close, that Time should never,
 In Life or Death, their Fortunes sever;
 But with his rusty Sickle mow
 Both down together at a Blow.

- So learned *Taliacotins* from
 The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
 Cut supplemental Noses, which,
 Would last as long as Parent Breech;
 285 But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
 Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.
 His *Back*, or rather Burthen, shew'd,
 As if it stoopt with its own Load.
 For as *Aeneas* bore his Sire
 290 Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire;
 Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
 Of his own Buttocks on his Back:
 Which now had almost got the Upper-
 Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper,
 295 To poise this equally, he bore
 A *Paunch* of the same Bulk before:
 Which still he had a special Care
 To keep well-cram'd with thrifty Fare;
 As White-pot, Butter-Milk, and Curds,
 300 Such as a Country House affords;
 With other Viſtual, which anon
 We farther shall dilate upon,
 When of his Horse we come to-treat,
 The Cup-board where he kept his Meat.
 305 His *Doublet* was of sturdy Buff,
 And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof;
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his Use,
 Who fear'd no Blows but such as Bruise.
 His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen,
 310 And had been at the Siege of *Bullen*;
 To old King *Harry* so well known,
 Some Writers held they were his own.
 Thro' they were lin'd with many-a piece
 Of Ammunition Bread and Cheese,

15 And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food
For Warriors that delight in Blood.
For, as we said, He always chose
To carry Vittle in his Hose,
That often tempted Rats and Mice,
20 The Ammunition to surprise :
And when he put a Hand but in
The one or t'other Magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded Foe drew Blood ;
25 And 'till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the Fortify'd Redoubt ;
And tho' Knights Errant, as some think,
Of old did neither Eat nor Drink,
Because when thorough Desarts vast
30 And Regions desolate they past,
Where Belly-Timber above Ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one Word
Of their Provision on Record :
35 Which made some confidently write,
They had no Stomachs, but to fight.
'Tis false: for *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
40 And eke before, his good Knights din'd.
Tho' 'twas no Table some suppose,
But a huge Pair of round Trunk Hose:
In which he carry'd as much Meat
As he and all the Knights cou'd Ear,
45 When laying by their Swords and Trunchions,
They took their Breakfasts, or their Nunchions.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digest,

As Learned Authors use, to whom
 350 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

His puissant *Sword* unto his Side,
 Near his undaunted Heart, was ty'd :
 With Basket-hilt, that would hold Broth,
 And serve for Fight and Dinner both.

355 In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
 To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets;
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave Quarter to' any such.
 The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,

360 For want of Fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into it self, for lack
 Of some Body to hew and hack.

The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
 The Rancor of its Edge had felt :

365 For of the lower End two Handful
 It had devoured, 'twas so Manful;
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in Case,
 As if it durst not shew its Face.

In many desperate Attempts,

370 Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
 It had appear'd with Courage bolder
 Than Serjeant *Bum* invading Shoulder,
 Oft had he ta'en Possession,
 And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

375 This *Sword* a *Dagger* had his Page,
 That was but little for his Age :
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
 It was a Serviceable Dudgeon,

380 Either for Fighting or for Drudging.
 When it had stab'd, or broke a Head,
 It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,

Toast Cheefe or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouſe-trap, 'twould not care.

5 'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and ſo forth.

It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure ;
But left the Trade, as many more

10 Have lately done on the ſame Score.

I'th' Holſters of the Saddle-bow,
Two aged Piſtols he did ſhow,
Among the Surplus of ſuch Meat
As in his Hoſe he could not get.

15 Theſe would inveigle Rats with th' Scent,

To forage when the Cocks were bent ;
And ſometimes catch 'em with a Snap,
As cleaverly as th' ableſt Trap.

They were upon hard Duty ſtill,

20 And every Night ſtood Centinel.

To guard the Magazine i'th' Hoſe
From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd Foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful Home ſet forth to fight.

25 But firſt with nimble active Force

He got on th' outside of his Horſe,

For having but one Stirrup ty'd

T'his Saddle, on the further ſide,

It was ſo ſhort, h'had much ado

30 To reach it with his deſp'rare Toe.

But after many ſtrains and heaves,

He got up to his Saddle Eaves.

From whence he vaulted into th' Seat,

With ſo much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,

35 That he had almoſt tumbled over

With his own Weight, but did recover,

By laying hold on Tail and Main,
Which oft he us'd instead of Rein.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,

- 420 Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin*.
The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With Mouth of Meal, and Eyes of Wall;
425 I would say Eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a Grave, Majestick State.
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
430 Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whipt:
And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:
That *Cesar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
435 Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the Ground so soft.
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
440 Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of Leather was upon his Back:
For that was hidden under Pad,
And Breech of Knight full gall'd as bad.
445 His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd
Like Furrows he himself had plow'd:
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a Channel.
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt;
450 Which on his Rider he would flurt;

Still as his tender Side he prickt,
With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing, cou'd he stir
55 To active Trot one side of 's Horse,
The other would not hang an Arse.

A *Squire* he had, whose Name was *Ralph*,
That in th' Adventure went his half.
Though Writers, for more stately Tone,
60 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meter safe;
We'll call him so, if not, plain *Raph*;
(For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses.)
65 An equal stock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen, that gain'd
With subtle Shreds, a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Castle fair
70 To his great Ancestor, her Heir;
From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights
Against the bloody Canibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
75 This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, seen Hell,
Not with a counterfeit'd Pals
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
80 The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't:
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New-Light*.
A liberal Art, that costs no Pains
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.

- 485 His Wit was sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken.
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
- 490 To look a Gift-Horse in the Mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too.
- 495 For Saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with *Hem* and *Cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Stuff,
He could deep Mysteries unriddle,
- 500 As easily as thread a Needle;
For as of Vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their Way:
Whate'er Men speak by this *New Light*,
Still they are sure to be i'th' right.
- 505 'Tis a *Dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it:
A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to cozen by:
An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches,
- 510 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them *dip* themselves, and sound
For *Christendom*, in dirty Pond;
To dive like Wild-Fowl, for Salvation,
And fish to catch Regeneration.
- 515 This Light inspires, and plays upon
The Nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone,
And speaks through hollow empty Soul,
As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring Hole,



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Such Language as no Mortal Ear
But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So *Phæbus*, or some Friendly Muse,
Into small Poets Song infuse;
Which they at second-hand rehearse
Thro' Reed or Bag-pipe, Verse for Verse.
Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four legg'd Oracle,
The ancient Cup, or Modern Chair;
Spoke Truth point-blank, though unaware.
For Mystick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick *Talisman*, and *Cabal*,
Whose Primitive Tradition reaches
As far as *Adam's* first green Breeches:
Deep-sighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' Intelligible World could say;
A deep Occult Philosopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Irish* are,
Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And solid Lying much renown'd:
He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* understood:
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
That would do neither good nor harm:
In *Rosy Crucian* Lore as Learned,
As he that *Vere adeptus* earned,
He understood the Speech of Birds
As well as they themselves do Words:
Could tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,
That speak and think contrary clean,
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *Kyave*, *Walk*.

- He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
 And keep them in a Glass, like Water;
 555 Of Sov'reign Pow'r to make Men wise;
 For dropt in blear, thick-sighted Eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkeſt Night,
 Like Owls, though purblind in the Light.
 By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
 560 He had *Fiſt Matter* ſeen undreſt :
 He took her naked all alone,
 Before one Rag of *Form* was on.
 The *Chaos* too he had deſcry'd,
 And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd :
 565 Not that of Paſt-board, which Men ſhew
 For Groats, at Fair of *Barthol'mew* ;
 But its great Grandfire, fiſt o'th' Name,
 Whence that and *Reformation* came,
 Both Couſin Germans, and right able
 570 T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
 But *Reformation* was, ſome ſay,
 O'th' younger Houſe to *Puppet-Play*.
 He could foretel whatſ'ever was
 By conſequence to come to paſs.
 575 As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
 Diſeaſes, Battels, Inundations ;
 All this without th' Eclipse of th' Sun,
 Or dreadful Comet, he hath done.
 By inward Light, a Way as good,
 580 And eaſie to be underſtood.
 But with more lucky hit than thoſe
 That uſe to make the Stars depoſe,
 Like Knights o'th' Poſt, and falſly charge
 Upon themſelves what others forge :
 585 As if they were conſenting to
 All Miſchief in the World Men do :

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Or, like the Devil, did tempt and sway 'em.
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a Planet's House, to know
Who broke and robb'd a House below:
Examine *Venus* and the *Moon*,
Who stole a Thimble or a Spoon:
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very Looks can guess,
And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods;
They'll question *Mars*, and by his Look,
Detect who 'twas that nim'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confess, and peach
Those Thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find i' th' Physiognomies
O' th' Planets, all Mens Destinies.
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill;
And swallow'd it instead o' th' *Pill*.
Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,
And from Positions to be quest on,
As sure as if they knew the Moment
Of Natives Birth, tell what will come on't,
They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Crisis* does Divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;
In Men what gives or cures the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, Poor or Rich:
What Gains or Loses, Hangs or Saves;
What makes Men Great, what Fools or Knaves;
But not what Wise, for only of those
The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the Astrologians.
There they say right, and like true *Trojans*,

- He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
 And keep them in a Glass, like Water;
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Detect who 'twas that nim'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confess, and peach
Those Thieves which he himself did teach.
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And swallow'd it instead o' th' *Pill*.
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What makes them Cuckolds, Poor or Rich:
What Gains or Loses, Hangs or Saves;
What makes Men Great, what Fools or Knaves;
But not what Wise, for only of those
The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the Astrologians.
There they say right, and like true *Trojans*,

This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
The other Course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th'Accomplish'd Squire endu'd
625 With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrew'd,
Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire e'er jump more right,
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,

630 As well as Vertues, Parts, and Wit:
Their Valours too were of a Rate,
And out they sally'd at the Gate;
Few Miles on Horse-back had they jogged,
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged,

635 For they a sad Adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat;
But e'er we venture to unfold
Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as Learned Poets use,
640 Invoke th'Assistance of some *Muse*;
However Criticks count it sillier
Than Juglers talking to Familiar:
We think 'tis no great Matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch

645 On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost.

Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire *Wjthers*, *Pryn*, and *Vicars*,
And force them, tho' it were in spight

650 Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;
Who, as we find in sullen Writs,
And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The Wonder of the Ignorant,

655 The Praises of the Author, penn'd,
B'himself, or Wit-ensuring Friend;

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The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Ryme upon't,
All that is left o'th' forked Hill,
To make Men scribble without Skill;
Canst make a Poet, spite of Fate,
And teach all People to translate;
Tho' out of Languages, in which
They understand no Part of Speech.
Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In Western Clime there is a Town,
To those that dwell therein, well known.
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our Reader:

For brevity is very good,
When w'are or are not understood.
To this Town People did repair
On Days of Market, or of Fair;
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabour,
In Merriment did drudge and labor:
But now a Sport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village Rabble;
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
Which learned Butchers call *Bear-baiting*.

A bold advent'rous Exercise,
With ancient *Hero's* in high Prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Isthmian*, or *Nemean* Game.

Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A Circle, like a Bear at Stake;
That at the Chain's End wheels about,
And over-turns the Rabble-Rout;

- For after Solemn Proclamation
 In the Bear's Name (as is the Fashion,
 According to the Law of Arms,
 695 To keep Men from inglorious Harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty Foot of Stake of Bear;
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T'expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;
 700 If they come Wounded off, and Lame,
 No Honour's got by such a Maim,
 Altho' the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In Honour to make good his Ground,
 When he's ingag'd, and take no notice,
 705 If any press upon him, who 'tis;
 But lets them know, at their own Cost,
 That he intends to keep his Post.
 This to prevent, and other Harms,
 Which always wait on Feats of Arms,
 710 (For in the Hurry of a Fray,
 'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's way)
 Thither the *Knight* his Course did steer,
 To keep the Peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
 As he believ'd he was bound to do;
 715 In Conscience and Commission too.
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire;
 We that are wisely mounted higher
 Than Constables in curule Wit,
 When on Tribunal Bench we sit,
 720 Like Speculators should foresee,
 From *Pharos* of Authority,
 Portended Mischiefs farther then
 Low *Proletarian* Tything-Men.
 And therefore being inform'd by Brute,
 725 That *Dog* and *Bear* are to Dispute;

For so of late Men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same ;
(For where the first does hap to be,
The last does *coincidere*.)

Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To save th' Expence of Christian Blood,
And try if we by Mediation
Of Treaty and Accommodation,
Can end the Quarrel, and compose
The bloody Duel, without Blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
Enough at once to lye at Stake
For *Cov'nant* and the *Cause's* sake?
But in that Quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This Feud by *Jesuits* invented,
By *evil Counsel* is fomented ;
There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
(Tho' ev'ry *Nare* *osfact* it not)
A deep Design in't, to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting Brother against Brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not Enemies *plus satis*,
That *Cane* & *Angue pejus* hate us ?
And shall we turn our Fangs and Claws
Upon our own selves without Cause?
That some occult Design doth lye
In bloody *Cynarotomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows,
How Saints lead Brothers by the Nose.
I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,
But sure some *Mischief* will come of it;

- 760 Unless by providential Wit,
 Or Force, we averruncate it.
 For what Design, what Interest
 Can Beast have to encounter Beast?
 They fight for no espoused Cause,
 765 Frail Privilege, Fundamental Laws,
 Nor for a thorough Reformation,
 Nor Covenant, nor Protestation,
 Nor Liberty of Consciences,
 Nor Lords and Commons Ordinances;
 770 Nor for the Church, nor for Church-Lands,
 To get them in their own no Hands;
 Nor evil Counsellors to bring
 To Justice, that seduce the King;
 Nor for the Worship of us Men,
 775 Tho' we have done as much for them.
 Th' *Egyptians* worship'd *Dogs*, and for
 Their Faith made internecine War.
 Others ador'd a *Rat*, and some
 For that Church suffer'd Martyrdom.
 780 The *Indians* fought for the Truth
 Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey's* Tooth:
 And many, to defend that Faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to Death.
 But no Beast ever was so slight,
 785 For Man, as for his God, to fight.
 They have more Wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, who only do infuse
 The Rage in them like *Bonte-feus*.
 790 'Tis our Example that instils
 In them th' Infection of our Ills.
 For as some late Philosophers
 Have well observ'd, Beasts that converse

With Man, take after him, as Hogs
 Get Pigs all th' Year, and Birches Dogs.
 Just so, by our Example, Cattle
 Learn to give one another Battle.
 We read in *Nero's* Time, the Heathen,
 When they destroy'd the *Christian Brethren*,
 They sew'd them in the Skins of Bears,
 And then set Dogs about their Ears:
 From whence, no doubt, th' Invention came
 Of this lewd antichristian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
 The Point seems very plain to be.

It is an antichristian Game,
 Unlawful both in Thing and Name.

First for the *Name*, the Word *Bear-Baiting*
 is carnal, and of Man's creating:

For certainly there's no such Word
 in all the *Scripture* on Record,

Therefore unlawful, and a Sin;

And so is (secondly) the *Thing*.

A vile *Assembly* 'tis, that can

No more be prov'd by *Scripture*, than

Provincial, Classick, National,

Mere Human Creature-Cobwebs all.

Thirdly, It is Idolatrous;

For when Men run a Whoring thus

With their Inventions, whatsoe'er

The Thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,

It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*,

No less than worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*;

Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.

For tho' the *Thesis* which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st,
(For that *Bear-Baiting* should appear
Jure Divino lawfuller

- 830 Than *Synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem Verbis; so do I:)
Yet there's a Fallacy in this,
For if by sly *Homœosis*,
Tussis pro crepitu, an Art

- 835 Under a Cough to slur a F---t,
Thou wouldst sophistically imply,
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt,
But *Bear-Baiting* may be made out

- 840 In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or *Parochial Classis*:
And that both are so near of Kin,
And like in all, as well as Sin,
That put them in a Bag and shake 'em,
845 Your self o' th' sudden wou'd mistake 'em
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their Wickedness:
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither

- 850 Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Id est, to make a Leek a Cabbage;
Thou'lt be at best but *such a Bull*,
855 Or Shear Swine, All Cry and no Wool;
For what can *Synods* have at all,
With *Bear* that's Analogical?

Or what Relation has debating
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-Baiting*?
A just Comparifon ftill is
Of Things *ejusdem generis*.

And then what *Genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?

If *Animal*, both of us may
As juftly pafs for *Bears* as they;
For we are *Animals* no lefs,
Altho' of different *Specieses*.

But, *Ralpho*, this is not fit Place,
Nor Time to argue out the Cafe:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we muft give the World a Proof
Of Deeds, not Words, and fuch as fute
Another manner of Difpute.

A Controverfie that affords
ACTIONS for Arguments, not Words:
Which we muft manage at a Rate
Of Prowefs and Conduct adequate
To what our Place and Fame doth promife,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor fhall they be deceiv'd, unlefs
W'are flur'd and outed by Succels:
Succels, the Mark no Mortal Wit,
Or fureft Hand, can always hit:

For whatfoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w'are fteer'd by Fate,
Which in Succels oft difinherits,
For fpurious Caufes, nobleft Merits.
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Resolutions

- 890 Nor do the bold'st Attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their Worth:
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and Cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great Cause to doubt,
895 Our Actions still have born us out:
Which tho' th'are known to be so ample,
We need not Copy from Example;
We're not the only Persons durst
Attempt this Province, nor the first.
900 In Northern Clime a val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his *Bear* in fight,
And wound a Fidler: We have both
Of these the Objects of our Wroth,
And equal Fame and Glory from
905 Th' Attempt of Victory to come.
'Tis sung, there is a valiant *Mamaluks*
In foreign Land, yclep'd---
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Person, Parts, Address and Beard;
910 Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same Cause both have fought
He oft in such Attempts as these
Came off with Glory and Success;
Nor will we fail in th' Execution,
915 For want of equal Resolution.
Honour is like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on:
With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin.
920 This said, as yerst the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours, with rusty Steel did smite
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His *Trojan* Horse, and just as much
 He mended Pace upon the Touch;
 But from his empty Stomach groan'd
 Just as that hollow Beast did sound,
 And angry answer'd from behind,
 With brandish'd Tail and blast of Wind.
 So have I seen with armed Heel,
 A Wight beside a *Common-weal*;
 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
 The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd.



The ARGUMENT of
The SECOND CANTO

*The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Encmies best Men of War;
Whom in a bold Harangue, the King
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H'encounters Talgol, routs the Beasts
And takes the Fidler Prisoner;
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Balls*

CANTO II.

THERE was an ancient sage Philosopher
That had read *Alexander Ross* over;
And swore the World, as he cou'd prove
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love*:
Just so *Romances* are, for what else
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels*?
O' th' first of these w' have no great Matter
To treat of, but a World o' th' latter:

in which to do the injur'd Right,
 We mean, in what concerns just fight.
 'Tis our Authors are to blame,
 For to make some well-sounding Name,
 A Pattern fit for modern Knights,
 To copy out in Frays and Fights,
 Like those that a whole Street do raze,
 To build a Palace in the Place.)
 They never care how many others
 They kill, without regard of Mothers,
 Or Wives, or Children, so they can
 Make up some fierce dead-doing Man,
 Compos'd of many Ingredient Valours,
 Just like the Manhood of nine Taylors:
 So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A Man that's Handsome, Valiant, Wise,
 If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
 His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
 As if just so much he enjoy'd,
 As in another is destroy'd.
 For when a Giant's slain in Fight,
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft down-right,
 'Tis a heavy Case, no doubt,
 A Man should have his Brains beat out,
 Because he's Tall, and has large Bones;
 As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.
 As for our Part, we shall tell
 The naked Truth of what befall;
 And as an equal Friend to both
 The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
 With neither Faction shall take part,
 But give to each his due Desert:
 And never coin a formal Lie on't,
 To make the Knight o'ercome the Giant.

- This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,
 And now go on where we left off.
- 45 They rode, but Authors having not
 Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
 (That is to say, whether *Tollutation*,
 As they do term't, or *Succussion*)
 We leave it and go on, as now
- 50 Suppose they did, no matter how,
 Yet some from subtle Hints have got
 Mysterious Light, it was a Trot.
 But let that pass: They now begun
 To spur their living Engines on.
- 55 For as whipp'd Tops, and bandy'd Balls,
 The Learned hold, are Animals:
 So Horses they affirm to be,
 Mere Engines made by Geometry;
 And were invented first from Engines,
- 60 As *Indian Britains* were from *Penguins*.
 So let them be, as I was saying,
 They their live Engines ply'd, not slaying
 Until they reach'd the faral Champain,
 Which th' Enemy did then incamp on.
- 65 The dire *Pharsalian* Plain, where Battle
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattle,
 And fierce Auxiliary Men,
 That came to aid their Brethren:
 Who now began to take the Field,
- 70 As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.
 For as our modern Wits behold,
 Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
 Much farther off, much further he,
 Rais'd on his aged Beast, cou'd see:
- 75 Yet not sufficient to descry
 All Postures of the Enemy;

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T'observe their Numbers, and their Order.
That when their Motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he stop'd his willing Steed,
To fit himself for Martial Deed:
Both kinds of Metal he prepar'd,
Either to give Blows, or to ward;
Courage and Steel, both of great Force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His Death-charg'd Pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from Life-preserving Vittel.
These being prim'd, with Force he labour'd
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbord:
And after many a painful Pluck,
From rusty Durance he bail'd Tuck.
Then shook himself, to see that Prowess
In Scabbard of his Arms sat loose;
And rais'd upon his desperate Foot,
On Stirrup-side he gaz'd about.
Portending Blood, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
Ralpho rode on with no less speed
Than *Hugo* in the Forest did:
But far more in returning made,
For now the Foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd as to him they did appear,
With *Van*, *Main Battel*, *Wings* and *Rear*.
I' th' Head of all this Warlike Rabble
Corderso march'd, expert and able:
Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warriors Stomach come,
Whose Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar;

- (For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,
 Who has not a Month's Mind to combat
 A squeaking Engine he apply'd
 Unto his Neck, on North-East side,
 115 Just where the Hangman does dispose,
 To special Friends, the Knot of Noose:
 For 'tis *Great Grace* when *Statesmen* strait
 Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.
 His warped *Ear* hung o'er the Strings,
 120 Which was but *Souse* to *Chitterlings*:
 For Guts, some write, e'er they are fodder
 Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden:
 From whence Men borrow ev'ry kind
 Of Minstrelsy, by String or Wind.
 125 His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
 With which he strung his Fiddle-stick:
 For he to Horse-Tail scorn'd to owe,
 For what on his own Chin did grow.
Chiron, the Four-legg'd Bard, had both
 130 A Beard and Tail of his own growth;
 And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
 He made use only of his Beard.
 In *Saaffordshire*, where Virtuous Worth
 Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth;
 135 Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King,
 And Ruler, o'er the Men of String;
 (As once in *Persia*, 'tis said,
 Kings were Proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh
 He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
 140 By Chance of War was beaten down,
 And wounded sore: his *Leg* then broke,
 Had got a Deputy of Oak:
 For when a Shin in Fight is cropt,
 The Knee with one of Timber's propt

Esteem'd more Honourable than the other,
And takes Place, tho' the younger Brother.

Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for
Wife Conduct, and Success in War:

A Skilful Leader, stout, severe,
Now Marshal to the Champion Bear,
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron Head,
The Warrior to the Lists he led;
With solemn March, and stately Pace,
But far more grave and solemn Face.

Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,
Or *Spanish* Potentate *Don Diego*.
This Leader was of Knowledge great,
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.

He knew when to fall on Pell-mell;
To fall back and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, lest the *Bear* Defendant,
And Plaintiff *Dog* shou'd make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverse of Judgment, and *Demurrer*,
To let them breath a while, and then
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.

As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd Prey
Of many a fierce and bloody Fray;
Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,
In Military Garden *Paris*.

For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, just as Weeds do now;
Until some splay-foot Politicians,
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For Licens'ing a new Invention
Thad found out, of an Antique Engine,

- To root out all the Weeds that grow
 180 In publick Gardens at a Blow,
 And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir
 My Friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done? quo' *Statesmen*; yes, an't please
 When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easie.
 185 Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*;
 We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.
 A Drum (quoth *Phæbus*) troth that's true,
 A pretty Invention quaint and new.
 But though of Voice and Instrument
 190 We are th' undoubted President;
 We such loud Musick do not profess,
 The Devil's Master of that Office,
 Where it must pass, if't be a Drum,
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
 195 To him apply your selves, and he
 Will soon dispatch you for his Fee.
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
 Th'ad better have let 'em grow there still.
 But to resume what we discoursing
 200 Were on before, that is, stout *Orsin*:
 That which so oft by sundry Writers
 Has been apply'd t' almost all Fighters,
 More justly may b'ascrib'd to this,
 Than any other Warrior (*viz.*)
 205 None ever acted both Parts bolder,
 Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.
 He was of great Descent, and high,
 For Splendor and Antiquity,
 And from Celestial Origine
 210 Deriv'd himself in a right Line.
 Not as the ancient *Heroes* did,
 Who, that their base Births might be hid,

(Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)
Made *Jupiter* himself, and others
O'th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,
To get on them a Race of Champions,
(Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons*)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
Was his undoubted Ancestor:
From him his great Fore-fathers came,
And in all Ages bore his Name.
Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
For by his Side a Pouch he wore,
Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds nine Miles point-blank wou'd folder,
By Skilful *Chymist* with great Cost
Extracted from a rotten Post;
But of a Heav'nlier Influence
Than that which Mountebanks dispense;
Tho' by *Promethean* Fire made,
As they do quack that drive that Trade.
For as when Slovens do amiss,
At others Doors, by Stool or Pifs;
The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey Mischief from the Dung
Unto the Part that did the Wrong:
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did Mischief, this wou'd cure.
Thus Virtuous *Orsin* was endu'd
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,
A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a Hundred Men of War;

- So he appear'd, and by his Skill,
 No less than Dint of Sword, cou'd Kill.
 The Gallant *Bruin* march'd next him,
 250 With Visage formidably grim,
 And rugged as a *Sarazen*,
 Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own Kin;
 Glad in a Mantle *della Guerre*
 Of rough impenetrable Fur;
 255 And in his Nose, like *Indian King*,
 He wore for Ornament a Ring;
 About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
 As rough as trebled leathern Target;
Armed, as *Heralds cant*, and *langued*,
 260 Or, as the *Vulgar* say, *sharp fanged*.
 For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
 Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray,
 So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,
 Which they do eat their Vittle with.
 265 He was by Birth, some Authors write,
 A *Russian*, some a *Muscovite*,
 And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,
 Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
 That serve to fill up Pages here,
 270 As with their Bodies Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Cousin-German,
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin;
 And when these fail'd, he'd suck his Claws,
 And quarter himself upon his Paws.
 275 And though his Country-Men, the *Huns*,
 Did fiew their Meat between their *Bums*
 And th' *Horses* Backs, o'er which they Strad
 And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle:
 He was not half so nice as they,
 280 But eat it raw when't came in's Way.

He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More than *Le Blanc* the Traveller;
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*,
Of Noble House, a Lady gay.

And got on her a Race of Worthies,
As stout as any upon Earth is.
Full many a Fight for him between
Talgol and *Orsin* oft had been;
Each striving to deserve the Crown
Of a fav'd Citizen; the one
To guard his *Bear*, the other fought
To aid his *Dog*; both made more stout
By sev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and Blood;
But *Talgol*, mortal Foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but Blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repay'd with Usury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftner than he fought:
Mur'd to Labour, Sweat and Toil,
And like a Champion, shone with Oil.
Light many a Widow his keen Blade,
And many Fatherless, had made.
He many a *Boar* and huge *Dun-Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.
But *Guy*, with him in Fight compar'd,
Had like the *Bear* or *Dun-Cow* far'd.
With greater Troops of Sheep h'had fought
Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*;
And many a Serpent of fell Kind,
With Wings before, and Stings behind,
Abdu'd: As Poets say, long ago
Old *Sir George*, *Saint George* did the Dragon,

- 315 Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
 Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
 Tho' stor'd with Deleterious Med'cines,
 (Which whosoever took is Dead since)
 E'er sent so vast a Colony
- 320 To both the under Worlds as he.
 For he was of that noble Trade,
 That *Demi-gods* and *Heroes* made,
 Slaughter and knocking on the Head;
 The Trade to which they all were bred:
- 325 And is like others, glorious when
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
 The former rides in Triumph for it;
 The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
 For daring to prophane a thing
- 330 So Sacred, with vile Bungling.
 Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano, great in Martial Fame.
 Yet when with *Ursin* he wag'd fight,
 'Tis sung he got but little by't.
- 335 Yet he was fierce as Forest Boar,
 Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,
 As thick as *Ajax* seven-fold Shield,
 Which o'er his brazen Arms he held:
 But Brass was feeble to resist
- 340 The Fury of his Armed Fist.
 Nor cou'd the hardest Ir'n hold out
 Against his Blows, but they wou'd through't
 In *Magick* he was deeply read,
 As he that made the *Brazen-Head*;
- 345 Profoundly Skill'd in the Black Art,
 As *English Merlin* for his Heart;
 But far more *Skilful* in the Sphers,
 Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.

He cou'd transform himself in Colour,

As like the Devil as a Collier:

As like as Hypocrites in show

Aie to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of *Warlike Engines* he was Author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of Slaughter:

The *Canon*, *Blunder-buss*, and *Saker*,

He was th' Inventer of, and Maker:

The *Trumpet* and the *Kettle-Drum*

Did both from his Invention come.

He was the first that e'er did teach

To make, and how to stop a Breach.

A Lance he bore, with Iron *Pike*,

Th' one half would thrust, the other *strike*:

And when their Forces he had join'd,

He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright

Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight:

A bold *Virago*, stout and tall,

As *Joan of France*, or *English Mall*.

Through Perils both of Wind and Limb,

Through thick and thin she follow'd him,

In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,

And never him or it forsook.

At Breach of Wall, or Hedge Surprise,

She shar'd i' th' Hazard and the Prize:

At beating Quarters up, or Forage,

Behav'd her self with matchless Courage,

And laid about in Fight more busily,

Than th' *Amazonian Dame Penthesile*.

And tho' some Criticks here cry Shame,

And say our Authors are to blame.

That (spight of ail Philosophers,

Who hold no Females stout, but Bears;

- And heretofore did so abhor
 Their Women shou'd pretend to War;
 385 They would not suffer the stout'st Dame
 To swear by *Hercules* his Name,
 Make feeble Ladies in their Works,
 To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*:
 To lay their Native Arms aside,
 390 Their Modesty, and ride a-stride;
 To run a tilt at Men, and wield
 Their naked Tools in open Field;
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,
 And she that wou'd have been the Mistress
 395 Of *Gundibert*; but he had Grace,
 And rather took a Country Lass:
 They say 'tis false, without all Sense,
 But of pernicious Consequence
 To Government, which they suppose
 400 Can never be upheld in Prose:
 Strip Nature naked to the Skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so, yet what we tell
 Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
 405 Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in Print:
 And if they will not take our Word,
 We'll prove it true upon Record.
 The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,
 410 Of all his Race the Valiant'st:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
 Like *Hercles*, for repair of Wrong:
 He rais'd the Law, and fortify'd
 The weak against the strongest side;
 415 Ill has he read, that never hit
 On him, in *Muses* dearthless Writ.

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He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
That thro' a Bull-hide Shield wou'd pierce,
And cut it in a thousand Pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his;
With whom his black-thumb'd Ancestor
Was Comerade in the Ten Years War:
For when the restless *Greeks* sate down
So many Years before *Troy Town*,
And were Renow'd, as *Homer* writes,
For well foal'd Boats, no less than Fights:
They ow'd that Glory only to
His Ancestor, that made them so.
Fast Friend he was to *Reformation*,
Until 'twas worn quite out of Fashion.
Next Rectifier of *Wry Law*,
And wou'd make three to cure one Flaw.
Learned he was, and cou'd take Note,
Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote.
But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing Valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like *Ram*, or *Bull*, at *Conventicle*:
For Disputants, like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *Sculls*.
Last *Coloss* came, bold Man of War,
Destin'd to Blows by fatal Star;
Right expert in Command of Horse,
But cruel, and without Remorse.
That which of *Centaur* long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horse* were of a Piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The self-same Vigour, Fury, Wroth:

- Yet he was much the rougher Part,
 And always had a harder Heart;
 Although his Horse had been of those
 455 That fed on Man's Flesh, as Fame goes,
 Strange Food for Horse! and yet, alas,
 It may be true, for *Flesh is Grass*.
 Sturdy he was, and no less able
 Than *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable;
 460 As great a Drover, and as great
 A Critick too in *Hog* or *Neat*,
 He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
 Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted Fother,
 And Provender wherewith to feed
 465 Himself, and his less cruel Steed.
 It was a question whether He
 Or's Horse were of a Family
 More worshipful: 'Till Antiquaries
 (After th'ad almost por'd out their Eyes)
 470 Did very learnedly decide
 The Business on the Horse's side,
 And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,
 Nay Pigs, were of the elder House:
 For Beasts, when Man was but a piece
 475 Of Earth himself, did th' Earth possess.
 These Worthies were the Chief that led
 The Combatants, each in the Head
 Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
 Ready and longing to engage.
 480 The numerous Rabble was drawn out
 Of several Countries round about,
 From Villages remote, and Shires,
 Of East and Western Hemispheres:
 From foreign Parishes and Regions,
 485 Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,

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Came Men and Mastiffs; some to fight
For Fame and Honour, some for Sight.
And now the Field of Death, the Lists,
Were enter'd by Antagonists,

And blood was ready to be broach'd;
When *Hudibras* in haste approach'd,
With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em:
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake 'em.

What Rage, O Citizens! what Fury
Doth you to these dire Actions hurry?
What *OEstrum*, what Phrenetick Mood
Makes you thus lavish of your Blood,
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast
And unreveng'd walks——Ghost?

What Towns, what Garrisons might you
With hazard of this Blood subdue,
Which now y'are bent to throw away
In vain, Untriumphable Fray?
Shall *Saints* in civil Bloodshed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?

The *Cause*, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o're?
Then because Quarrels still are seen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,

The *Solemn League* and *Covenant*
Will seem a mere *God-dam-me* Rant:
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.

For as we make War for the *King*
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear we do
For God, and for Religion too;
For if *Bear-Baiting* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* do?

- 520 The Blood and Treasure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the Fruits o'th' *Protestation*,
The Prototype of Reformation,
Which all the *Saints*, and some, since *Martyr*
- 525 Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either House
Six Members Quarrel to espouse?
Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble,
With Zeal and Noises formidable;
- 530 And make all *Cries* about the Town
Join Throats to cry the *Bishops* down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a Month they do the *Gallows*)
As Members gave the Sign about,
- 535 Set up their Throats with hideous Shout.
Then *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle
Church Discipline, for patching *Kettle*:
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.
- 540 The *Oyster-Women* lock'd their Fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry, *No Bishop*.
The *Mouse-Trap-Men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.
Botchers left old Cloaths in the Lurch,
- 545 And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
Some cry'd the *Covenant*, instead
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread*.
And some for *Brooms*, *Old Boots* and *Shoes*,
Baul'd out to purge the *Common's House*:
- 550 Instead of *Kitchin-stuff*, some cry,
A *Gospel-preaching Ministry*;
And some for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.

A strange harmonious Inclination
Of all Degrees to Reformation.
And is this all? Is this the End
To which these *Carr'ings on* did tend?
Hath *Publick Faith*, like a young Heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of Ware,
And run int' every Tradesman's Book,
'Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*?
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't,
Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.
Did they coin *Pist-pots*, *Bowls*, and *Flaggons*,
Int' Officers of Horse, and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musqueteers
Stamp *Beakers*, *Cups* and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*,
Did start up living Men, as soon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Just like the *Dragon's Teeth* b'ing sown.
Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethren's* Off'rings, consecrate
Like th' *Hebrew Calf*, and down before it
The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it:
So say the *Wicked*-----and will you
Make that *Sarcafmous Scandal* true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beasts more unclean than Calves or Steers?
Have powerful *Preachers* ply'd their Tongues,
And laid themselves out and their Lungs:
Us'd all Means, both direct and sinister,
T' th' Power of *Gospel-preaching Minister*?
Have they Invented *Tones* to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in

- The Men, as *Indians* with a Female
Tame Elephant inveigle the Male?
- 590 Have they told *Prov'dence* what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' *Enemy's* Design,
And which way best to countermine?
Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
- 595 Or it will ne'er advance the *Kirk*?
Told it the *News* o'th' last Express,
And after good or bad Success,
Made Prayers, not so like Petitions,
As *Overtures* and Propositions,
- 600 (Such as the *Army* did present
To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,
Unless the *Work* be carry'd on
- 605 In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Common-weal
All on a Flame bright as their Zeal,
On which the Saints are all a-gog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?
- 610 The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To't self, and sent them, like *Commissions*,
To *Well-affected* Persons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With Power to levy Horse and Men,
- 615 Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a Mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With *Papers* in their Hats, that show'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
- 620 Have all these Courses, these Efforts,
Been try'd by People of all Sorts,

Vellis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
 And all t'advance the Cause's Service?
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine Fray?
 Shall we that in the Cov'nant swore,
 Each Man of us to run before
 Another still in Reformation,
 Give Dogs and Bears a Dispensation?
 How will dissenting Brethren relish it?
 What will Malignants say? *Videlicet,*
 That each Man swore to do his best,
 To damn and perjure all the rest;
 And bid the Devil take the hindmost:
 Which at this Race is like to win most?
 They'll say our Bus'ness to reform
 The Church and State, is but a Worm;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 To an unknown Church-Discipline,
 What is it else, but before-hand
 T'ingage, and after understand?
 For when we swore to carry on
 The present Reformation,
 According to the purest Mode
 Of Churches, best Reform'd abroad,
 What did we else but make a Vow
 To do we knew not what, nor how?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what Churches these should be.
 And is indeed the self-same Case
 With theirs that swore t' & cetera's;
 Or the French League, in which Men vow'd
 To fight to the last Drop of Blood;
 These Slanders will be thrown upon
 The Cause and Work we carry on,

- If we permit Men to run headlong
 T' Exorbitances fit for *Bedlam*!
 Rather than *Gospel-Walking* times,
 When slightest Sins are greatest Crimes.
 660 But we the Matter so shall handle,
 As to remove that odious Scandal;
In Name of King and Parliament,
 I charge ye all, no more foment
 This Feud, but keep the Peace between
 665 Your Brethren and your Country-Men;
 And to those Places straight repair,
 Where your respective Dwellings are.
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The *Fidler*, as the Prime Offender,
 670 Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and Engineer of Mischiefe;
 That makes Division between Friends,
 For Profane and Malignant Ends.
 He and that Engine of vile Noise,
 675 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall (*diffum factum*) both be brought
 To condign Punishment, as they ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say:
 680 For then I'll take another Course,
 And soon reduce you all by Force.
 This said, he clapt his Hand on Sword,
 To shew he meant to keep his Word.
 But *Talgol*, who had long suppress
 685 Enflamed Wrath in glowing Breast,
 Which now began to rage and burn as
 Implacably as Flame in Furnace,
 Thus answer'd him: Thou Vermin wro
 As e'er in mearled Pork was harched;

Thou Tail of Worship, that dost grow
 On Rump of Justice as of Cow;
 How dar'st thou with that sullen Luggage
 O'th' self, old I'rn, and other Baggage,
 With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
 Has broke his Wind in halting hither;
 How durst th', I say, adventure thus
 To oppose thy Lumber against us?
 Cou'd thine Impertinence find out
 No Work to employ it self about,
 Where thou, secure from wooden Blow,
 Thy busie Vanity might'st show?
 Was no Dispute a-foot between
 The *Caterwauling Brethren*?
 No subtle Question rais'd among
 Those *our-o'-their Wits*, and those i'th' Wrong;
 No Prize between those Combatants
 O'th' Times, the Land and Water-Saints;
 Where thou might'st *stickle without Hazard*
 Of Outrage to thy Hide and Mazzard;
 And not for want of Bus'ness come
 To us to be thus troublesome,
 To interrupt our better Sort
 Of Disputants, and spoil our Sport?
 Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
 Nor-Purse, nor Burglary abroad?
 No *Stollen-Pig*, nor *Plunder'd-Goose*,
 To tye thee up from breaking loose?
 No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,
 For which thou Statute might'st alledge,
 To keep thee busie from foul Evil,
 And Shame due to thee from the Devil?
 No Committee sit, where he
 Might cut out Journey-work for thee?

- And set th' a Task, with Subornation,
725 To stitch up *Sale* and *Sequestration*,
To cheat with *Holiness* and *Zeal*,
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th'art us'd to be
730 Or sent th'on Bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' hast Brain enough in Skull
To keep it self in lodging whole,
And not provoke the Rage of Stones
735 And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble and vanish while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the *Knight* grew high in Wroth,
And lifting *Hands* and *Eyes* up both,
740 Three times he smote on Stomach stout,
From whence at length these Words broke
Was I for this entit'led *Sir*,
And girt with rusty Sword and Spur,
For Fame and Honour to wage Battle,
745 Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattle?
Not all that Pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy Tricks and Sights to cheat,
And sell thy Carrion for good Meat;
750 Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old Age in tough lean Ware,
Make natural Death appear thy Work,
And stop the Gangreen in stale Pork;
Nor all that Force that makes thee proud
755 Because by Bullock ne'er withstood;
Tho' arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down Lives;

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Shall save or help thee to evade
The Hand of Justice, or this Blade,
Which I, her Sword-bearer, do carry,
For Civil Deed and Military.
Nor shall these Words of Venom base,
Which thou hast, from their native place,
Thy Stomach, pump'd to sling on me,
Go unreveng'd, tho' I am free.
Thou down the same Throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that *Wight*
With Gantlet blue, and Bases white,
And round-blunt Truncheon by his Side,
So great a Man at Arms defy'd
With Words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That wou'd in *Job* or *Grizel* stir Mood.
Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal,
But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.

This said, with hasty Rage he snatch'd
His Gun-shot, that in Holsters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Against th'outside of *Talgol's* Skuil;
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murder.
But *Pallas* came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust
Her *Gorgon* Shield, which made the Cock
Stand stiff as 'twere transform'd to Stock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring Might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the *Knight*;
And he with *Petronel* upheav'd,
Instead of Shield, the Blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Nor us'd to such a kind of Fight,

- And shrink from its great Master's gripe,
 Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal Stripes
 Then *Hudibras*, with furious haste,
 795 Drew out his Sword; yet not so fast,
 But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack
 Twice bruise'd his Head, and twice his Back.
 But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
 With Stomach huge he laid about,
 800 Imprinting many a Wound upon
 His mortal Foe, the Truncheon;
 The trusty Cudgel did oppose
 It self against dead-doing Blows,
 To guard its Leader from fell Bane,
 805 And then reveng'd it self again.
 And tho' the Sword (some understood)
 In force had much the odds of Wood;
 'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc'd
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'st.
 810 For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,
 Is so implacably enrag'd;
 Tho' Iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises Honour more:
 And now both *Knights* were out of Breath,
 815 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death;
 While all the rest amaz'd stood still,
 Expecting which shou'd take or kill.
 This *Hudibras* observ'd, and fretting,
 Conquest shou'd be so long a getting,
 820 He drew up all his Force into
 One Body, and that into one Blow.
 But *Talgol* wisely avoided it
 By cunning Slight; for had it hit,
 The upper Part of him the Blow
 825 Had slit, as sure as that below.

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Mean while th'incomparable *Colon*,
To aid his Friend began to fall on;
Him *Ralph* encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal Combat 'twixt them two:
Th'one arm'd with Metal, th'other with Wood,
This fit for Bruise, and that for Blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
While none that saw them cou'd divine
To which side Conquest wou'd encline,
Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two shou'd with so many Men vie,
By subtle Stratagem of Brain
Perform'd what Force cou'd ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where Thistles grew on barren Ground,
In haste he drew his Weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the Root,
He clapp'd them underneath the Tail
Of Steed, with Pricks as sharp as Nail.
The angry Beast did straight resent
The Wrong done to his Fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his Sense,
Striving to disengage from Thistle,
That gaul'd him sorely under his Tail;
Instead of which, he threw the Pack
Of *Squire* and Baggage from his Back;
And blund'ring still with smarting Rump,
He gave the Knight's Steed such a thump
As made him reel. The *Knight* did stoop,
And sate on further Side a-slope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By flight escap'd the fatal Blow,

- 360 He rally'd, and again fell to't;
 For catching Foe by nearer Foot,
 He lifted with such Might and Strength,
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
 And dash'd his Brains (if any) out;
 365 But *Mars*, that still protects the Stout,
 In Pudding-time came to his aid,
 And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
 The *Bear*, upon whose soft Fur-Gown
 The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
 370 The Friendly Rug preserv'd the Ground,
 And headlong *Knight*, from bruise or wound:
 Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
 And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
 As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
 375 And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
 In Body, tho' his mighty Spirit,
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The *Bear* was in a greater Fright,
 Beat down and worsted by the *Knight*.
 380 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
 To shake off Bondage from his Snout.
 His Wrath enflam'd, boil'd out, and from
 His Jaws of Death he threw the Foam;
 Fury in stranger Postures threw him,
 385 And more than ever Herauld drew him.
 He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
 From squelch of *Knight*, and storm'd and rav'd
 And vex'd the more, because the harms
 He felt were 'gainst the *Law of Arms*:
 390 For Men he always took to be
 His Friends, and Dogs his Enemy:
 Who never so much hurt had done him,
 As his own side did falling on him;

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It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h' had fought so many a Fray,
And serv'd with loss of Blood so long,
Should offer such inhumane Wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like Condition;
For which he flung down his Commission:
And laid about him, till his Nose
From thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Thro' thickest of his Foes he charg'd,
And made way thro' th' amazed Crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'er-threw,
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t' escape pursuit of *Knight*:
From whom he fled with as much Haste
And Dread, as he the Rabble chac'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his Fear a sev'ral way.

Crowders only kept the Field,
Not stirring from the Place he held,
Tho' beaten down, and wounded sore,
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One side of him, not that of Bone;
But much its better, th' Wooden one.
He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd
Upon the Ground, like Log of Wood,
With fright of Fall, supposed wound,
And loss of Urine, in a Swound,
In haste he snatch'd the Wooden Limb
That hurt i' th' Ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden Fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight*;
For getting up on Stump and Huckle,
He with the Foe began to buckle,

- Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
 Of Crowd and Skin upon the Wretch;
 930 Sole Author of all Detriment
 He and his Fiddle underwent.
 But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
 T' adventure Resurrection
 From heavy Squelch, and had got up
 935 Upon his Legs with sprained Crup)
 Looking about, beheld Perdition
 Approaching *Knight* from fell Musician,
 He snatch'd his Whinyard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his Steed,
 940 (As Rats do from a falling House,)
 To hide it self from Rage of Blows;
 And wing'd with Speed and Fury, flew
 To rescue *Knight* from Black and Blue.
 Which e'er he cou'd Atchieve, his Sconce
 945 The Leg encounter'd twice and once;
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,
 When *Ralpho* thrust himself between.
 He took the Blow upon his Arm,
 To shield the *Knight* from further Harm;
 950 And joining Wrath with Force, bestow'd
 O' th' wooden Member such a Load,
 That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowders, whom it propp'd before.
 To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
 955 And setting conquering Foot upon
 His Trunk, thus spoke: What desy'rate *Frenzy*
 Made thee (thou Whelp of Sin) to fancy
 Thy self and all that Coward Rabble,
 T' encounter us in Bartel able?
 960 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
 'Gainst Arms, Authority, and Worship?



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And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Tho' all thy Limbs were Heart of Oak,
And th'other half of thee as good
65 To bear our Blows, as that of Wood?
Cou'd not the Whipping-Post prevail
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Jail,
To keep from faying Scourge thy Skin,
And Ankle free from Iron Gin?
70 Which now thou shalt---but first our care
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This said, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And set him on his Bum upright:
To rouse him from Lethargick Dump,
75 He tweak'd his Nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his Breast, as if't had been
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.
They, wakened with the Noise, did fly
From inward Room, to Window Eye.
80 And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some Amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to see,
Who thus bespoke the *Knight*: Quoth he,
Tweaking his Nose, You are, great Sir,
85 A *Self-denying* Conqueror;
As High, Victorious, and Great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your self but leave
To make out what y'already have;
90 That's Victory. The Foe for dread
Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled,
All, save *Crowders*, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd *Cause* undertake:
And he lies Pris'ner at your Feet,
95 To be dispos'd as you think meet,

- Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
 The Gallows, or perpetual Jail.
 For one Wink of your pow'ful Eye
 Must sentence him to live, or die.
 1000 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the Service of the Churches;
 And by your Doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd.
 For tho' Success did not confer
 1005 Just Title on the Conqueror;
 Tho' *Dispensations* were not strong
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
 Altho' *Out-goings* did not confirm,
 And *owning* were but a meer Term:
 1010 Yet as the Wicked have no Right
 To th' Creature, tho' usurp'd by Might,
 The Property is in the Saint,
 From whom th' injuriously detain't;
 Of him they hold their Luxuries,
 1015 Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores, and Dice,
 Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
 Pimps, Buffoons, Fiddlers, Parasites;
 All which the *Saints* have Title to,
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
 1020 What we take from 'em is no more
 Than what was ours by Right before.
 For we are their true *Landlords* still,
 And they our *Tenants* but at Will.
 At this the *Knight* began to rouse,
 1025 And by degrees grow valorous.
 He star'd about, and seeing none
 Of all his Foes remain, but one,
 He snatch'd his Weapon, that lay near him,
 And from the Ground began to rear him;

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o Vowing to make *Crowders* pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now, in colder Blood,
His Fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high; this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's Bus'ness, sooner
Than from your Hand to have the Honour
Of his Destruction; I that am
A Nothingness in Deed and Name,
o Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case:
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold Blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
s To break a Fiddle and your Word?
For tho' I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.
For great Commanders always own
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.
o To save, where you have Power to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;
And that your Will and Pow'r have less
Than both might have of Selfishness.
This Pow'r, which now alive, with Dread,
s He trembles at, if he were Dead,
Would no more keep the Slave in Awe,
Than if you were a Knight of Straw:
For Death would then be his Conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that Terror.
o If Danger from his Life accrue,
Or Honour from his Death, to you;
'Twere Policy and Honour too,
To do as you resolv'd to do:

- But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
 1065 To say it needs or fears a Crutch.
 Great Conquerors greater Glory gain
 By Foes in Triumph led, than slain:
 The Laurels that adorn their Brows
 Are pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,
 1070 And living Foes; the greatest Fame
 Of Cripple slain, can be but lame.
 One half of him's already slain,
 The other is not worth your Pain;
 Th'Honour can but on one side light;
 1075 As Worship did when y' were dubb'd *Knight*,
 Wherefore I think it better far,
 To keep him Prisoner of War;
 And let him fast in Bonds abide,
 At *Court of Justice* to be try'd;
 1080 Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
 There may be danger in his Safety:
 If any Member there dislike
 His Face, or to his Beard have Pique;
 Or if his Death will save, or yield,
 1085 Revenge or Fright, it is *reveal'd*;
 Tho' he has Quarter, ne'ertheless
 Y'have Pow'r to hang him when you please;
 This has been often done by some
 Of our great Conquerors, you know whom:
 1090 And has by most of us been held
 Wise Justice, and to some *reveal'd*.
 For Words and Promises that yoke
 The Conqueror, are quickly broke;
 Like *Sampson's* Cuffs, though by his own
 1095 Direction and Advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the *Cause*,
 By Rules of Military Laws,

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And only do what they call Just,
The Cause wou'd quickly fall to Dust.

100 This we among our selves may speak,
But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*,
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection Truths, such as these are.

This said, the high, outrageous Mettle
105 Of *Knight*, began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the *Squire's* Advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the Bus'ness done:
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowders's Hands on Rump behind,
110 And to its former Place and Use,
The wooden Member to reduce,
But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne'er to bear *Arms* against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
115 And having ty'd *Crowders* fast,
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,
To lead the Captive of his Sword
In Triumph, whilst the Steeds he caught,
And them to further Service brought.

120 The *Squire* in State rode on before,
And on his nur-brown Whinyard bore.
The Trophy *Fiddle* and the *Cafe*,
Leaning on Shoulder like a Mace.

The *Knight* himself did after ride,
125 Leading *Crowders* by his Side;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,
Until quite thro' the Town th' had gone;

130 At further end of which there stands
An ancient Castle, that commands

- Th'adjacent Parts; in all the Fabrick
 You shall not see one Stone nor a Brick,
 But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell
 1135 Of Magick made impregnable;
 There's neither Iron-Bar, nor Gate,
 Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate;
 And yet Men Durance there abide,
 In Dungeons scarce three Inches wide;
 1140 With Roof so low that under it
 They never stand, but lye, or sit;
 And yet so foul, that who'so is in,
 Is to the middle-leg in Prison;
 In Circle Magical confin'd,
 1145 With Wall of subtle Air and Wind;
 Which none are able to break thorough
 Until th'are freed by Head of Borough.
 Thither arriv'd, th'advent'rous *Knight*
 And bold *Squire*, from their Steeds alight,
 1150 At th'outward Wall, near which there stands
 A Bastile, built to imprison Hands;
 By strange Enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser Parts, and free the greater;
 For tho' the Body may creep through,
 1155 The Hands in Grate are fast enough.
 And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist,
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
 As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch,
 1160 At twenty Miles an Hour Pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.
 On Top of this there is a Spire,
 On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*,
 The *Fiddle*, and its Spoils, the *Cafe*,
 1165 In manner of a Trophy, place,

That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,
And let *Crowders* down thereat.

Crowders making doleful Face,
Like Hermit poor in pensive Place.

To Dungeon they the Wretch commit,
And the Survivor of his Feet:

But th'other that had broke the Peace

And Head of Knighthood, they release,

Tho' a *Delinquent* false and forged,

Yet b'ing a Stranger he's enlarged;

While his Comrade, that did no hurt,

Is clapt up fast in Prison for't.

So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,

Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.





The ARGUMENT of The THIRD CANTO.

*The scatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight does sally,
And is made Pris'ner: Then they seize
Th' Inchar'd Fort by Storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's Place:
I should have first said Hudibras.*

CANTO III.

AH me! What Perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps
Do dog him still with After-Claps!
5 For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any Man may sing or say,
10 I' th' Dirty call'd, *What if a Day;*
For *Hudibras*, who though h' had won
The Field, as certain as a Gun,



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- And having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;
15 Thinking h'had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-Day among the *Churches*;
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
And register'd by Fame Eternal,
20 In deathless Pages of *Diurnal*:
Found in few Minutes, to his Cost,
He did but *count without his Host*;
And that a *Turn-file* is more certain,
Than, in events of War, Dame Fortune.
35 For now the late faint-hearted Rour,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear,
From bloody Fray of *Knights* and *Bear*,
(All but the Dogs, who in pursuit
30 Of the *Knighr's* Victory stood to't,
And most ignobly fought, to get
The Honour of his Blood and Sweat)
Seeing the Coast was free and clear
O' th' Conquer'd and the Conqueror,
35 Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For by this Time the routed *Bear*,
Attack'd by th'Enemy i' th' Rear,
Finding their Number grew too great
40 For him to make a safe Retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to Fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd;
45 Retiring still, until he found
H'had got th' advantage of the Ground;

- And then as valiantly made Head,
 To check the Foe, and forthwith fled;
 Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
 50 Of Warrior stout and politick;
 Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
 He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute
 On better Terms, and stop the Course
 Of the proud Foe. With all his force
 55 He bravely charg'd, and for a while
 Forc'd their whole Body to recoil;
 But still their Numbers so increas'd,
 He found himself at length oppress'd,
 And all Evasions so uncertain,
 60 To save himself for better Fortune;
 That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
 To die with Honour in the Field,
 And sell his Hide and Carcass at
 A Price as high and desperate
 65 As e'er he cou'd. This Resolution
 He forthwith put in Execution,
 And bravely threw himself among
 The Enemy, i' th' greatest Throng.
 But what cou'd single Valour do,
 70 Against so numerous a Foe?
 Yet much he did, indeed too much
 To be believ'd, where th' Odds were such:
 But one against a Multitude,
 Is more than Mortal can make good;
 75 For while one Party he oppos'd,
 His Rear was suddenly enclos'd,
 And no room left him for Retreat,
 Or Fight against a Foe so Great;
 For now the Massives charging home,
 80 To Blows and handy-Gripes were come:







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While manfully himself he bore,
 And setting his Right-foot before,
 He rais'd himself, to shew how tall
 His Person was above them all.

5 This equal Shame and Envy stirr'd
 I' th' Enemy, that one shou'd beard
 So many Warriors, and so stout,
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,
 Disdaining to lay down his Arms,
 10 And yield on honourable Terms.
 Enraged thus, some in the Rear
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where
 Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
 And being down, still laid about:

5 As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps,
 Is said to fight upon his Stumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain,
 And he inevitably slain,

If *Trulla* and *Cerdon*, in the nick,

10 To rescue him, had not been quick;

For *Trulla*, who was light of Foot,
 As Shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot,
 (But not so light, as to be born
 Upon the Ears of standing Corn,

5 Or trip it o'er the Water quicker
 Than Witches, when their Staves they liquor,
 As some report) was got among

The foremost of the martial Throng:

There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,

10 She call'd to *Cerdon*, who stood near,

Viewing the bloody Fight, to whom

Shall we (quoth she) stand still *hum drum*,

And see stout *Bruin* all alone,

By Numbers basely overthrown?

- 115 Such Feats already h' has atchiev'd,
 In Story not to be believ'd;
 And 'twould to us be Shame enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.
 I would (quoth he) venture a Limb,
 120 To second thee, and rescue him:
 But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our Aid will come too late;
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 125 This said, they wav'd their Weapons round
 About their Heads, to clear the Ground;
 And joining Forces, laid about
 So fiercely, that th'amazed Rout
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
 130 As if *the Devil drove*, to run.
 Mean while th'approach'd the Place where *Bras*
 Was now engag'd to mortal Ruin:
 The conquering Foe they soon assail'd,
 First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
 135 Until their Massives loos'd their hold:
 And yet, alas! do what they cou'd,
 The worsted *Bear* came off with Store
 Of bloody Wounds, but all before;
 For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
 140 Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from Wound,
 Made Proof against dead-doing Steel
 All over, but the Pagan Heel:
 So did our Champion's Arms defend
 All of him but the other End:
 145 His Head and Ears, which in the martial
 Encounter lost a leathern Parcel:
 For as an *Austrian Archduke* once
 Had one Ear (which in *Ducatoons*

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Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd
60 Close to his Head; so *Bruin* far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd;
Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the *Circumcised Brethren*.

55 But gentle *Trulla*, into th' Ring
He wore in's Nose convey'd a String,
With which she march'd before, and led
The Warrior to a grassy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool Shade,
60 Which Eglantine and Roses made;
Close by a softly murmuring Stream,
Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his Repose,
Secured from pursuit of Foes,
65 And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-turn'd *Theorbo* hung
Upon a Bough, to ease the Pain
His tugg'd Ears suffer'd; with a strain
They both drew up, to march in quest
70 Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his Ground
In standing Fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of Foot)
75 Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the Chace;
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of Heart, and out of Wind;
Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd
80 So basely by a Multitude;
And like to fall, not by the Prowess,
But Numbers of his Coward Foes.

- He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coll as
 Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*;
 185 Forcing the Vallies to repeat
 The Accents of his sad Regret.
 He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
 For loss of his dear Crony *Bear*:
 That Eccho from the hollow Ground,
 190 His doleful Wailings did resound
 More wistfully, by many times,
 Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhimes,
 That make her, in their rueful Stories,
 To answer to Int'rogatories,
 195 And most unconscionably depose
 Things of which she nothing knows:
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis rested to the Lover's fancy.
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked *Bruin*,
 200 Art thou fled to my--Eccho, *Ruin*?
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
 For fear. (Quoth Eccho) *Marry gues*.
 Am not I here to take thy part!
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn Heart?
 205 Have these Bones rattled, and this Head
 So often in thy Quarrel bled?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
 For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum* but
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' Dish
 210 Thou turn'dst thy Back? Quoth Eccho, *Pish*
 To run from those th' hadst overcome
 Thus Cowardly? Quoth Eccho, *Mum*.
 But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine Enemy?
 215 Or if thou hast no thought of me,
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,

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Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
 For who wou'd grutch to spend his Blood in
 His Honour's Cause? Quoth she, a *Pudding*.
 This said, his Grief to Anger turn'd,
 Which in his manly Stomach burn'd;
 Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in place
 Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
 He vow'd the Authors of his Wo
 Should equal Vengeance undergo;
 And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd, and his *Beast*.
 This b'ing resolv'd, with equal Speed
 And Rage he hasted to proceed
 To Action straight, and giving o'er
 To search for *Bruin* any more,
 He went in quest of *Hudibras*,
 To find him out, where-e'er he was.
 And if he were above Ground, vow'd
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
 But scarce had he a Furlong on
 This resolute Adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that Crew,
 Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.
 Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
 Did equally their Breasts enflame.
 'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,
 And *Talgol*, Foe to *Hudibras*:
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors stout,
 And resolute, as ever fought:
 Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke:
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
 The vile Affront, that poultry Ass,
 And feeble *Scoundrel*, *Hudibras*,

With that more paulty *Ragamuffin*,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
 Have put upon us, like tame Cattle,
 As if th' routed us in Battle?

- 255 For my part, it shall ne'er be said,
 I for the washing gave my Head:
 Nor did I turn my Back for fear
 O' th' Rascals, but loss of my *Bear*,
 Which now I'm like to undergo;
- 260 For whether those fell Wounds, or no,
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
 Is more than all my Skill can foretel;
 Nor do I *know* what is become
 Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome*.
- 265 But if I can but find them out
 That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,
 Where-e'er th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)
 I'll make them rue their handy-work;
 And wish that they had rather dar'd,
- 270 To pull the Devil by the Beard.
 Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orsin*, th' hast
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,
 And so has ev'ry Body here,
 As well as thou hast, or thy *Bear*.
- 275 Others may do as they see good;
 But if this Twig be made of Wood
 That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur
 Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur;
 And t'other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
- 280 That brav'd us all in his behalf.
 Thy *Bear* is safe, and out of peril,
 Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
 My self and *Trulla* made a shift
 To help him out at a dead list;

5 And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
10 Their Forces in the same Design:
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of *Hudibras* upon their March.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the Victorious *Knight* besel:
15 For such, *Crowders* being fast
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his Brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
20 With Conqu'ring Toil, he now retir'd
Unto a Neighb'ring Castle by,
To rest his Body, and apply
Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruise
He got in Fight, *Reds, Blacks, and Blues;*
25 To Mollify th' uneatie Pang
Of ev'ry honourable Bang,
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H'had got a hurt
30 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his stand
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,
(For he, in all his am'rous Battels,
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)
35 Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight*;
The Shaft against a Rib did glauce,
And gall'd him in the *Portenance*.

- But Time had somewhat swag'd his Pain,
 320 After he found his Suit invain.
 For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul
 Was burnt in's Belly like a Coal,
 (That Belly that so oft did ake,
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 325 Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
 Had almost brought him off his Legs)
 Us'd him so like a base *Rascallion*,
 That old *Pyg--* (what d' y' call him) *Malin*,
 That cut his Mistress out of Stone,
 330 Had not so hard a hearted one.
 She had a Thousand Jadish Tricks,
 Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks;
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd Freak she had
 As insolent as strange and mad:
 335 She could love none but only such
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady,
 Not love, if any lov'd her: Hey day!
 So Cowards never use their Might,
 340 But against such as will not fight.
 So some Diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the Sound.
 He that gets her by Heart, must say her
 The back-way, like a Witch's Prayer.
 345 Mean while the *Knight* had no small Task,
 To compass what he durst not ask.
 He loves, but dares not make the Motion;
 Her *Ignorance* is his *Devotion*.
 Like Caitiff vile, that for Misdeed
 350 Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed;
 Or rowing Skull, he's fain to love,
 Look one way, and another move.

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Or like a Tumbler, that does play
His Game, and look another way,
Until he seize upon the Coney:
Just so does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain: Her subtle Snout
Did quickly wind his Meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much Scorn,

To be by Man of Honour born:
Yet much he bore, until the Distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful Mistress,
Did stir his Stomach, and the Pain
He had endur'd from her Disdain,
Turn'd to regret, so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his Suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.

This Resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some Months, and more had done;
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The Vict'ry he achiev'd so late
Did set his Thoughts agog, and open
A Doer to discontinu'd Hope,

That seem'd to promise he might win
His Dame too, now his Hand was in;
And that his Valour and the Honour
H'had newly gain'd, might work upon her:
These Reasons made his Mouth to water
With amorous Longings to be at her.

Quoth he unto himself, Who knows
But this brave Conquest o'er my Foes
May reach her Heart, and make that sloop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?
If nothing can oppugn Love,
And Virtue invious ways can prove,

- What may not he confide to do
 That brings both Love and Virtue too?
 But thou bring'st Valour too and Wit,
 390 Two things that seldom fail to hit.
 Valour's a Mouse-trap, Wit a Gin,
 Which Women oft are taken in.
 Then, *Hudibras*, why should'st thou fear
 To be, that art a Conqueror?
 395 Fortune th' Audacious doth *juvare*,
 But lets the Timidous miscarry.
 Then, while the Honour thou hast got
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
 400 And trust thy Fortune with the rest.
 Such Thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,
 More than his Bangs or Fleas, from Sleep.
 And as an Owl that in a Barn
 Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
 405 Sits still and shuts his round blue Eyes,
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little Beast within his Reach,
 Then starts and seizes on the Wretch.
 So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,
 410 To seize upon the Widow's Heart;
 Crying with hasty Tone, and hoarse,
Ralpho dispatch, To Horse, To Horse.
 And 'twas but time; for now the Rout,
 We left engag'd to seek him out,
 415 By speedy Marches were advanc'd
 Up to the Fort, where he ensconc'd;
 And all th'Avenues had posselt
 About the Place, from East to West.
 That done, a while they made a Halt,
 420 To view the Ground, and where t'assault:

Then call'd a Council, which was best,
By Siege or Onslaught, to invest
The Enemy; and 't was agreed,
By Storm and Onslaught to proceed.
425 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely Sort
They now drew up, t' attack the Fort;
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another-gates Adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
430 Not dreaming of approaching Storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a Danger,
To which he was an utter Stranger;
435 That Foresight might, or might not blot
The Glory he had newly got;
Or to his Shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his Bed:
To them we leave him to expound,
440 That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
When, setting ope the Postern Gate,
Which they thought best to sally ar,
445 The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the Field.
This somewhat startled the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected Sight;
The Bruises of his Bones and Flesh
450 He thought began to smart afresh:
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His Fear was soon converted to Rage.
And thus he spoke, The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave Quarter to,

- 455 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears
 As if they had out-run their Fears;
 The Glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat:
 And to their Wills we must succumb,
 460 *Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our doom.
 This is the same numerick Crew
 Which we so lately did subdue;
 The self-same Individuals, that
 Did run as Mice do from a Cat,
 465 When we Courageously did wield
 Our Martial Weapons in the Field,
 To tug for Victory: And when
 We shall our shining Blades agen
 Brandish in Terrour o'er our Heads,
 470 They'll straight resume their wonted Dreads;
 Fear is an Ague, that forsakes
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes:
 And they'll opine they feel the Pain
 And Blows they felt to day, again.
 475 Then let us boldly charge them home,
 And make no doubt to overcome.
 This said, his Courage to inflame,
 He call'd upon his *Mistress* name.
 His Pistol next he cock'd anew,
 480 And out his nut-brown Whinyard drew:
 And placing *Ralpho* in the Front,
 Reserv'd himself to bear the Brunt;
 As expert Warriors use: Then ply'd
 With Iron heel his Courser's side,
 485 Conveying Sympatherick speed
 From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.
 Mean while the Foe, with equal Rage
 And Speed, advancing to engage,

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Both Parties now were drawn so close,
90 Almost to come to handy-blows,
When *Orsin* first let fly a Stone
At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Aeneas on the Bum withal;
95 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another World;
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which *Saints* twice dipt are destin'd to.
The Danger startled the bold *Squire*,
100 And made him some few Steps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's Aid,
And rous'd his Spirits half dismay'd.
He wisely doubting lest the Shot
O' th' Enemy, now growing hot,
105 Might at a distance gall, prest close,
To come, pell-mell, to handy Blows,
And that he might their Aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique Line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
110 Till Breast to Breast he had got nigher;
As expert Warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their Foe:
This Order the advent'rous *Knight*,
Most Soldier-like, observ'd in Fight,
115 When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the Foe began to fickle.
The more shame for her *Goody-ship*,
To give so near a Friend the slip.
For *Colon* chusing out a Stone,
120 Levell'd so right, it thumpt upon
His Manly Paunch, with such a Force,
As almost beat him off his Horse,

- He lost his Whinyard and the Rein;
 But laying fast hold of the Mane,
 525 Preserv'd his Seat: And as a Goose
 In Death contracts his Talons close;
 So did the *Knight*, and with one Claw
 The Tricker of his Pistol draw.
 The Gun went off: And, as it was
 530 Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,
 In all his Feats of Arms, when least
 He dreamt of it, to prosper best;
 So now he far'd: The Shot let fly
 At random, 'mong the Enemy,
 535 Pierc'd *Talgol's* Gaberdine, and grazing
 Upon his Shoulder in the passing,
 Lodg'd in *Magnano's* brass Habergeon,
 Who straight *A Surgeon* cry'd, *A Surgeon*!
 He tumbled down, and as he fell,
 540 Did *Murther*, *Murther*, *Murther* yell.
 This startled their whole Body so,
 That if the *Knight* had not let go
 His Arms, but been in Warlike Plight,
 H' had won (the second time) the Fight.
 545 As, if the *Squire* had but fall'n on,
 He had inevitably done:
 But he, diverted with the Care
 Of *Hudibras* his Hurt, forbore
 To press th' Advantage of his Fortune,
 550 While Danger did the rest dishearten.
 For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
 In close Encounter, they both wag'd
 The Fight so well, 'twas hard to say
 Which side was like to get the Day.
 555 And now the busie Work of Death
 Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,

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Preparing to renew the Fight;
When the Disaster of the *Knights*
And t' other Party did divert

60 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.

Ralpho prest up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;
Each striving to confirm his Party
With stout Encouragements and hearty.

65 Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,

And let Revenge and Honour stir
Your Spirits up, once more fall on,
The shatter'd Foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew

70 To use your Victory as subdue,

They durst not, after such a Blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from so formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they smell Powder.

75 Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft.

But if you let them recollect
Their Spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder Game to play

80 Than yet y' have had, to get the Day.

Thus spoke the stout *Squire*; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with small regard.

His Thoughts were fuller of the Bang
He lately took, than *Ralph's* Harangue;

85 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy Council comes too late.

The clotted Blood within my Hose,
That from my wounded Body flows,
With Mortal *Crisis* doth portend

90 My Days to appropinque an End.

- I am for Action now unfit,
 Either of Fortitude or Wit.
Fortune my Fee begins to frown,
 Resolv'd to pull my Stomach down.
- 595 I am not apt, upon a Wound,
 Or trivial Basting, to despond:
 Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtail;
 For if I thought my Wounds not Mortal,
 Or that we'd Time enough as yet
- 600 To make an hon'able Retreat,
 'Twere the best Course: But if they find
 We fly, and leave our Arms behind,
 For them to seize on; the Dishonour,
 And Danger too, is such, I'll sooner
- 605 Stand to it boldly, and take Quarter,
 To let them see I am no Starter.
 In all the Trade of War, no Feat
 Is nobler than a brave Retreat:
 For those that run away, and fly,
- 610 Take place at least o' th' Enemy.
 This said, the *Squire* with active Speed
 Dismounted from his bonny Steed
 To seize the Arms, which by Mischance
 Fell from the bold *Knight* in a Trance.
- 615 These being found out, and restor'd
 To *Hudibras*, their nar'ral Lord,
 As a Man may say, with Might and Main
 He hasted to get up again.
 Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
- 620 But by his weighty Bum, as oft
 He was pull'd back; 'till having found
 Th' Advantage of the rising Ground,
 Thither he lead his Warlike Steed,
 And, having plac'd him right, with speed

25 Prepar'd again to scale the Beast :
 When *Orsin*, who had newly drest
 The bloody Scar, upon the Shoulder
 Of *Talgol*, with *Promethean* Powder,
 And now was searching for the Shot
 30 That laid *Magnano* on the Spot,
 Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforesaid
 Preparing to climb up his Horse-side :
 He left his Cure, and laying hold
 Upon his Arms, with Courage bold,
 35 Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,
 The Enemy begin to rally :
 Let us that are unhurt and whole
 Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.
 This said, like to a Thunder-bolt
 40 He flew with Fury to th' Assault,
 Striving the Enemy to attack
 Before he reach'd his Horse's Back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
 O'erthwart his Beast with active Vaulting,
 45 Wrigling his Body to recover
 His Seat, and cast his right Leg over ;
 When *Orsin*, rushing in, bestow'd
 On Horse and Man so heavy a Load,
 The Beast was startled, and begun
 50 To kick and fling like mad, and run,
 Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
 Or stout King *Richard*, on his Back :
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,
 Sore bruise'd, and cast into a Swoond.
 55 Mean while the *Knight* began to rouse
 The sparkles of his wonted Prowess ;
 He thrust his Hand into his Hose,
 And found both by his Eyes and Nose,

- 'Twas only Choler, and not Blood,
 660 That from his wounded Body flow'd.
 This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
 Inflam'd him with despightful Lie;
 Courageously he fac'd about,
 And drew his other Pistol out.
- 665 And now had half-way bent the Cock,
 When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a Shock,
 With sturdy Truncheon, thwart his Arm,
 That down it fell, and did no Harm;
 Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
- 670 Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.
 The *Knight* his Sword had only left,
 With which he *Cerdon's* Head had cleft,
 Or at the least cropt off a Limb,
 But *Orsin* came, and rescu'd him.
- 675 He with his Lance attack'd the *Knight*
 Upon his Quarters opposite.
 But as a Barque, that in foul Weather,
 Toss'd by two adverse Winds together,
 Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
- 680 And knows not which to turn him to:
 So far'd the *Knight* between two Foes,
 And knew not which of them t'oppose;
 Till *Orsin*, charging with his Lance
 At *Hudibras*, by spightful Chance,
- 685 Hit *Cerdon* such a Bang, as stunn'd
 And laid him flat upon the Ground.
 At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
 And raising up himself on Stirrup,
 Cry'd out, *Victoria*; Lie thou there,
- 690 And I shall strait dispatch another,
 To bear thee Company in Death:
 But first I'll halt a while, and breath.

As well he might : For *Orsin*, griev'd
At th' Wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
695 Ran to relieve him with his Lore,
And cure the Hurt he gave before.
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about
To breath himself, and next find out
Th' Advantage of the Ground, where best
700 He might the ruffled Foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,
To run at *Orsin* with full speed.
While he was busie in the care
Of *Cerdon's* Wound, and unaware:
705 But he was quick, and had already
Unto the Part apply'd Remedy;
And seeing th' Enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his Guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
710 And skilful in the Martial Art,
The subtle *Knight* strait made a Halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' Assault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in Order) to retire;
715 Or, as occasion should invite,
With Forces join'd renew the Fight:
Ralpho by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,
Tho' sorely bruis'd; his Limbs all o'er
720 With ruthless Bangs were stiff and sore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His Feet again, to get him gone;
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his Name)
725 Courage, the Day at length is ours,
And we once more, as Conquerours,

Have both the Field and Honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run,
I mean, all such as can, for some

730 This Hand hath sent to their long Home;
And some lye sprawling on the Ground,
With many a Gash and bloody Wound,
Cesar himself could never say

He got two Victories in a Day,

735 As I have done, that can say, twice I
In one Day, *Veni, vidi, vici.*

The Foe is numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*,

As they *perire*, and yet enow

740 Be left to strike an after-Blow;
Then left they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the Bus'ness o'er,
Get up and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
And let us both their Motions watch.

745 Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were
In case for Action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my Back, or hang'd
An Arse, for fear of being bang'd
It was for you I got these Harms,

750 Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd
Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd
My Limbs of Strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your Hand to pull me up,

755 I shall lye here, and be a Prey
To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not, (quoth *Hudibras*);

We read, the Ancients held it was
More Honourable far, *Servare*

760 *Civem*, than slay an Adversary;

The onewe oft to Day have done;
The other shall dispatch anon:
And tho' th' art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the Lurch.
65 This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently tow'rd the Squire.
Then bowing down his Body, stretcht
His Hands out, and at *Ralpho* reach't;
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
70 Charg'd him like Lightning behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's Wound, to find it out;
But could find none, nor where the Shot
That had so startled him was got.
75 But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own Work at last,
The Pillage of the Prisoners,
Which in all Feats of Arms was hers:
And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,
80 When *Hudibras* his hard Fate drew
To succour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a Load
Of Blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On t' other side, that down he fell.
85 Yield, Scoundrel base, (quoth she) or die;
Thy Life is mine, and Liberty:
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy Fortune o'er a-fresh,
90 I'll wave my Title to thy Flesh,
Thy Arms and Baggage, now my Right:
And if thou hast the Heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thy self a while,
And once more for that Carcass vile,

- 795 Fight upon tick-----Quoth *Hudibras*,
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lads,
 And I shall take thee at thy Word,
 First let me rise, and take my Sword:
 That Sword, which has so oft this Day
 800 Through Squadrons of my Foes made way,
 And some to other Worlds dispatch'd,
 Now with a feeble Spinster match'd,
 Will blush with Blood ignoble stain'd,
 By which no Honour's to be gain'd.
 805 But if thou'lt take m' Advice in this,
 Consider whilst thou may, what 'tis
 To interrupt a Victor's Course,
 B' opposing such a trivial Force:
 For if with Conquest I come off,
 810 (And that I shall do sure enough)
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor Grace,
 By Law of Arms in such a Case;
 Both which I now do offer freely.
 If corn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,
 815 (Clapping her Hand upon her Breech,
 To shew how much she priz'd his speech)
 Quarter, or Council from a Foe:
 If thou canst force me to it, do.
 But lest it should again be said,
 820 When I have once more won thy Head,
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
 Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.
 This said, she to her Tackle fell,
 And on the *Knight* let fall a Peal
 825 Of Blows so fierce, and prest so home,
 That heretir'd, and follow'd's Bum.
 Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to Mercy,
 It is not fighting *Arise-verse*

Shall serve thy turn---This stirr'd his Spleen
More than the Danger he was in,
The Blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel;
Honour, Despight, Revenge and Shame,
At once into his Stomach came;
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm
Above his Head, and rain'd a Storm
Of Blows, so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hush her quick.
But she upon her Truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with Usury.
Which long she fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the Fight,
And she with quick and cunning flight
Avoiding it, the Force and Weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the Ground.
No sooner she th' Advantage found,
But in she flew; and seconding
With home-made Thrust the heavy Swing,
She laid him flat upon his Side;
And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,
Quoth she, I told thee what wou'd come
Of all thy Vapouring, base Scum.
Say, will the Law of Arms allow
I may have Grace, and Quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy Word,
And stain thine Honour, than thy Sword?
A Man of War to damn his Soul,
In basely breaking his Parole;

And when before the Fight, th'hadst vow'd
To give no Quarter in cold Blood:

- 365 Now thou hast got me for a *Tartar*:
To make me 'gainst my Will take Quarter,
Why dost not put me to the Sword,
But Cowardly fly from thy Word?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Day's thine own;

- 370 Thou and thy Stars have cast me down;
My Laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy Conqu'ring Brow:
My Loss of Honour's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a Scoff:

- 375 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost Renown:
I am not now in Fortune's Power,
He that is down can fall no lower.

The Ancient *Heroes* were illustrious

- 380 For being benign, and not blustrous,
Against a vanquish'd Foe; their Swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their Words;
And did in Fight but cut Work out
T' employ their Courtesies about.

- 385 Quoth she, altho' thou hast deserv'd,
Base *Slubberdegullion*, to be serv'd
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the Victory;
Yet I shall rather act a part

- 390 That suits my Fame, than thy Desert.
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy Hide,
Are mine by Military Law,
Of which I will not bate one Straw:

- 395 The rest, thy Life and Limbs once more,
Tho' doubly forfeit, I restore.

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Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
 For me to treat, or stipulate;
 What thou command'st, I must obey.
 Yet those whom I expung'd to day,
 Of thine own Party, I let go,
 And gave them Life and Freedom too;
 Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their Parol,
 Whom I took Pris'ners in this Quarrel.
 Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
 Let one or other run away,
 Concerns not me; but was't not thou
 That gave *Crowdero* Quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
 Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's Pound*,
 Where still he lies, and with Regret
 His generous Bowels rage and fret.
 But now thy Carcass shall redeem,
 And serve to be exchang'd for him.
 This said, the *Knight* did streight submit,
 And laid his Weapons at her Feet.
 Next he disrob'd his Gaberdine,
 And with it did himself resign.
 She took it, and forthwith divesting
 The Mantle that she wore, said jesting,
 Take that, and wear it for my sake;
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy Back.
 And as the *French* we conquer'd once,
 Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
 The length of Breeches, and the Gathers,
 Port-Cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
 Just so the proud insulting Lais
 Array'd and dight'd *Hudibras*.
 Mean while the other Champions, yet
 In hurry of the Fight dispers'd,

- Arriv'd, when *Trulla* won the Day,
 To share i'th' Honour and the Prey,
 And out of *Hudibras* his Hide,
 With Vengeance to be satisfy'd;
 935 Which now they were about to pour
 Upon him in a Wooden Show'r.
 But *Trulla* thrust her self between,
 And striding o'er his Back agen,
 She brandish'd o'er her Head his Sword,
 940 And vow'd they should not break her Word;
 Sh' had giv'n him Quarter, and her Blood
 Or theirs should make that Quarter good.
 For she was bound by Law of Arms,
 To see him safe from farther Harms.
 945 In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* cast,
 By *Hudibras*, as yet lay fast:
 Where to the hard and ruthless Stones,
 His great Heart made perpetual Moans:
 Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*
 950 Should ransom, and supply his Place.
 This stopt their Fury, and the Basting
 Which towards *Hudibras* was hasting.
 They thought it was but just and right,
 That what she had achiev'd in Fight
 955 She should dispose of how she pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
 Nor could that any way be done
 So well as this she pitch'd upon:
 For who a better cou'd imagine?
 60 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
 The *Knight* and *Squire* first they made
 Rise from the Ground where they were laid
 Then mounted both upon their Horses,
 But with their Faces to the *Artes*.

Orsin led *Hudibras's* Beast,
And *Talgot* that which *Ralpho* prest;
Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cordon*,
And *Colon* waited as a Guard on;
All ush'ring *Trulla* in the Rear,
With th' Arms of either Prisoner.
In this Proud Order and Array
They put themselves upon their Way,
Striving to reach th' *enchanted Castle*,
Where stout *Crowdero* in Durance lay still.
Thither with greater Speed, than Shows
And Triumphs over Conquer'd Foes
Do use t'allow; or than the *Bears*,
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord-Mayors*
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
In Order, Soldier-like contriv'd;
Still Marching in a Warlike Posture,
As fit for Battel as for Muster.
The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the Fort their Force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.
Magnan' led up in this Adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter.
For he was skilful in *Black Art*,
No less than he that built the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A Breach, which straight all enter'd at;
And in the Wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the Ground.
Him they release from Durance base,
Restor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Case*,
And Liberty, his thirsty Rage
With Luscious Vengeance to assuage.

- For he no sooner was at large,
 1000 But *Trulla* straight brought on the Charge,
 And in the self-same *Limbo* put
 The *Knight* and *Squire*, where he was shut.
 Where leaving them in *Hockly i'th' Hole*,
 Their Bangs and Durance to condole,
 1005 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
 Enchanted Mansion, to know Sorrow;
 In the same Order and Array
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away,
 But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
 1010 To Fortune, or be said to droop,
 Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse,
 And Sayings of Philosophers.
 Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his Mind
 Is, *sui Juris*, unconfin'd,
 1015 And cannot be laid by the Heels,
 Whate'er the other Moiety feels.
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty,
 That makes Men Prisoners or free;
 But Perturbations that possess
 1020 The Mind, or *Æquanimities*.
 The whole World was not half so wide
 To *Alexander*, when he cry'd,
 Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a paltry narrow Tub to
 1025 *Diogenes*, who is not said
 (For ought that ever I cou'd read)
 To whine, put Finger i'th' Eye, and sob,
 Because h'had ne'er another *Tub*.
 And Ancients make two several Kinds
 1030 Of Prowess in Heroick Minds,
 The *Active* and the *Passive* Valiant;
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant:

For both to give Blows, and to carry,
In Fights, are equeneccessary;
35 But in Defeats, the *Passive* flout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to out-do
The *Active*, 'gainst the conqu'ring Foe.
Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are suggil'd,
40 Or, as the Vulgar say, are cudgel'd:
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can lose no Honour by't.
Honour's a *Lease for Lives to come*,
And cannot be extended from
45 The legal Tenant: 'Tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in Battel.
If he that is in Battel slain,
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,
He that is beaten may be sed
50 To lye in Honour's *Truckle-Bed*.
For as we see th'eclipsed Sun
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when, adorn'd with all his Light,
He shines in serene Sky most bright:
55 So Valour, in a low Estate,
Is most admir'd, and wonder'd at.
Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that see how here we sit,
60 Will judge us overgrown with Wit.
As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
A *Carnal Hour-Glass*, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,
75 But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off;

For who without a *Cap* and *Banble*,
 Having subdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
 And might with Honour have come off,
 1070 Wou'd put it to a second Proof?
 A politick Exploit, right fit
 For *Presbyterian Zeal* and *Wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's Tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
 1075 When thou at any thing wouldst rail,
 Thou mak'st *Presbytery* the Scale
 To take the Height on't, and explain
 To what Degree it is prophane;
 Whats'ever will not with (*thy what d'ye call*)
 1080 Thy *Light* jump right, thou call'st *Synodical*.
 As if *Presbytery* were a Standard,
 To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this Day,
 Thou to my Beard wast bold to say,
 1085 That thou cou'dst prove *Bear-baiting* equal
 With *Synods*, *Orthodox* and *Legal*?
 Do, if thou can'st, for I deny't,
 And dare thee to't with all thy *Light*.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
 1090 Hard Matter for a Man to do,
 That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,
 And cou'd believe it worth his Pains.
 But since you dare and urge me to it.
 You'll find I've *Light* enough to do it.
 1095 *Synods* are mystical *Bear-Gardens*,
 Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-Wardens*,
 And other Members of the Court,
 Manage the *Babylonish Sport*.
 For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bear-ward*,
 1100 Do differ only in a meer Word.

Both are but sev'ral Synagogues
 Of *Carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs*;
 Both *Antichristian Assemblies*,
 To Mischief bent as far's in them lies:
 Both slave and tail, with fierce Contests,
 The one with Men, the other Beasts.
 The difference is, the one fights with
 The Tongue, the other with his Teeth;
 And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
 In t'other *Souls* and *Consciences*;
 Where *Saints* themselves are brought to Stake
 For *Gospel-Light* and *Conscience* sake;
 Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
 Instead of *Mastive Dogs* and *Curs*:
 Than whom th' have less Humanity,
 For these at *Souls* of Men will fly.
 This to the *Prophet* did appear,
 Who in a *Vision* saw a *Bear*,
 Prefiguring the beastly Rage
 Of *Church-Rule*, in this latter Age:
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the *Pope's Bull*.
Bears nat'rally are Beasts of Prey,
 That live by Rapine; so do they:
 What are their *Orders*, *Constitutions*,
Church-Censures, *Curses*, *Absolutions*,
 But sev'ral mystick Chains they make,
 To tie poor Christians to the Stake!
 And then set Heathen *Officers*,
 Instead of *Dogs*, about their Ears.
 For to prohibit and dispense,
 To find out or to make Offence;
 Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,
 To play with *Souls* at fast and loose;

- 1135 To set what Characters they please,
 And Mulcts on Sin or Godliness;
 Reduce the Church to *Gospel-Order*,
 By *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Murder*;
 To make *Presbytery* supream,
- 1140 And *Kings* themselves submit to them;
 And force all People, tho' against
Their Consciences, for to turn *Saints*,
 Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,
 When *Saints Monopolists* are made.
- 1145 When *Pious Frauds* and *Holy Shifts*
 Are *Dispensations* and *Gifts*,
 Their *Godliness* becomes meer Ware,
 And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.
Synods are Whelps of th' *Inquisition*,
- 1150 A mungrel Breed of like Pernicion,
 And growing up, became the Sires
 Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers*;
 Whose Bus'ness is, by cunning flight,
 To cast a Figure for Mens *Light*,
- 1155 To find in Lines of Beard and Face,
 The *Physiognomy* of *Grace*;
 And by the Sound and *Twang* of *Nose*,
 If all be sound within disclose;
 Free from a Crack or Flaw of Sinning,
- 1160 As Men try *Pipkins* by the Ringing;
 By *Black Caps*, underlaid with *White*,
 Give certain Guesses at inward *Light*:
 Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,
 To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear.
- 1165 The *Handkerchief* about the Neck
 (*Canonical Crabat* of *Smeck*,
 From whom the Institution came,
 When Church and State they set on Flame

And worn by them as Badges then
Of *Spiritual Warfaring Men*)
Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *newest Cut* in Fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion,
That *Grace is founded on Dominion*.
Great *Piety* consists in *Pride*;
To rule is to be *sanctify'd*:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
Is the most perfect *Discipline*
Of Church-Rule, and by *Right Divine*.
Bell and the *Dragon's Chaplains* were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor *Knaves*) were glad to cheat,
To get their *Wives* and *Children Meat*;
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have *Wealth* and *Power* too;
Or else with *Blood* and *Desolation*
They'll tear it out o'th' *Heart* o'th' *Nation*.
Sure these themselves from *Primitive*
And *Heathen Priesthood* do derive,
When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*,
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
Whose *Directory* was to *kill*;
And some believe it is so still.
The only *Diff'rence* is, that then
They slaughter'd only *Beasts*, now *Men*.
For then to sacrifice a *Bullock*,
Or now and then a *Child* to *Moloch*,
They count a vile *Abomination*,
But not to slaughter a whole *Nation*.
Presbytery does but translate
The *Papacy* to a *Free State*,

- A *Common-wealth of Popery*,
 Where every Village is a *See*
 1205 As well as *Rome*, and must maintain
 A *Tithe-Pig* *Metropolitan*:
 Where ev'ry *Presbyter* and *Deacon*
 Commands the *Keys* for *Cheese* and *Bacon*;
 And ev'ry *Hamlet's* governed
 1210 By's *Holynefs*, the *Church's Head*,
 More haughty and severe in's Place,
 Than *Gregory* or *Boniface*.
 Such Church must (surely) be a Monster
 With many Heads: For if we conſter
 1215 What in th' *Apocalypſe* we find,
 According to th' *Apoſtle's Mind*,
 'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
 With many Heads did ride upon;
 Which Heads denote the ſinful Tribe
 1220 Of *Deacon*, *Prieſt*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*.
 Lay-Elders, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
 Whoſe little Finger is as heavy
 As Loins of *Patriarchs*, *Prince-Prelate*,
 And *Biſhop-ſecular*. This Zealot
 1225 Is of a *Mungtel*, diſerſe Kind,
 Clerick before, and *Lay* behind;
 A lawleſs *Linſie-Woolſie Brother*,
 Half of one Order, half another;
 A Creature of *Amphibuouſ* Nature,
 1230 On Land a Beaſt, a Fiſh in Water;
 That always preys on Grace or Sin;
 A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
 This fierce *Inquiſitor*, has chief
 Dominion over *Mens Belief*
 1235 And *Manners*; can pronounce a *Saint*
 Idolatrours, or *Ignorant*,

When superciliously he lifts
 Thro' courtiest Boulter owners *Gi'ts*.
 For all Men live and judge amiss,
 40 Those *Talents* jump not just with his.
 He'll lay on *Gi'ts* with Hands, and place
 On dullest Noddle *Light* and *Grace*,
 The Manufacture of the *Kirk*,
 Those Pastors are but th' Handy-work
 45 Of his Mechanick Paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling.
 From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*,
 Made by Contract, as Men get *Meanes*.
 So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope
 50 At t'other End the new-made *Pope*.
 Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, So, t' *Fire*,
 They say, *does make sweet Mats*. Good *Squire*,
Festina lentè, not too fast;
 For *haste* (the Proverb says) *makes waste*.
 55 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon Mistake.
 And I shall bring you, with your Pack
 Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
 And put your Arguments in Mood
 60 And Figure to be understood.
 I'll force you by right Ratiocination
 To leave your *Vivification*,
 And make you keep to th' Question close,
 And argue *Dialectic's*.
 65 The Question then, to state it first,
 Is, which is *better*, or which *worst*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
 To be the *worst*, and *Synods* thou.
 But to make good th' Assertion,
 70 Thou say'st th'are really *all one*.

If so, not *worst*; for if th'are *idem*,
 Why then, *Tantumdem dat Tantidem*.
 For if they are the *same*, by course
 Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.

- 1275 But I deny they are the *same*,
 More than a *Maggot* and I am.
 That both are *Animalia*
 I grant; but not *Rationalia*:
 For tho' they do agree in Kind,
 1280 Specifick Difference we find;
 And ~~can~~ no more make *Bears* of these,
 Than prove my *Horse* is *Socrates*,
 That *Synods* are *Bear-Gardens* too,
 Thou dost affirm; but I say, No:
 1285 And thus I prove it, in a Word,
 Whats'ever *Assembly's* not impower'd
 To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,
 Can be no *Synod*: But *Bear-Garden*
 Has no such Pow'r. *Ergo*, 'Tis none;
 1290 And so thy *Sophistry's* o'erthrown.

But yet we are besides the Question,
 Which thou didst raise the first Contest on;
 For that was, Whether *Bears* were *better*
 Than *Synod-Man*? I say, *Negatur*.

- 1295 That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods*, *Men*,
 Is held by all: They're *better* then:
 For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four* Legs go,
 As *Beasts*; but *Synod-Men* on *two*.
 'Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails*;
 1300 But prove that *Synod-Men* have *Tails*;
 Or that a rugged, shaggy *Fur*
 Grows o'er the Hide of *Presbyter*;
 Or that his *Snout* and *spacious Ears*
 Do hold Proportion with a *Bear's*.

105 A *Bear's* a savage Beast, of all
Most Ugly and Unnatural;
Whelp't without Form, until the Dam
Has lick't it into Shape and Frame;
But all thy *Light* can ne'er evict,

110 That ever *Synod-Man* was lick't;
Or brought to any other Fashion,
Than his own Will and Inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thy self and Sense, that is,
115 Thou wouldst have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears*, and *Dogs*, and *Bearwards* too;
A strange *Chimera* of Beasts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met

120 In eodem *Subjecto* yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Supposures, Hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.

125 Much thou hast said; which I know when
And where, thou stol'st from other Men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy *Light* and *Gifts*
Are all but plagiary Shifts;)

And is the same that *Ranter* said,
130 Who arguing with me, broke my Head,
And tore a handful of my Beard,
The self same Cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot Dispute about
This Controversie, we fell out;

135 And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' Abuse
Of *Human Learning* you produce;

Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain,

- 1340 *Pro'ane*, erroneous and vain;
 A Trade of Knowledge as replete
 As others are with Fraud and Cheat:
 An Art t'incumber *Gifts* and Wit,
 And render both for nothing fit;
 1345 Makes *Light* unactive, dull and troubled,
 Like little *David* in *Saul's* Doublet:
 A Cheat that Scholars put upon
 Other Mens Reason and their own;
 A Fort of Error, to enconce
 1350 Absurdity and Ignorance,
 That renders all the Avenues
 To Truth, impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain Things, in debate,
 By Art, perplex and intricate:
 1355 For nothing goes for Sense, or *Light*,
 That will not with old Rules jump right.
 As if Rules were not in the Schools
 Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules
 This *Pagan, Heathenish* Invention
 1360 Is good for nothing but Contention.
 For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
 All Blows do on the Target light:
 So when Men argue, the great'st part
 O'th' Contest falls on Terms of Art,
 1365 Until the Fustian stuff be spent,
 And then they fall to th' Argument.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast
 Out-run the *Consable* at last;
 For thou art fallen on a new
 1370 Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
 But to the former opposite,
 And contrary as black to white;

Mere *Disparata*, that concerning,
Presbytery, this *Human Learning*;
 Two Things I' averse, they never yet
 But in thy rambling Fancy met.
 But I shall take a fit Occasion
 T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
 Some other time, in Place more proper
 Than this w'are in: therefore let's stop here,
 And rest our weary'd Bones a while,
 Already tir'd with other Toil.



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Printed

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HUDIBRAS.

The SECOND PART.

By the Author of the FIRST.

Corrected and Amended:

With several

ADDITIONS

AND

ANNOTATIONS.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *R. Chiswell, J. Tonson, and*
R. Wellington. MDCCX.

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HUDIBRAS.

PART III.

The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

*The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in Prison;
Love brings the Action on the Case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's visit,
And cunningly sollicitis his Sute,
Which she defers; yet on Parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted Hole.*

CANTO I.

BUT now, t'observe *Romantick* Method,
Let bloody Steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged Sounds
Of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle Style,
To let our Reader breath a while;

- In which that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of *Preface*,
 Is't not enough to make one strange,
- 10 That some Mens Fancies should ne'er change,
 But make all People do and say
 * The same things still the self-same Way?
 Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,
 And *Knights* pursuing like a *Whirlwind*:
- 15 Others make all their *Knights* in Fits
 Of Jealousie to lose their Wits;
 'Till drawing Blood o' th' Dames, like Witches,
 Th'are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
 Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
- 20 By pulling Plaisters off their Sores;
 As Cripples do to get an Alms,
 Just so do they, and win their Dames.
 Some Force whole Regions, in despite
 Of *Geography*, to change their site:
- 25 Make former Times shake Hands with latter,
 And that which was before, come after.
 But those that write in *Rhime*, still make
 The one *Verse* for the other's sake;
 For, one for *Sense*, and one for *Rhime*,
- 30 I think's sufficient at one time.
 But we forget in what sad plight
 We whilom left the Captiv'd *Knight*
 And pensive *Squire*, both bruise'd in Body,
 And conjur'd into safe Custody:
- 35 Tir'd with Dispute, and speaking *Latin*,
 As well as Basting, and *Bear-baiting*,
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by Wit or Force;
 His only Solace was, that now
- 40 His Dog-bolt Fortune was so low,

That either it it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend:
In which he found th' Event, no less
Than other times, besides his Guests.
There is a tall long-sided Dame,
(But wond'rous light) ycleped *Fame*,
That like a thin *Camelion* boards
Her self on Air, and eats her Words:
Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears
Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd thro' with Ears,
And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets list,
Made good by deed *Mythologist*.
With these she through the Welkin flies,
And sometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lies*;
With Letters hung like *Eastern Pigeons*,
And *Mercuries* of farthest Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
Of Lying, to inform the Nation;
And by their publick use to bring down,
The rate of *Whetstones* in the Kingdom:
About her Neck a *Pacquet-Male*,
Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And *Cows* of *Monsters* brought to Bed;
Of *Hailstones* big as *Pulters Eggs*,
And Puppies whelp'd with twice two Legs;
A *Blazing-Star* seen in the *West*,
By six or seven Men at least:
Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary Tones,
But whether both with the same Wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th'other well;

- 75 And therefore vulgar *Authors* name
The one Good, t'other Evil *Fame*.
This rattling *Gossip* knew too well,
What Mischief *Hudibras* beset;
And streight the spiteful Tidings bears
80 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's Ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see *Ravens* catted thro' the Crowd,
Or Funerals with stately Pomp,
March slowly on in solemn Dump,
85 As she laugh'd out, until her Back,
As well as Sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the Sight,
And visit the distressed *Knight*:
To do the Office of a Neighbour,
90 And be a *Gossip* at his Labour;
And from his wooden Goal, the Stocks,
To set at large his Fetter-Locks,
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransom,
To free him from th' Enchanted Mansion.
95 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for Hood
And Usher, Implements abroad
Which *Ladies* wear, beside a slender
Young waiting *Damsel* to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,
100 To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent.
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and his stout *Squire*, in the Pound;
Both coupled in Enchanted Tether,
By farther Leg behind together:
105 For as he sat upon his Rump,
His Head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his Knees, his Hands apply'd.
Unto his Ears on either side;





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And by him, in another Hole,
10 Afflicted *Ralpho*, Check by Jowl:
She came upon him in his Wooden
Magician's Circle on the sudden,
As *Spirits* do t' a Conjuror,
When in their dreadful Shapes th' appear.

15 No sooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
But streight he fell into a Fever,
Inflam'd all over with Disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a Place;
Which made him hang his Head, and scowl,
20 And wink, and goggle like an Owl.
He felt his Brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him.

This Place (quoth she) they say's Enchanted,
And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted,
25 That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like Persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts

30 For *Spectres*, *Apparitions*, *Ghosts*,
With Sawcer-Eyes, and Horns, and some
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
But if our Eyes are not false Glasses,
That give a wrong Account of Faces;
35 That *Beard* and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas Conjur'd and Enchanted;
For tho' it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if t'had lately been in Combat,
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,
40 Howe'er this *Goblin* is come by't.

When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard,
Discourfing thus upon his *Beard*,

- And speak with such Respect and Honour,
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard's* Owner;
145 He thought it best to set as good
A Face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke: *Lady*, your bright
And radiant Eyes are in the right;
The *Beard's* th' Identick *Beard* you knew,
150 The same numerically true:
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himself.
Oh Heav'ns! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
155 Not by your individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Discourse,
That never spoke to Man or Beast
In Notions vulgarly exprest.
But what malignant Star, alas!
160 Has brought you both to this sad pass?
Quoth he, the Fortune of the War,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with *Beard* and *Face*
By you in such a homely case.
165 Quoth she, Those need not be ashamed
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in Battel conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own *Beard*,
Tho' yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
170 It does your Visage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd and lander'd
And cut square by the *Russian* Standatd.
A torn *Beard's* like a tatter'd Ensign,
That's bravest which there are most Rents in.
175 That Petticoat about your Shoulders
Does not so well become a Soldier's,

And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i' th' Rear, your *Beard* the Van led;

And those uneasy Bruises make

80 My Heart for Company to ake,
To see so Worshipful a Friend
I' th' Pill'ry set at the wrong End.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd *Pain*,
Is (as the Learned *Stoicks* maintain)

85 Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
But meerly as 'tis understood.

Sense is deceitful, and may feign,

As well in counterfeiting Pain

As other gross *Phænomena's*,

90 In which it oft mistakes the Case;

But since th' Immortal Intellect

(That's free from Errour and Defect,

Whose Objects still persist the same)

Is free from outward Bruise or Maim,

95 Which nought external can expose

To gross material Bangs or Blows;

It follows, we can ne'er be sure,

Whether we Pain or not endure;

And just so far are sore and griev'd,

100 As by the Fancy is believ'd:

Some have been wounded with Conceit,

And dy'd of meer Opinion streight;

Others, tho' wounded sore in Reason,

Fell no Contusion, nor Discretion.

105 A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat,

That *Mice* (as Histories relate)

Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in

His Postick Parts without his feeling:

Then how is't possible a Kick

110 Should e'er reach that way to the quick:

Quoth he, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel Pain,
Because the *Pangs* his Bones endure
Contribute nothing to the Cure;

215 Yet *Honour* hurt, is wont to rage
With *Pain* no Med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That *Honour's* very squeamish,
That takes a Basting for a Blemish;
For what's more hon'able than *Scars*,

220 Or *Skin* to Tatters rent in *Wars*?

Some have been beaten 'till they know
What Wood a *Cudgel's* of by th' Blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A Shoe be *Spanish* or *Neat's* Leather;

225 And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning,
The farthest way about, t' o'ercome,
I' th' end does prove the nearest home;
By *Laws* of learned *Duellists*,

230 They that are bruis'd with *Wood*, or *Fists*,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Pulstroons*:

But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're *Stout* and *Gallant* Fellows reckon'd.

235 Th' old *Romans* Freedom did bestow,
Our *Princes* Worship, with a Blow:
King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his splenetick
And testy Courtiers with a Kick.

The *Negus*, when some mighty Lord
240 Or *Potentate's* to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great Offence,
With which he's willing to dispense;
First has him laid upon his *Belly*,
Then beaten *Back* and *Side* t' a *Jelly*;

That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the Princely Blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his Magnificent *Rib-roasting*.

The beaten *Soldier* proves most manful,
That, like his *Sword*, endures the *Anvil*,
And justly's held more formidable,
The more his Valour's malleable;

But he that fears a *Bastinado*,
Will run away from his own Shadow:

And though I'm now in *Durance* fast,
By our own *Party* basely cast,
Ransome, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,
And worse than by the *Enemy* us'd;
In close *Catasta* shut, past hope

Of *Wit*, or *Valour*, to elope:
As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend
To th' *Earth*, still grow more reverend;
And *Cannons* shoot the higher *Pitches*,
The lower we let down their *Breeches*:

I'll make this low dejected *State*
Advance me to a greater Height.

Quoth she, Y'have almost made m' in Love
With that which did my Pity move,
Great *Wits* and *Valours*, like great *States*,
Do sometimes sink with their own *Weights*:
Th' Extream, of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,
Like *East* and *West* become the same:
No *Indian Prince* has to his *Palace*
More Follow'rs than a Thief to th' *Gallows*.
But if a *Beating* seem so brave,
What *Glories* must a *Whipping* have?
Such great *Atchievements* cannot fail
To cast Salt on a *Woman's Tail*;

For if I thought your *Nat'ral Talent*
 280 Of *Passive Courage* were so gallant,
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow *Amorous*, and *Dote*.
 When *Hudibras* this Language heard,
 He prick'd up's Ears, and streak'd his *Beard*:
 285 Thought he, This is the *Lucky Hour*,
Wines work when *Vines* are in the Flower;
 This *Crisis* then I'll set my rest on,
 And put her boldly to the *Question*.

Madam, What you wou'd seem to doubt,
 260 Shall be to all the World made out;
 How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spirit*
 And *Magnanimity*, I bear it;
 And if you doubt it to be true,
 I'll stake my self down against you:
 295 And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,
 Be you the *Winner*, and take both.

Quoth She, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*
 Say, Foo's for *Argument* use *Wagers*;
 And tho' I prais'd your *Valour*, yet
 300 I did not mean to baulk your *Wit*;
 Which if you have, you must needs know
 What I have told you before now,
 And you b' *Experiment* have prov'd,
 I cannot *Love* where I'm *belov'd*.

305 Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*
 Beyond th' *Infliction* of a *Witch*;
 So Cheats to play with those still aim,
 That do not understand the Game.
Love in your Heart as idly burns
 310 As Fire in Antique *Roman* Urns,
 To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light
 Those only that see nothing by't,

Have you not Pow'r to entertain,
And render *Love* for *Love* again;
As *no Man* can draw in his *Breath*
At once, and force out *Air* beneath?
Or do you love your self so much,
To bear all *Rivals* else a Grutch?
What *Fate* can lay a greater Curse
Than you upon your self would force?
For *Wedlock* without *Love*, some say
Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.
It is a kind of *Rape* to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it *Ravishment*,
But b'ing against the *Mind's Consent*?
A *Rape* that is the more inhumane,
For being acted by a *Woman*.
Why are you *fair*, but to entice us
To *Love* you, that you may despise us?
But though you cannot *Love*, you say,
Out of your own *Fanatick* way,
Why shou'd you not at least allow
Those that *Love* you, to do so too?
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you;
And am by your own *Doctrine* taught
To practise what you call a *Fault*.

Quoth she, If what you say is true,
You must fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In *Love* and *Preaching*, that must sway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to *Love*,
Is to forbid my *Pulse* to move,
My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup:

Command me to piss out the Moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.

Love's Pow'r's too great to be withstood

350 By feeble *Humane Flesh and Blood*.

'Twas he that brought upon his Knees

The *Hell-Fring Kill-Cow Hercules*;

Transform'd his *Leager-Lion's Skin*

T' a *Petticoat*, and made him spin;

355 Seiz'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle

T' a feeble *Distaff*, and a *Spindle*.

'Twas he that made *Emperors Gallants*

To their own *Sisters*, and their *Aunts*;

Set *Popes* and *Cardinals* agog,

360 To play with *Pages* at Leap-frog:

'Twas he that gave our *Senate* Purges,

And fluxt the *House* of many a *Burgess*;

Made those that represent the *Nation*

Submit, and suffer *Amputation*,

365 And all the *Grandees* of th' *Cabal*

Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *Spring* and *Fall*.

He mounted *Synod-Men*, and rode 'em

To *Dirty-Lane*, and *Little Sodom*;

Made 'em corvet, like *Spanish Jenets*,

370 And take the *Ring* at *Madam---*

'Twas he that made *Saint Francis* do

More than the Devil cou'd tempt him to;

In cold and frosty *Weather* grow

Enamour'd of a *Wife of Snow*;

375 And tho' she were of *Rigid Temper*,

With melting *Flames* accost and tempt her;

Which after in *Enjoyment* quenching,

He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.

Quoth she, if *Love* have these *Effects*,

380 Why is it not forbid our *Sex*?

Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted
For *Diabolical* and Wicked?

And sung, as out of Tune, against,
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the Saints?

385 I find I've greater Reason for it,
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, These sad Effects
Spring from your *Heathenish* neglects
Of Love's great Pow'r, which he returns

390 Upon your selves with equal Scorns;
And those, who worthy *Lovers* slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous Appetite:
This made the Beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*
To take a *Town-Bull* for her Sweet;

395 And from her Greatness stoop so low,
To be the Rival of a Cow:

Others to prostitute their great *Hearts*,
To be *Baboons* and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.
Some with the Dev'l himself in League grow

400 By's Representative a *Negro*.

'Twas this made *Vestal-Maids* love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd Quick.
Some by their *Fathers*, and their *Brothers*,
To be made *Mistresses* and *Mothers*:

405 'Tis this that proudest *Dames* enamours
On *Lacques*, and *Valets des Chambers*;
Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,
And makes 'em stoop to dirty *Grooms*;
To slight the *World*, and to disparage

410 *Claps*, *Issue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth she, These Judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust Men with their *Oaths*, or prove
Their Faith and *Secresie* in Love.

- 415 Says he, There is as weighty Reason
 For *Secresie* in *Love*, as *Treason*.
Love is a *Burglarer*, a *Feiion*,
 That at the *Windore-Eye* does steal in
 To rob the *Heart*, and with his Prey
 420 Steals out again a closer way,
 Which whosoever can discover,
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a *Fire*, that burns and sparkles
 In *Men* as nat'rally as in *Charcoals*
 425 Which sooty *Chymists* stop in Holes,
 When out of Wood they extract Coals;
 So *Lovers* should their *Passions* choak,
 That tho' they burn, they may not smok.
 'Tis like that sturdy *Thief* that stole
 430 And dragg'd *Beasts* backwards into's Hole:
 So *Love* does *Lovers*, and us *Men*
 Draws by the Tails into his Den;
 That no *Impression* may discover,
 And tracet'his *Cave* the wary *Lover*.
 435 But if you doubt I should reveal
 What you entrust me under Seal,
 I'll prove my self as close and vertuous
 As your own *Secretary*, *Albertus*.
 Quoth she, I grant you may be close
 440 In hiding what your Aims propose:
Love-Passions are like *Parables*,
 By which *Men* still mean something else:
 Tho' *Love* be all the World's Pretence,
 Mony's the *Mythologick* Sense,
 445 The real Substance of the Shadow,
 Which all Address and Courtship's made to
 Thought he, I understand your *Play*,
 And how to quit you your own way;

He that will win his *Dame* must do
450 As *Love* does, when he bends his *Bow*,
With one Hand thrust the *Lady* from,
And with the other pull *her* Home.
I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great
Provocative to am'rous Heat;
455 It is all *Philters*, and high Diet,
That makes *Love* rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis Beauty always in the Flower,
That Buds and Blossoms at Fourscore:
'Tis that by which the *Sun* and *Moon*
460 At their one Weapons are out-done:
That makes *Knights-Errant* fall in Trances,
And lay about 'em in *Romances*:
'Tis *Virtue*, *Wit*, and *Worth*, and all
That Men *Divine* and *Sacred* call;
465 For what is *Worth* in any Thing,
But so much *Money* as 'twill bring?
Or what but *Riches* is there known,
Which Man can solely call his own;
In which no Creature goes his half,
470 Unless it be to *squint* and *laugh*?
I do confess, with *Goods* and *Land*
I'd have a Wife at second hand;
And such you are: Nor is't your Person
My Stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
475 But 'tis (your better Part) your *Riches*,
That my enamour'd Heart bewitches;
Let me your Fortunes but possess,
And settle your Person how you please,
Or make it o'er in *trust* to th' *Devil*,
480 You'll find me *reasonable* and *civil*.

Quoth she, I like this Plainness better
Than false *Mock-Passion*, *Speech*, or *Letter*,

- Or any Feat of *Qualm* or *Swooning*,
 But *Hanging* of your self, or *Drowning*;
 485 Your only way with me to *break*
 Your Mind, is *breaking* of your Neck;
 For as when *Merchants* break, o'erthrown
 Like *Nine-pins*, they strike others down;
 So that would break my *Heart*, which done,
 490 My tempting *Fortune* is your own,
 These are but *Trifles*, ev'ry *Lover*
 Will damn himself over and over,
 And greater Matters undertake
 For a less worthy *Mistress* sake:
 495 Yet th'are the only ways to prove
 Th'unfeign'd *Realities* of *Love*;
 For he that hangs or beats out's Brains,
 The *Devil's* in him if he feigns.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, This way's too rough
 500 For mere *Experiment*, and *Proof*;
 It is no jesting, trivial Matter,
 To swing i' th' Air, or dounce in Water,
 And, like a Water-witch, try *Love*;
 That's to destroy, and not to prove:
 505 As if a Man should be dissected,
 To find what Part is disaffected;
 Your better way is to make over
 In *trust*, your Fortune to your *Lover*;
Trust is a *Trial*, if it break,
 510 'Tis not so desp'rate as a *Neck*;
 Beside, th' *Experiment's* more certain,
 Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune;
 The Soldier does it ev'ry Day
 (Eight to the Week) for Six-pence Pay:
 515 Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
 To share with *Knaves* in cheating Fools:

And Merchants, vent'ring thro' the Main,
Slight Pyrates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain;
This is the way I'dwise you to,

320 Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run
My self all th' Hazard, and you none,
Which must be done, unless some *Deed*
Of yours aforesaid do precede;

325 Give but your self one gentle *Swing*
For Trial, and I'll cut the *String* :

Or give that rev'rend *Head* a mall,
Or two, or three, against a Wall;
To shew you are a Man of Mettle,

330 And I'll engage my self to settle.

Quoth he, My *Head's* not made of *Brass*,
As Friar *Bacon's* Noddle was;
Nor (like the *Indian's* Skull) so tough,
That, *Authors* say, 'twas *Musquet-proof*:

335 As it had need to be, to enter

As yet on any new *Adventure*:
You see what *Bahs* it has endur'd,
That wou'd before new *Feats* be cur'd:
But if that's all you stand upon,

340 Here, strike me *Luck*, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The Matter's not so far gone
As you suppose, *Two Words* & a *Bargain*,
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright Proof;

345 And yet 'tis no *Fantastick* Pique

I have to *Love*, nor coy *dislike*;

'Tis no implicit, nice *Aversion*

T' your *Conversation*, *Mein* or *Person*,

But a just Fear, lest you shou'd prove

350 False and perfidious in *Love*:

For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

- Quoth he, My Faith as *Adamantine*,
As Chains of *Destiny*, I'll maintain;
555 True as *Apollo* ever spoke,
Or Oracle from Heart of *Oak*;
And if you'll give my *Flame* but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
560 With that one, and that other *Pigsneye*,
The *Sun* and *Day* shall sooner part,
Than *Love*, or you, shake off my Heart;
The *Sun* that shall no more dispence
His own, but your bright Influence;
565 I'll carve your Name on *Barks of Trees*,
With *True-love-knots*, and *Flourishes*;
That shall infuse *Eternal Spring*,
And everlasting flourishing:
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in *Stum*,
570 And make it brisk *Champaigne* become:
Where-e'er you tread, your Foot shall set
The *Primrose* and the *Violet*;
All *Spices*, *Perfumes*, and *sweet Powders*,
Shall borrow from your Breath their *Odours*;
575 Nature her Charter shall renew,
And take all *Lives* of Things from you;
The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our *Loves* shall still survive,
580 New Worlds, and Natures to out-live;
And, like to *Heraulds Moons*, remain
All *Crescents*, without *Change* or *Wane*.
Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiss:

585 For you will find it a hard Chapter
 To catch me with *Poetick Rapture*,
 In which your *Mastery of Art*
 Doth shew it self, and not your *Heart*:
 Nor will you raise in mine *Combustion*,
 590 By dint of high *Heroick Fustion*:
 She that with *Poetry* is won,
 Is but a *Desè* to write upon;
 And what Men say of her, they mean
 No more than on the Thing they lean.
 595 Some with *Arabian Spices* strive
 T' Embalm her cruelly alive;
 Or *Season* her, as *French Cooks* use
 Their *Haut-gousts*, *Bouillon*, or *Ragousts*;
 Use her so barbarously ill,
 600 To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,
 Until the *Facet Doublet* doth
 Fit their *Rhimes* rather than her Mouth;
 Her Mouth compar'd t' an *Oyster's*, with
 A Row of *Pearl* instead of *Teeth*;
 605 Others make *Posies* of her *Cheeks*,
 Where *Red* and *Whitest* Colours mix;
 In which the *Lilly*, and the *Rose*,
 For *Indian Lake*, and *Ceruse* goes.
 The *Sun* and *Moon* by her bright Eyes
 610 Eclips'd, and darken'd in the *Skies*,
 Are but *black Patches* that she wears,
 Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*:
 By which *Astrologers*, as well
 As those in *Heav'n* above, can tell
 615 What strange Events they do foreshow
 Unto her Under-World below.
 Her Voice, the *Musick* of the *Spheres*,
 So loud, it deafens Mortal Ears;

- As wise *Philosophers* have thought,
 620 And that's the Cause we hear it not.
 This has been done by some, who those
 Th' ador'd in *Rhime* wou'd kick in *Prose*;
 And in those *Ribbons* would have hung,
 Of which melodiously they sung:
 625 That have the hard *Fate* to write best
 Of those still that deserve it least;
 It matters not how *false*, or *forc'd*,
 So the *best* Things be said o'th' *Worst*;
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
 630 Only the *Arrow's* drawn to th' Head,
 Whether it be a *Swan* or *Goose*
 They level at: So *Shepherds* use
 To set the same *Mark* on the *Hip*
 Both of their *sound* and *rotten* *Sheep*:
 635 For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
 Must be aim'd *higher*, or *beside*
 The *Mark*, which else they ne'er come nigh
 But when they take their *Aim* awry.
 But I do wonder you shou'd chuse
 640 This way t' attack me with your *Muse*,
 As one cut out to pass your *Tricks* on,
 With *Fulhams* of *Poetick* *Fiction*:
 I rather hop'd, I shou'd no more
 Hear from you o'th' *Gallanting* *Score*:
 645 For hard *Dry-Bastings* us'd to prove
 The readiest *Remedies* of *Love*;
 Next a *Dry-Diet*: But if those fail,
 Yet this uneasie *Loop-hol'd* *Gaal*,
 In which y'are *hamper'd* by the *Fet lock*,
 650 Cannot but put y' in mind of *Wedlock*;
Wedlock that's worse than any *Hole* here,
 If that may serve you for a *Cooler*;

T' allay your *Mettle*, all a-gog.
Upon a *Wife*, the heav'i'r Clog;
655 Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*,
That, for a bruis'd or broken *Pate*,
Has free'd you from those *Knobs* that grow
Much harder on the marry'd *Brow*:
But if no Dread can cool your *Courage*,
660 From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage;
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
To nobler Aims your Puissance:
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,
The fairest *Mark* is easiest hit.

665 Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before-hand
In that already, with your Command:
For where does *Beauty* and high *Wit*,
But in your *Constellation* meet?

Quoth she, What does a *Match* imply,
670 But *Likeness* and *Equality*?

I know you cannot think me fit,
To be th' *Yoke-Fellow* of your *Wit*:
Nor take one of so mean *Deserts*,
To be the *Part'ner* of your *Parts*;
675 A *Grace*, which if I cou'd believe,
I've not the *Conscience* to receive.

That *Conscience*, quoth *Hudibras*,
Is mis-inform'd; I'll state the *Case*:
A Man may be a *Legal Donor*

680 Of any Thing whereof he's *Owner*:
And may confer it where he lists,
I'th' Judgment of all *Casuists*:
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may
Be ali'nate, and made away
885 By those that are *Proprietors*,
As I may give, or sell my *Herse*.

- Quoth she, I grant the *Case* is true,
 And proper 'twixt your *Horse* and you;
 But whether I may take, as well
 690 As you may give away, or sell?
 Buyers you know are bid beware;
 And worse than Thieves *Receivers* are.
 How shall I answer *Hue* and Cry,
 For a *Roan-Gelding* twelve Hands high,
 695 All spurr'd and switch'd, a *Lock* on's Hoof
 A *sorrel Mane*? Can I bring Proof,
 Where, when, by whom, and what y' were fold for,
 And in the open *Market* Tol'd for?
 Or should I take you for a *Stray*,
 700 You must be kept a Year and Day,
 (E'er I can own you) here i' th' Pound,
 Where, if y' are sought, you may be found:
 And in the mean time I must pay
 For all your *Provender* and *Hay*.
 605 Quoth he, it stands me much upon
 T' enervate this *Objection*,
 And prove my self, by *Topick* clear,
 No *Gelding*, as you wou'd infer.
 Loss of *Virility's* averr'd
 710 To be the Cause of loss of *Beard*,
 That does (like *Embryo* in the Womb)
 Abortive on the *Chin* become.
 This first a *Woman* did invent,
 In Envy of *Man's* Ornament.
 715 *Semiramis* of *Babylon*,
 Who first of all cut Men o' th' *Stone*,
 To mar their *Beards*, and laid Foundation
 Of *Sow-Geldering* Operation:
 Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether
 720 *Eunuchs* wear such, or *Geldings* either?

Next it appears, I am no *Horse*,
That I can argue and discourse;
Have but two *Legs*, and ne'er a *Tail*:

Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
725 For some *Philosophers* of late here
Write, Men have four *Legs* by *Nature*,
And that 'tis *Custom* makes them go
Erron'ously upon but two;
As 'twas in *Germany* made good
730 B'a Boy that lost himself in a *Wood*;
And growing down t'a Man, was wont
With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.
As for your *Reasons* drawn from *Tails*,
We cannot say they're true or false,
735 Till you explain your self, and show
B'Experiment 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join Issue on't,
I'll give you satisfact'ry Account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
740 To settle all, and be my *Spouse*.

That never shall be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a *Tail*, by me:
For *Tails* by *Nature* sure were meant,
As well as *Beards*, for Ornament;
745 And tho' the *Vulgar* count them homely,
In *Man* or *Beast* they are so comely,
So *Jantee*, *Alamode*, and Handsome,
I'll never marry *Man* that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain,
750 You have one equal to your *Manc*,
I'll be torn Piece-meal by a *Horse*,
E'er I'll take you for better or worse.
The *Prince* of *Cambay's* daily Food
Is *Aspe*, and *Basilisk*, and *Toad*;

755 Which makes him have so strong a Breath,
 Each Night he stinks a *Queen* to Death;
 Yet I shall rather lye in's *Arms*
 Than yours, on any other *Terms*.

Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford

760 I shall produce, upon my Word;
 And if she ever gave that *Boon*
 To Man, I'll prove that I have one;
 I mean, by *postulate Illation*,
 When you shall offer just *Occasion*;

765 But since y'have yet deny'd to give
 My *Heart*, your *Pris'ner*, a Reprieve,
 But made it sink down to my Heel,
 Let that at least your *Pity* feel;
 And for the Sufferings of your *Martyr*,

770 Give its poor Entertainer *Quarter*;
 And by *Discharge*, or *Main-Prize* grant
 Deliv'ry from this base *Restraint*.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your Leg,
 Stuck in a Hole here like a *Peg*,

775 And if I knew which way to do't,
 (Your *Honour* safe) I'd let you out.
 That *Dames* by *Goal-Delivery*
 Of *Errant-Knights* have been set free,
 When by *Enchantment* they have been,

780 And sometimes for it too, laid in;
 Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
 By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honour* too:
 For what are they *renown'd* and *fam'us* else,
 But aiding of distressed *Damosels*?

785 But for a *Lady*, no ways *Errant*,
 To free a *Knight*, we have no *Warrant*
 In any *Authentical Romance*,
 Or *Classick Author* yet of *France*:

And I'd be loath to have you break
 90 An Ancient *Custom* for a Freak,
 Or *Innovation* introduce
 In Place of Things of *Antique* Use;
 To free your Heels by any Course,
 That might b'unwholesome to your *Spurs*;
 95 Which if I should consent unto,
 It is not in my Pow'r to do;
 For 'tis a Service must be done ye,
 With solemn previous Ceremony;
 Which always has been us'd to untie,
 100 The *Charms* of those who here do lye;
 For as the *Ancients* heretofore
 To Honour's Temple had no Door,
 But that which thorough *Virtue's* lay;
 So from this *Dungeon* there's no way
 105 To honour'd Freedom, but by passing,
 That other *virtuous* School of *Lashing*,
 Where *Knights* are kept in narrow Lists,
 With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their Wrists;
 In which they for a while are *Tenants*,
 110 And for their *Ladies* suffer Penance;
Whipping, that's *Virtue's* Governess,
 Tutress of *Arts* and *Sciences*;
 That mends the gross Mistakes of *Nature*,
 And puts new Life into dull Matter;
 115 That lays Foundation for *Renown*,
 And all the *Honours* of the Gown:
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with hon'able Discharge:
 Then in their *Robes*, the *Penitentials*,
 120 Are streight presented with *Credentials*,
 And in their way attended on
 By *Magistrates* of ev'ry Town:

- And all Respect and Charges paid,
 They're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.
- 825 Now if you'll venture, for my Sake,
 To try the Toughness of your *Back*,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a *Whipping* on;
 (And may you prosper in your Suit,
- 830 As you with equal Vigour do't)
 I here engage my self to loose ye,
 And free your *Heels* from *Caperdewfia*.
 But since our *Sex's* Modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
- 835 Bring me on *Oath*, a fair Account,
 And *Honour* too, when you have don't;
 And I'll admit you to the Place
 You claim as *due* in my good Grace.
 If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go
- 840 By *Dest'ny*, why not *Whipping* too?
 hat Med'cincelse can cure the *Fits*
 Of *Lovers*, when they lose their *Wits*?
Love is a *Boy* by *Poets* stil'd,
 Then *Spare the Rod*, and *spoil the Child*.
- 845 A *Persian* Emp'ror whipp'd his Grannam
 The Sea, his Mother *Venus* came on;
 And hence some Rev'rend Men approve
 Of *Rosemary* in making *Love*.
 As skilful *Cooper's* hoop their *Tubs*
- 850 With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* Dubs;
 Why may not *Whipping* have as good
 A Grace, perform'd in Time and Mood,
 With comely Movement, and by *Art*,
 Raise *Passion* in a *Lady's* Heart:
- 855 It is an easier Way to make
 Love by, than that which many take.

Who would not rather suffer *Whipping*,
 Than swallow *Toasts* of Bits of Ribbon?
 Make wicked *Verses*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
 160 And spell Names over with *Beer-Glasses*?
 Be under Vows to *hang* and *die*
Love's Sacrifice, and all a *Lie*?
 With *China-Oranges*, and *Tarts*,
 And winning *Plays*, lay Baits for Hearts?
 165 Bribe *Chamber-Maids* with *Love* and *Mony*,
 To break no Roguish *Jests* upon ye?
 For Lillies limn'd on *Cheeks*, and *Roses*,
 With painted *Perfumes*, hazard *Noses*?
 Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 170 Do Penance in a *Paper Lantern*?
 All this you may compound for now,
 By suffering what I offer you,
 Which is no more than has been done,
 By *Knights* for *Ladies* long ago:
 175 Did not the Great *La Mancha* do so,
 For the *Infanta Del Toboso*?
 Did not th' *Illustrious Bassa* make
 Himself a *Slave* for *Misse's* sake?
 And with *Bull's-Pizzle*, for her *Love*,
 180 Was taw'd as gentle as a *Glove*?
 Was not young *Florio* sent (to cool
 His Flame for *Biancafore*) to School,
 Where *Pedant* made his *Pathick Bum*
 For her sake suffer *Martyrdom*?
 185 Did not a certain *Lady* whip
 Of late her Husband's own *Lordship*?
 And tho' a *Grandee* of the *House*,
 Claw'd him with *Fundamental Blows*;
 Ty'd him stark-naked to a *Bed-post*,
 190 And fir'd his *Hide* as if sh' had rid *Post*;

And after in the *Sessions-Court*,
Where *Whipping's* judg'd, had Honour for't?
This *swear* you will perform, and then
I'll free you from th'Inchanted *Den*,

395 And the *Magicians* Circle clear.

Quoth he, I do *profess* and *swear*,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never see you *mine*.

Amen, (quoth she) Then turn'd about,
900 And bid her *Esquire* let him out.

But e'er an *Artist* cou'd be found
T'undo the *Charms*, another bound;
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (some write) by *Ladies* Eyes;

905 The *Moon* pull'd off her Veil of Light,
That hides her Face by Day from Sight,
(Myſterious Veil, of Brightneſs made,
That's both her Luſtre, and her Shade)
And in the Lanthorn of the Night,

910 With ſhining Horns hung out her Light:

For Darkneſs is the proper Sphere,
Where all falſe Glories uſe t'appear.
The twinkling *Stars* began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd Luſtre:

915 While Sleep the weary'd *World* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.

Our *Vot'ry* thought it beſt t'adjourn
His *whipping* Penance till the Morn,
And not to carry on a *Work*

920 Of ſuch *Importance* in the Dark,
With erring Haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't in th'open Face of *Day*;
And in the mean Time, go in queſt
Of next *Retreat* to take his Reſt.



The ARGUMENT of the SECOND CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,
Within an Ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden Fright
Of strange Alarm, and stranger Sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty Pickle.*

CANTO II.

TIS strange how some Mens Tempers suit
(Like *Bawd* and *Brandee*) with Dispute,
That for their own *Opinions* stands fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
That keep their *Consciences* in Cases,
As *Fiddlers* do their *Crowds* and *Bases*,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a Fit for *Argument*.
Make *true* and *false*, *unjust* and *just*,
Of no Use but to be discuss'd,
Dispute and set a *Paradox*,
Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks,

- And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than *Helmont*, *Mountaign*, *White*, or *Lully*.
15 So th' *Ancient Stoicks* in their *Porch*,
With fierce *Dispute* maintain'd their *Church*,
Beat out their *Brains* in *Fight* and *Study*,
To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*;
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,
20 Made good with stout *Polemick* *Brav*:
In which, some *Hundreds* on the *Place*
Were slain out-right; and many a *Face*
Retrench'd of *Nose*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,
To maintain what their *Self* averr'd,
25 All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in *Wrath*
Had like t'have suffer'd for their *Faith*,
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the *Sequel* shall be shown.

- The *Sun* had long since in the *Lap*
30 Of *Thetis* taken out his *Nap*,
And like a *Lobster* boil'd, the *Morn*
From *Black* to *Red* began to turn:
When *Hudibras*, whom *Thoughts* and *Aking*
'Twixt sleeping kept all *Night*, and waking,
35 Began to rub his drowsie *Eyes*,
And from his *Couch* prepar'd to rise;
Resolving to dispatch the *Deed*
He vow'd to do with trusty *Speed*,
But first, with knocking loud and bawling,
40 He rouz'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling;
And, after many *Circumstances*,
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*
Do use to spend their *Time* and *Wits* on,
To make impertinent *Description*,
45 They got (with much ado) to *Horse*,
And to the *Castle* bent their *Course*,

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In which, he to the *Dame* before
To suffer *Whipping* duly swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the Work in earnest,
He stopt, and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious Forehead plodding,
Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;
Whether it be direct *infringing*
An *Oath*, if I shou'd wave this *swinging*,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' *Equivocation* swear;
Or whether 't be a lesser *Sin*
To be forsworn, than act the Thing,
Are deep and subtil *Points*, which must,
T'inform my Conscience, be discust;
In which to err a Tittle may
To *Errors* infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy *Judgment*, e'er we farther go.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Since you do injoin't,
I shall enlarge upon the *Point*;
And, for my own Part, do not doubt,
Th' *Affirmative* may be made out.
But first, to state the *Case* aright,
For best advantage of our Light;
And thus 'tis: Whether't be a *Sin*
To claw and curry your own *Skin*,
Greater, or less, than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn, forswear.
But first, o'th' first: The *Inward Man*,
And *Outward*, like a *Tlan* and *Clan*,
Have always been at Daggers-drawing,
And one another Clapper-clawing:

Not that they really Cuff, or Fence,
But in a Spiritual *Mystick* Sense;
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
In literal Fray's abominable:

- 85 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use
With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,
To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewells*;
Like Modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,
And mungril *Christians* of our Times,
90 That exp'ate less with greater Crimes;
And call the foul *Abomination*
Contrition, and *Mortification*.

Is't not enough we're bruise'd and kicked
With sinful Members of the Wicked;

- 95 Our Vessels, that are *sanctify'd*,
Profan'd and *curry'd*, back and side;
But we must claw our selves with shameful
And Heathen Stripes, by their Example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)

- 100 Is *Impious*, because they did it,
This therefore may be justly reckon'd
A *Heinous Sin*. Now to the second,
That *Saints* may claim a *Dispensation*
To *swear* and *forswear*, on Occasion,

- 105 I doubt not, but it will appear
With pregnant Light. The Point is clear;
Oaths are but *Words*, and *Words* but *Wind*;
Too feeble Implements to bind;
And hold with *Deeds* Proportion, so

- 110 As *Shadows* to a *Substance* do.
Then when they strive for *Place*, 'tis fit
The weaker *Vessel* shou'd submit:
Altho' your *Church* be opposite
To ours, as *Black-Friars* are to *White*,

In Rule and Order; yet I grant
You are a *Reformado Saint*;
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
You may pretend a Title to:
But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,
Know little of their *Privilege*;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some Self-advantage of their own:
For if the *Dev'l*, to serve his turn,
Can tell *Truth*, why the *Saints* shou'd scorn,
When it serves theirs, to *swear* and *lie*,
I think there's little Reason why:
Else h' has a greater Pow'r than they,
Which 'twere *Impiety* to say;
W'are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to *swear*;
But to *swear* idle, and in vain,
Without Self-Interest or Gain;
For breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,
Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,
A *Saint-like Virtue*, and from hence
Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence*:
Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their Word;
And this the constant *Rule* and *Practice*
Of all our late *Apostles Acts* is.
Was not the *Cause* at first begun
With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?
Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,
But in due Time and Place they broke?
Did we not bring our *Oaths* in first,
Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter *Models* for
The present use of *Church* and *War*?

- Did not our *Worthies* of the *House*,
 150 Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?
 For having freed us, first from both
 Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremac'-Oath*:
 Did they not next compel the *Nation*,
 To take and break the *Protestation*?
 155 To swear, and after to recant
 The *Solemn League and Covenant*?
 To take th' *Engagement*, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
 Did they not swear at first to fight
 160 For the *KING's Safety*, and His *Right*;
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with *Horse* and *Fon*;
 But yet still had the Confidence
 To swear, it was in his *Defence*?
 165 Did they not swear to *live* and *die*
 With *Effex*, and straight laid him by?
 If that were all, for some have sworn
 As false as they, if th' did no more.
 Did they not swear to maintain *Law*,
 170 In which that *swearing* made a *Flaw*?
 For *Protestant Religi'n Vow*,
 That di that *Vowing* disallow?
 For *Privilege of Parliament*,
 In which that *swearing* made a *Rent*?
 175 And since of all the *three*, not one
 Is left in Being, 'tis well known.
 Did they not swear, in express Words,
 To prop and back the *House of Lords*?
 And after turn'd out the whole *House-full*
 180 Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuseful?
 So *Cromwell*, with deep *Oaths* and *Vows*,
 Swore all the *Commons* out o'th' *House*,

Vow'd that the *Red-Coats* wou'd disband,
 Ay marry wou'd they, at their Command.
 And troll'd them on, and *swore*, and *swore*,
 Till th' *Army* turn'd them out of *Door*:
 This tells us plainly what they thought,
 That *Oaths* and *Swearing* go for nought,
 And that by them th' were only meant
 To serve for an *Expedient*:

What was the *Publick Faith* found out for;
 But to slur Men of what they fought for?
 The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
 And if that go for nothing, why
 Should *Private Faith* have such a Tie?

Oaths were not purpos'd, more than *Law*,
 To keep the *Good* and *Just* in awe,
 But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,
 Like *Moral Cattle* in a *Pinfold*.

A *Saint's* o'th' *Heav'nly Realm* a *Peer*,
 And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear*
 But on the *Gospel* of his *Honour*,
 Of which he may dispose, as *Owner*;
 It follows, tho' the thing be *Forg'ry*,
 And false, th' affirm, it is no *Perj'ry*,
 But a meer *Cer'mony*; and breach
 Of nothing, but a *Form* of *Speech*;
 And goes for no more when 'tis took,

Than meer *saluting* of the *Book*,
 Suppose the *Scriptures* are of *Force*,
 They're but *Commissions* of *Course*,
 And *Saints* have freedom to digress,
 And vary from 'em as they please,
 Or mis-interpret them by *private*
Instruction, to all *Aims* they drive at:

- Then why should we our selves *abridge*,
 And *curtail* our own *Privilege*?
Quakers (that, like to *Lanterns*, bear
 220 Their Light within 'em) will not *swear*.
 Their *Gospel* is an *Accidence*,
 By which they construe *Conscience*,
 And hold no *Sin* so deeply *red*,
 As that of breaking *Priscian's Head*,
 225 (The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,
 That stirring *Hat's* held worse than *Murder*.
 These thinking th'are oblig'd to *Truth*
 In *swearing*, will not take an *Oath*:
 ' Like *Mules*, who if th' have not their *Will*
 230 To keep their own *Pace*, stand *stock-still*;
 But they are weak, and little know
 What *Free-born Consciences* may do.
 'Tis the *Temptation* of the *Devil*,
 That makes all human *Actions* evil:
 235 For *Saints* may do the same things by
 The *Spirit*, in *Sincerity*,
 Which other *Men* are tempted to,
 And at the *Devil's* instance do;
 And yet the *Actions* be contrary,
 240 Just as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.
 For as on *Land* there is no *Beast*,
 But in some *Fish* at *Sea's* express;
 So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,
 Of which the *Saints* have not a *Spice*;
 245 And yet that thing that's *pious* in
 The one, in t'other is a *Sin*.
 Is't not *Ridiculous* and *Nonsense*,
 A *Saint* shou'd be a *Slave* to *Conscience*?
 That ought to be above such *Fancies*,
 250 As far as above *Ordinances*?

She's of the *Wicked*, as I guess,
B' her *Looks*, her *Language* and her *Dress*;
And tho', like *Constables*, we search
For false Wares one another's *Church*;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No Faith is to the Wicked due;
For *Truth* is *Precious* and *Divine*,
Too rich a *Pearl* for *Carnal Swine*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all Men knew
These *Mysteries* and *Revelations*;
And therefore *Topical* Evasions
Of subtle *Turns* and *Shifts* of Sense,
Serve best with th' *Wicked* for Pretence,
Such as the *Learned Jesuits* use,
And *Presbyterians*, for Excuse,
Against the *Protestants*, when th' happen
To find their *Churches* taken napping:
As thus: A breach of *Oaths* is *Duple*,
And either way admits a *Scruple*,
And may be *ex parte* o'th' *Maker*,
More Criminal than th' *injur'd Taker*.
For he that strains too far a *Vow*,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent *Bow*:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it;
Nor he that for Convenience took it:
A brok'n Oath is, *quat'nus Oath*,
As sound t' all purposes of *Troth*,
As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worse,
Nay, 'till th' are broken have no force.
What's *Justice* to a Man or *Laws*,
That never comes within their *Claws*;
They have no *Pow'r*, but to admonish,
Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,

- 285 Until they're broken, and then touch
 Those only that do make 'em such.
 Beside, n' *Engagement* is allow'd
 By Men in *Prison* made for Good;
 For when they're set at *Liberty*,
 290 They're from th' *Engagement* too set free:
 The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
 Did make to *God* or *Man* a *Vow*,
 Which afterward he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;
 295 Any three other *Jews* o'th' *Nation*
 Might free him from the *Obligation*:
 And have not two *Saints* pow'r to use
 A greater *Privilege* than three *Jews*!
 The *Court* of *Conscience*, which in *Man*
 300 Should be *Supreme* and *Sovereign*,
 Is't fit should be *Subordinate*
 To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' *State*,
 And have less *Power* than the *lesser*,
 To deal with *Perjury* at *Pleasure*?
 305 Have its *Proceedings* disallow'd, or
 Allow'd, at *Fancy* of *Py-Powder*?
 Tell all it does or does not know,
 For *Swearing ex Officio*?
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken *Hedge*,
 310 And *Pigs* unring'd at *Vis. Franc.* *Pledge*;
 Discover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recusants*,
Priests, *Witches*, *Eves-droppers*, and *Nusances*;
 Tell who did play at *Games* unlawful,
 And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half-full;
 315 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
 To help it self at a dead *List*?
 Why should not *Conscience* have *Vacation*
 As well as other *Courts* o'th' *Nation*;

Have equal Power to adjourn,
 Appoint *Appearance* and *Return*;
 And make as nice distinction serve
 To split a Case, as those that carve,
 Invoking Cuckolds Names, hit Joints?
 Why shou'd not Tricks as Slight do Points?
 Is not th' *High-Court* of *Justice* sworn
 To Judge that Law that serves their turn?
 Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
 Cannot the *Learned Council* there
 Make Laws in any Shape appear?
 Mold 'em as *Witches* do their Clay,
 When they make *Pictures* to destroy?
 And vex 'em into any Form
 That fits their purpose to do harm?
 Rack 'em until they do confess,
 Impeach of Treason whom they please,
 And most perfidiously condemn
 Those that engag'd their *Lives* for them?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conscience*.
 Can they not juggle, and with slight
 Conveyance play with *Wrong* and *Right*;
 And sell their Blasts of *Wind* as dear
 As *Lapland Witches* bottled *Air*?
 Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe*, and *Grudge*,
 The same Case sev'ral ways adjudge?
 As Seamen with the self-same *Gale*,
 Will sev'ral different Courses sail;
 As when the *Sea* breaks o'er its Bounds,
 And overflows the level Grounds,
 Those *Banks* and *Damms*, that like a *Screen*
 Did keep it out, now keep it in:

So when *Tyrannick Usurpation*
Invades the Freedom of a Nation,

- 355 The *Laws* o'th' Land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry Man swear
What makes best for him in his Answer?
Is not the winding up *Witnesses*
- 360 A nicking more than half the Bus'ness?
For *Witnesses*, like *Watches* go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow,
And where in *Conscience* th'are streight lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that Side is cast.
- 365 Do not your *Juries* give their *Verdict*
As if they felt the *Cause*, not heard it?
And as they please, *Make Matter of Fact*
Run all on one side, as th'are pack'd?
Nature has made Man's Breast no *Windores*,
- 370 To publish what he does within Doors;
Nor what dark *Secrets* there inhabit,
Unless his own rash Folly blab it.
If *Oaths* can do a Man no good
In his own Bus'ness, why they shou'd
- 375 In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little Reason for't.
He that imposes an *Oath*, makes it;
Not he that for Convenience takes it;
Then how can any Man be said,
- 380 To break an *Oath* he never made?
These *Reasons* may perhaps look odly
To th' *Wicked*, tho' th' evince the *Godly*;
But if they will not serve to clear
My *Honour*, I am ne'er the near.
- 385 *Honour* is like a glassy Bubble,
That finds *Philosophers* such trouble,

Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And *Wits* are crack'd to find out why.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Honour's but a Word
To Swear by only in a *Lord*:

In other Men 'tis but a Huff,
To vapour with instead of Proof;
That like a *Wen*, looks big and swells,
Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the *World's* Opinion still.

But as Men are not *Wise* that run
The slightest *Hazard* they may shun;
There may a *Medium* be found out

To clear to all the *World* the Doubt;
And that is, if a Man may do't,
By *Proxy* whipt, or Substitute.

Tho' nice and dark the Point appear,
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up and clear.

That *Sinners* may supply the Place,
Of *Suffering Saints*, is a plain *Case*.

Justice gives Sentence many times
On one Man for another's *Crimes*.

Our *Brethren* of *New-England* use

Choice *Malefactors* to excuse,

And Hang the *Guiltless* in their stead,

Of whom the *Churches* have less need:

As lately 't happen'd in a Town,

There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,

That out of *Doctrine* could cut *Use*,

And mend Mens *Lives* as well as *Shoes*.

This precious *Brother* having slain,

In times of *Peace*, an *Indian*,

(Not out of *Malice*, but meer *Zeal*,

Because he was an *Infidel*)

- The mighty *Tottipotymoy*
 Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*;
 Complaining sorely of the *Breach*
 Of *League*, held forth by Brother *Patch*,
 425 Against the *Articles* in force
 Between both *Churches*, his and ours,
 For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render
 Into his Hands, or hang th' *Offender*:
 But they maturely having weigh'd
 430 They had no more but him o'th' *Trade*,
 (A Man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to *Teach* and *Cobble*,)
 Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
 The *Indian Hoghgan Moghgan* too
 435 Impartial Justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old *Weaver* that was *Bed-rid*.
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
 And in your room another *whipp'd*?
 For all *Philosophers*, but the *Sceptick*,
 440 Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*,
 It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the *Case*;
 And canst in *Conscience* not refuse
 From thy own *Doctrine* to raise *Use*:
 445 I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
 Be render-conscienc'd of thy Back;
 Then strip thee of thy Carnal *Ferkin*,
 And give thy *outward-fellow* a *Ferking*;
 For when thy *Vessel* is new hoop'd,
 450 All Leaks of *sinning* will be stop'd.
 Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter:
 For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,
 No Man includes himself, nor turns
 The *Point* upon his own Concerns.

As no Man of his own self catches
The Itch, or amorous French-aches:
So no Man does himself convince,
By his own Doctrine, of his Sins:
And tho' all cry down Self, none means
His own self in a *lit'ral Sense*:

Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,
But *Vile, Idolatrous and Popish*;
For one Man out of his own Skin,
To ferk and whip another's Sin:
As *Pedants* out of *School-Boy*: Breeches
Do claw and curry their own Itches.
But in this Case it is *Prophane*,
And *Sinful* too, because in vain:
For we must take our *Oaths* upon it,
You did the *Deed*, when I have done it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon;
Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:
For when with your Consent 'tis done,
The *Act* is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;
Or, like the Stars, incline Men to
What they're averse themselves to do:

For when *Disputes* are weary'd out,
'Tis *Int'rest* that resolves the Doubt:
But since no Reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your *Duty*;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it,
As e'er we part I shall evince it;
And *Curry* (if you stand out) whether
You will or no, your *stubborn Leather*.

- Canst thou refuse to bear thy part,
 490 I'th' publick *Work*, base as thou art?
 To higgle thus for a few Blows,
 To gain thy *Knight* an op'lent *Sponse*;
 Whose *Wealth* his *Bowels* yearn to purchase,
 Meerly for th'Int'rest of the *Churches*?
 495 And when he has it in his Claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the *Cause*;
 Nor shalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*.
 If thou dispatch it without grudging:
 If not, resolve before we go,
 500 That you and I must pull a Crow.
 Y' had best (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Ancients*
 Say wisely, *Have a care o'th' main Chance,*
And look before you e'er you leap;
For as you Sow, y'are like to Reap:
 505 And were y'as good as *George-a-Green*,
 I shall make bold to turn a *gen*;
 Nor am I doubtful of the Issue
 In a just *Quarrel*; and mine is so.
 Is't fitting for a Man of *Honour*
 510 To whip the *Saints*, like *Bishop Bonner*?
 A *Knight* t' usurp the *Beadle's Office*,
 For which y'are like to raise brave *Trophies*;
 But I advise you (not for Fear,
 But for your own sake) to forbear;
 515 And for the *Church's*, which may chance
 From hence to spring a *Variance*;
 And raise among themselves new *Scruples*,
 Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.
 Remember how, in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
 520 We still have worsted all your Holy *Tricks*;
Tropann'd your Party with *Intrigue*,
 And took your *Grandees* down a Peg;

New modell'd th' *Army*, and *Cashier'd*
 All that to *Legion S M E C* adher'd;
 25 Made a meer *Utenfil* of your *Church*,
 And after left it in the *Lurch*,
 A *Scaffold* to build up our own,
 And when w'had done with't pull'd it down;
 Capoch'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,
 30 And snap'd their *Canons* with a *Why-not*.
 (Grave *Synod-Men*, that were rever'd
 For solid *Face* and depth of *Beard*)
 Their *Classick Model* prov'd a *Maggot*,
 Their *Direct'ry* an *Indian Pagod*,
 35 And drown'd their *Discipline* like a *Kitten*,
 On which they had been so long a *Sitting* :
 Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,
 Grown out of *Date*, and *obsolete*,
 And all the *Saints* of the first *Grass*,
 40 As *Castling Foals* of *Bal'am's Ass*.
 At this the *Knight* grew high in *Chafe*,
 And staring fur'ously on *Ralph*,
 He trembled, and look'd pale with *Ire*,
 Like *Ashes* first, then *Red* as *Fire*.
 45 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in *Fight*,
 And for so many *Moons* lain by't?
 And when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*?
 Not but they thought me worth a *Ransome*,
 50 Much more consid'able and handsome,
 But for their own sakes, and for fear
 They were not safe when I was there;
 Now to be baffled by a *Scoundrel*,
 An upstart *Sec'ry*, and a *Mungrel*;
 55 Such as breed out of peccant *Humours*
 Of our own *Church*, like *Wens*, or *Tumours*,

- And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
Wou'd that which gave it Life devour;
It never shall be done or said:
- 560 With that he seiz'd upon his *Blade*;
And *Ralphs* too, as quick and bold,
Upon his *Basket-hilt* laid hold,
With equal Readiness prepar'd
To draw, and stand upon his Guard:
- 565 When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous *Clamour*, and a loud one,
As if all sorts of *Noise* had bin
Contracted into one loud *Din*;
Or that some Member to be chosen,
- 570 Had got the *odds* above a *Thousand*;
And by the greatness of his *Noise*
Prov'd fittest for his *Country's* Choice:
This strange Surprizal put the *Knights*
And wrathful *Squire* into a Fright;
- 575 And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal,
Impetuous Rancour to join *Battel*;
Both thought it was the wisest Course
To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horse*;
And to secure, by swift retreating,
- 580 Themselves from danger of worse beating.
Yet neither of them wou'd disparage,
By utt'ring of his Mind, his Courage,
Which made 'em stoutly keep their Ground,
With Horror and Disdain wind-bound.
- 585 And now the Cause of all their Fear
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish diff'rent *Noise*
Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys*,
And *Kettle-Drums*, whose sullen Dub
- 590 Sounds like the hooping of a Tub:

But when the Sight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an Antick Show:
 A *Triumph*, that for Pomp and State,
 Did proudest *Romans* emulate;
 For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*,
 Their Foes at Training overcome,
 And not enlarging *Territory*,
 (As some mistaken write in *Story*)
 Being mounted in their best Array,
 Upon a *Carre*, and who but they?
 And follow'd with a World of Tall-Lads,
 That merry *Ditties* troll'd, and *Ballads*,
 Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
 Crying, *hey for our Town*, thro' the *Borough*;
 So when this *Triumph* drew so nigh,
 They might Particulars descry,
 They never saw two Things so pat,
 In all respects, as This and That.
 First, He that led the *Cavalcade*,
 Wore a Sow-gelder's *Flagellet*,
 On which he blew as strong a *Levet*,
 As well-fee'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*;
 When over one another's Heads
 They charge (three Ranks at once) like *Sweads*.
 Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all *Keys*,
 From *Trebles* down to *double Base*.
 And after them, upon a *Nag*,
 That might pass for a forehand Stag,
 A *Cornet* rode, and on his Staff
 A Smock display'd did proudly wave:
 Then *Bagpipes* of the loudest Drones,
 With snuffling broken-winded Tones,
 Whose blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the Gut,

- 625 And made a viler Noise than *Swine*
In windy Weather when they whine,
Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,
Full fraught with that which for good Manners
Shall here be nameless, mixt with *Grains*,
630 Which he dispens'd amongst the *Swains*,
And busily upon the Crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then mounted on a horned *Horse*,
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt Spurs*,
635 Ty'd to the *Pommel* of a long *Sword*
He held reverst, the Point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd *Steed*,
The Conqu'ror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
And bore aloft before the *Champion*
640 A *Petticoat* display'd, and rampant ;
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
Bestrid her *Beast*, and on the *Rump* on't
Sat *Face to Tail*, and *Bum to Bum*,
The *Warrior* whilome overcome;
645 Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Distaff*,
Which as he rode she made him twist off :
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastiz'd the *Reformado* Soldier.
Before the Dame, and round about,
650 March'd *Whisslers*, and *Staffers* on foot,
With *Lackies*, *Grooms*, *Valets* and *Pages*,
In fit and proper Equipages ;
Of whom, some *Torches* bore, some *Links*,
Before the proud *Virago-Minx*,
655 That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,
Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Joan* ;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their Throats with clam'rous Shout.

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The *Knight* transported, and the *Squire*,
660 Put up their Weapons and their Ire;
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On such Sights, with judicious Wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His *An'madversions*, for his Heart.
665 Quoth he, In all my Life till now
I ne'er saw so Prophane a Show,
It is a *Paganish* Invention,
Which *Heathen* Writers often mention:
And he who made it had read *Goodwin*,
670 Or *Ross*, or *Cælius Rodigine*:
With all the *Grecians*, *Speeds* and *Stows*,
That best describe those Ancient Shows;
And has observ'd all fit *Decorums*
We find describ'd by old *Hists*:
675 For as the *Roman Conqueror*,
That put an end to Foreign War,
Ent'ring the *Town* in Triumph for it,
Bore a Slave with him in his Char'ot:
So this insulting *Female Brave*
680 Carries behind her here a Slave;
And as the *Ancients* long ago,
When they in Field defy'd the Foe,
Hung out their *Mantles Della Guerre*;
So her proud *Standard-Bearer* here
685 Waves on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
A *Fyrian-Petticoat* for Banner:
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still born before the *Emperour*:
And as in *Antick Triumphs*, Eggs
690 Were born for mystical Intrigues:
There's one with Truncheon, like a Ladle,
That carries Eggs too, fresh or addle;

And still at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-rout bestows.

- 695 Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter;
For all th' *Antiquity* you smatter,
Is but a *Riding*, us'd of Course,
When the *Grey Mare's* the better *Horse*;
When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*
- 700 Fight, to extend their vast *Dominion*;
And in the Cause Impatient *Grizel*
Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bull's Pizzle*,
And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
To turn her *Vassal* with a *Murrain*;
- 705 When Wives their Sexes shift, like *Hares*,
And ride their Husbands, like *Night-Mares*,
And they in mortal *Battel* vanquish'd,
Are of their *Charter* dis-enfranchis'd,
And by the right of War, like *Gills*,
- 710 Condemn'd to *Distaff*, *Horns* and *Wheels*;
For when Men by their Wives are cow'd,
Their *Horns* of course are understood.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou still giv'st Sentence
Impertinently, and against Sence:
- 715 'Tis not the least disparagement,
To be defeated by th'event,
Nor to be beaten by main force,
That does not make a *Man* the worse,
Altho' his Shoulders with *Battoon*
- 720 Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune;
A *Taylor's* Prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true Yard;
But to turn *Tail*, or run away,
And without Blows give up the Day;
- 725 Or to surrender e'er th' *Assaults*,
That's no *Man's* Fortune, but his Fault;

And renders Men of Honour less
 Than all th' *Advers'ty* of Success;
 And only unto such this Shew
 Of Horns and Petticoats is due.
 There is a lesser *Profanation*,
 Like that the Romans call'd *Ovation*:
 For as *Ovation* was allow'd
 For *Conquest*, purchas'd without Blood;
 So Men decree those lesser Shows,
 For *Vict'ry* gotten without Blows,
 By dint of sharp hard Words, which some
 Give Battel with, and overcome;
 These mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
 Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-stool*,
 March proudly to the River's side,
 And o'er the *Waves*, in *Triumph* ride;
 Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are sed
 The *Adriatick Sea* to wed;
 And have a gentler *Life* than those
 For whom the *State* decrees those Shows.
 But both are *Heathenish*, and come
 From th' Whores of *Babylon*, and *Rome*;
 And by the *Saints* should be withstood,
 As *Antichristian* and *Lewd*,
 And we as such, should now contribute
 Our utmost *struggling* to prohibit.
 This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
 A *Dog-Trot* through the bawling Crowd,
 T'attack the *Leader*, and still prest,
 Till they approach'd him *breast to breast*:
 Then *Hudibras*, with Face and Hand,
 Made signs for *Silence*; which obtain'd,
 What means (quoth he) this *Dev'l's Procession*
 With Men of *Orthodox* Profession?

- 'Tis *Ethnic* and *Idolatrous*,
 From *Heathenism* deriv'd to us.
 Does not the Whore of *Bab'lon* ride
 Upon her *Horned Beast* astride,
 765 Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
 A Type of her, or she of this?
 Are things of *superstitious Function*
 Fit to be us'd in *Gospel Sun-shine*?
 It is an *Antichristian Opera*,
 770 Much us'd in *Midnight times* of *Popery*;
 Of running after *Self-Inventions*
 Of wicked and prophane *Intentions*;
 To scandalize that *Sex*, for scolding,
 To whom the *Saints* are so beholden.
 775 Women, who were our first *Apostles*,
 Without whose aid w'had all been lost else;
 Women, that left no *Stone* unturn'd,
 In which the *Cause* might be concern'd,
 Brought in their *Childrens Spoons* and *Whistles*,
 780 To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols*:
 Their *Husbands*, *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
 To take the *Saints* and *Church's Parts*;
 Drew sev'ral gifted *Brethren* in,
 That for the *Bishops* wou'd have been,
 785 And fix'd 'em constant to the *Party*,
 With *Motives powerful* and *heartly*:
 Their *Husbands* robb'd, and made hard shifts
 T'administer unto their *Gifts*
 All they cou'd rap and rend, and pilfer,
 790 To *Scraps* and *Ends* of *Gold* and *Silver*;
 Rubb'd down the *Teachers*, tir'd and spent
 With holding forth for *Parlament*;
 Pamper'd and edify'd their *Zeal*
 With *Marrow-puddings* many a *Meal*;

95 Enabled them with store of Meat,
 On controverted *Points* to eat:
 And cramm'd 'em till their *Guts* did ake,
 With *Cawdle*, *Custard*, and *Plumb-cake*.
 What have they done, or what left undone,
 100 That might advance the *Cause* at *London*?
 March'd Rank and File, with *Drum* and *Ensign*,
 T'entrench the *City* for Defence in?
 Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own soft Hands,
 To put the Enemy to stands;
 105 From *Ladies* down to *Oyster-Wenches*
 Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,
 Fell to their *Pick-Axes* and *Tools*,
 And help'd the Men to dig like *Moles*?
 Have not the *Handmaid* of the *City*
 110 Chose of their Members a *Committee*,
 For raising of a *Common Purse*
 Out of their Wages, to raise *Horse*?
 And do they not as *Triers* sit,
 To judge what *Officers* are fit?
 115 Have they-----? At that an *Egg* let fly
 Hit him directly o'er the *Eye*,
 And running down his *Cheek*, besmear'd
 With *Orange tawny-slime* his *Beard*;
 But *Beard* and *Slime* b'ing of one *Hue*,
 120 The *Wound* the less appear'd in view.
 Then he that on the *Panniers* rode,
 Let fly on th'other side a *Load*:
 And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
 In *Ralpho's* Face another *Volley*.
 125 The *Knight* was startled with the *Smell*,
 And for his *Sword* began to feel:
 And *Ralpho*, smother'd with the *Stink*,
 Grasp'd his; when one that bore a *Link*,

- O'th' sudden clap'd his flaming Cudgel,
 830 Like *Linstock*, to the Horse's touch-hole;
 And freight another with his *Flambeaux*,
 Gave *Ralpho* o'er the Eyes a damn'd blow.
 The *Beasts* began to kick and fling,
 And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring;
 835 Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
 And brought them off from farther Fray.
 And tho' disorder'd in Retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his Seat:
 For quitting both their *Swords* and *Reins*,
 840 They grasp'd with all their strength the *Mans*,
 And to avoid the *Foe's* pursuit,
 With spurring put their Cattle to't;
 And till all Four were out of Wind,
 And Danger too, ne'er look behind,
 845 After th'had paus'd a while, supplying
 Their *Spirits*, spent with Fight and Flying,
 And *Hudibras* recruited force
 Of Lungs for *Action*, or *Discourse*.
 Quoth he, That Man is sure to lose,
 850 That fouls his *Hand* with dirty *Foes*:
 For where no *Honour's* to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
 'Twas ill for us, we had to do
 With so dishon'rabl a *Foe*:
 855 For tho' the *Law of Arms* doth bar
 The use of venom'd Shot in *War*;
 Yet by the nauseous Smell, and noisome,
 Their *Casse-shot* savours strong of *Poison*;
 And doubtless has been chew'd with Teeth
 860 Of some that had a *sinking Breath*:
 Else when we put it to the push,
 They had not giv'n us such a Brush.

But as those *Pultrons* that sting Durt,
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
 65 So all the *Honour* they have won,
 Or we have lost, is much at one.
 'Twas well we made so resolute,
 A brave Retreat, without Pursuit;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 70 Much worse, to be in Triumph led;
 Than which the *Ancients* held no state
 Of Man's Life more unfortunate.
 But if this bold *Adventure* e'er
 Do chance to reach the *Widow's* Ear,
 75 It may, b'ing destin'd to assert
 Her *Sex's Honour*, reach her Heart.
 And as such homely Treats (they say)
 Portend good *Fortune*, so this may.
Vespasian being dawb'd with Durt,
 80 Was destin'd to the Empire for't;
 And from a Scavenger did come
 To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*:
 And why may not this foul Address
 Presage in Love the same Success?
 85 Then let us straight, to cleanse our Wounds,
 Advance in quest of nearest *Ponds*;
 And after (as we first *desing'd*)
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.





The ARGUMENT of The THIRD CANTO

*The Knight, with various Doubts possest
To win the Lady goes in Quest
Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-Crucian,
To know the Destinies Resolution;
With whom being met, they both chop L
About the Science Astrologick; [gic
Till falling from Dispute to Fight,
The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight*

CANTO III.

Doubtless the Pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As Lookers on feel most Delight,
That least perceive a Juggler's Slight;
5 And still the less they understand,
The more th'admire his Slight of Hand.
Some with a Noise, and greasie Light,
Are snapt, as Men catch Larks by Night;
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the Soul,
10 As Nooses by the Legs catch Fowl,

Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;
And tho' it be a two-foot *Trout*,
'Tis with a single *Hair* pull'd out.

Others believe no *Voice* t'an *Organ*
So sweet as *Lawyer's* in his *Bar-gown*;
Until with subtle *Cobweb-cheats*,
Th'are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir the more they're tangled;
And while their *Purses* can dispute,
There's no End of th' immortal *Suit*.

Others still gape t'anticipate
The *Cabinet-Designs* of *Fate*,
Apply to *Wizards*, to fore-see
What shall, and what shall never be.
And as those *Vultures* do forebode,
Believe Events prove *bad* or *good*.
A flum more senseless than th'*Rog'ry*
Of old *Aruspicy* and *Aug'ry*,
That out of *Garbages* of *Cattle*,
Presag'd th'Events of *Truce*, or *Battle*;
From flight of *Birds*, or *Cickens* pecking,
Success of great'st *Attempts* wou'd reckon;
Tho' *Cheats*, yet more intelligible,
Than those that with the *Stars* do fribble.
This *Hudibras* by *Proof* found true,
As in due *Time* and *Place* we'll shew:
For he with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
B'ing mounted on his *Steed* agen;
(And *Ralpho* got a *Cock-Horse* too
Upon his *Beast*, with much ado,)
Advanc'd on for the *Widow's House*,
T'acquit himself, and pay his *Vows*;

- 45 When various *Thoughts* began to bustle,
And with his inward Man to juggle.
He thought what *Danger* might accrue,
If she shou'd find he *swore* untrue:
Or, if his *Squire* or he shou'd fail,
50 And not be punctual in their *Tale*;
It might at once the Ruin prove
Both of his *Honour*, *Faith*, and *Love*.
But if he shou'd forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow*;
65 And that he durst not now for Shame
Appear in *Court*, to try his *Claim*.
This was the Pen'worth of his *Thought*,
To pass *Time* and uneasy *Trot*.
Quoth he, in all my past *Adventures*,
60 I ne'er was set so on the *Tenters*;
Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me?
And with inextricable Doubt,
Besets my puzzled *Wits* about:
65 For tho' the *Dame* has been my Bail,
To free me from enchanted *Goal*,
Yet as a *Dog*, committed close
For some Offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,
70 He still draws after him his *Chain*;
So tho' my *Ankle* she has quitted,
My *Heart* continues still committed;
And like a *bail'd* and *main* priz'd *Lover*,
Altho' at large, I am bound over.
75 And when I shall appear in *Court*
To plead my *Cause*, and answer for't,
Unless the Judge do partial prove,
What will become of *Me* and *Love*?

For if in our Account we vary,
Or but in Circumstance miscarry;
Or if she put me to strict Proof,
And make me pull my *Doublet* off,
To shew, by evident Record
Writ on my Skin, I've kept my Word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her Favour;
But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honour* lost,
Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight o' th' Post*?
Beside, that *stripping* may prevent
What I'm to prove by *Argument*;
And justify I have a *Tail*,
And that way too, my *Proof* may fail.
Oh! that I cou'd enucleate,
And solve the *Problems* of my *Fate*;
Or find by *Necromantick Art*,
How far the *Destinies* take my Part;
For if I were not more than certain
To win, and wear her, and her *Fortune*,
I'd go no farther in this *Courtship*,
To hazard *Soul*, *Estate*, and *Worship*;
For tho' an *Oath* obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd,) yet 'tis *profane*,
And *sinful*, when Men swear in *vain*.
Quoth *Ralph*, not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning Man, hight *Sidrophel*,
That deals in *Destinies* dark *Counsels*,
And sage *Opinions* of the *Moon* sells;
To whom all *People* far and near,
On deep *Importances* repair;
When *Brass* and *Pewter* hap to stray,
And *Linnen* slinks out of the way:

136 CANTO III. PART

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On deep *Importances* repair;
When *Brass* and *Pewter* hap to stray,
And *Linnen* slinks out of the way:

- When *Geese* and *Pullen* are seduc'd,
 And *Cows* of sucking *Pigs* are chous'd;
 115 When *Cattle* feel Indisposition,
 And need th' Opinion of *Physician*;
 When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs* or *Sheep*,
 And *Chickens* languish of the *Pip*;
 When *Yeast* and outward Means do fail,
 120 And have no Pow'r to work on *Ale*;
 When *Butter* does refuse to come,
 And *Love* proves *cross* and *humour*some;
 To him with *Questions*, and with *Urine*,
 They for Discov'ry flock, or *Curing*.
 125 Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
 I've heard of, and shou'd like it well;
 If thou can'st prove the *Saints* have freedom
 To go to *Sorc'ers* when they need 'em.
 Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that;
 130 Those *Principles* I quoted late,
 Prove that the *Godly* may alledge
 For any thing their *Privilege*:
 And to the Dev'l himself may go,
 If they have *Motives* thereunto.
 135 For as there is a *War* between,
 The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,
 If they by subtil *Stratagem*
 Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.
 Has not this present *Parl'ament*
 140 A *Ledger* to the *Devil* sent,
 Fully empower'd to treat about
 Finding revolted *Witches* out?
 And has not he, within a Year,
 Hang'd threescore of 'em in one *Shire*?
 145 Some only for not being *drown'd*,
 And some for sitting above *Ground*

Whole *Days* and *Nights*, upon their *Breeches*,
 And feeling Pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.
 And some for putting *Knavish Tricks*
 150 Upon *Green Geese*, and *Turky-Chicks*,
 Or *Pigs*, that suddenly deceast
 Of Griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;
 Who after prov'd himself a *Witch*,
 And made a Rod for his own *Breech*.
 155 Did not the Devil appear to *Martin*
Lutber in *Germany*, for certain?
 And wou'd have gull'd him with a Trick,
 But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*?
 Did he nor help the *Dutch* to purge
 160 At *Antwerp* their *Cathedral Church*?
 Sing *Catches* to the *Saints* at *Mascon*,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?
 Appear in divers *Shapes* to *Kelly*?
 And speak i' th' *Nun* at *London's Belly*?
 165 Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*
 At *Woodstock* on a *Pers'nal Treaty*?
 At *Sarum* take a *Cavalier*
 I' th' *Cause's Service Prisoner*?
 As *Withers* in immortal *Rhime*
 170 Has register'd to after-time:
 Do not our great *Reformers* use
 This *Sidrophel* to fore-bode *News*:
 To write of *Victories* next Year,
 And *Castles* taken yet in th' *Air*?
 175 Of *Battels* fought at *Sea*, and *Ships*
 Sunk two Years hence, the last *Eclipse*?
 A total *Overthrow* giv'n the *King*
 In *cornwal*, *Horse* and *Foot*, next *Spring*?
 And has not he *Point-blank* foretold
 180 Whats'e'er the close *Committee* wou'd?

Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the Cause,
 The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws*:
 The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
 Against the Book of *Common-Pray'r*?

185 The *Scorpion* take the *Protestation*,
 And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*;
 Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,
 Compound and take the *Covenant*?

Quoth *Hudibras*, The Case is clear,

190 The *Saints* may employ a *Conjurer*;
 As thou hast prov'd it by their *Practice*,
 No Argument like Matter of Fact is,
 And we are best of all led to
 Mens *Principles* by what they do;

195 Then let us straight advance in quest
 Of this profound *Gymnosophist*,
 And as the *Fates* and he advise,
 Pursue, or wave this *Enterprize*.

This said, he turn'd about his Steed,
 200 And estsoons on th' Adventure rid;
 Where leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a-while,
 And to th' *Conjurer* turn our Stile,
 To let our *Reader* understand
 What's useful of him, before-hand.

205 He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,
Optricks, *Philosophy*, and *Staticks*,
Magick, *Horoscopy*, *Astrology*,
 And was old Dog at *Physiology*;
 But, as a Dog that turns the Spit,
 210 Bestirs himself, and plies his Feet
 To climb the *Wheel*, but all in vain,
 His own Weight brings him down again:
 And still he's in the self-same Place
 Where at his setting out he was.

15 So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*,
 Did he advance his Nat'r'l Parts;
 Till falling back still for Retreat,
 He fell to *Juggle, Cant, and Cheat*:
 For as those *Fowls* that live in *Water*
 20 Are never wet, he did but smatter;
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His Understanding still was clear.
 Yet none a deeper Knowledge boasted,
 Since old *Hodg-Bacon*, and *Bob Grosted*.
 25 Th' *Intelligible World* he knew,
 And all Men dream on't, to be true:
 That in this *World* there's not a *Wart*
 That has not there a *Counterpart*;
 Nor can there on the *Face* of *Ground*
 30 An individual *Beard* be found,
 That has not in that *Foreign Nation*
 A Fellow of the self-same *Fashion*;
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
 As those are in th' *Inferior World*.
 35 H' had read *Dee's* Prefaces before,
 The *Dev'l* and *Euclid* o'er and o'er;
 And all th' *Intrigue* 'twixt him and *Kelley*,
Lessus and th' *Emperor* wou'd tell ye;
 But with the *Moon* was more familiar
 40 Than e'er was *Almanack* well-willier.
 Her Secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there;
 Knew when she was in fittest Mood,
 For cutting *Corns*, or letting *Blood*;
 45 When for anointing *Scabs* or *Itches*,
 Or to the *Bum* applying *Lacches*;
 When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be spay'd,
 And in what Sign best *Cyder's* made;

- Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increase*,
 250 Best to set *Garlick*, or sow *Pense*.
 Who first found out the *Man i'th' Moon*,
 That to the *Ancients* was unknown;
 How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
 Are in the *Planetary Spheres*;
 255 Their *Airy Empire*, and Command,
 Their sev'ral Strengths by Sea and Land;
 What Factions th'have, and what they drive at
 In publick Vogue, or what in private;
 With what Designs and Interests
 260 Each *Party* manages Contests.
 He made an *Instrument* to know,
 If the *Moon* shine at Full or no;
 That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
 Whether 'twere Day or Night demonstrate;
 265 Tell what her *Diameter* t' an Inch is,
 And prove she is not made of *Green-Cheese*,
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*.
 And that it is no *Dog* or *Bitch*,
 270 That stands behind him at his Breech;
 But a huge *Caspian Sea*, or *Lake*
 With *Arms*, which Men for *Legs* mistake;
 How large a *Gulph* his Tail composes,
 And what a goodly *Bay* his Nose is;
 275 How many *German Leagues* by th' Scale
Cape-Snow's from *Promontory Tail*.
 He made a *Planetary Gin*,
 Which *Rats* wou'd run their own Heads in,
 And come on purpose to be taken,
 280 Without th' Expence of *Cheese* or *Bacon*;
 With *Lute-strings* he wou'd counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on Dish or Meat:

Quote Moles and Spots on any Place
O'th' Body, by the *Index Face* :
Dereft loft *Maiden-Heads*, by sneezing,
Or breaking Wind of *Dames*, or Piffing.
Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
Of *Med'cines* to th' *Imagination*;
Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and scare
With *Rhimes* the *Tooth-ach* and *Catarrh*,
Chafe evil *Spirits* away by dint
Of *Cickle Horse-shoe*, *Hollow-flint*,
Spit Fire out of a *Walnut-shell*,
Which made the *Roman Slaves* rebel;
And fire a Mine in *China* here,
With *Sympathetick Gun-powder*.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew wou'd own.
What *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelsus*
Cou'd make a Man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd *Slates* are best to make
On warry Surface *Duck* or *Drake*.
What *Bowling-stones* in running Race
Upon a *Board* have swiftest Pace.
Whether a *Pulse* beat in the black
List of a dapled *Louse's* Back:
If *Systole* or *Diastole* move
Quickeft when he's in Wrath or Love:
When two of them do run a Race,
Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*.
How many Scores a *Flea* will jump,
Of his own Length, from Head to Rump;
Which *Socrates* and *Charephon*
In vain assay'd so long agon;
Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Nose* is,
And not an *Elephant's Proboscis*;

How many different *Species*
 Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheese;
 And which are next of Kin to those
 320 Engender'd in a *Chandler's* Nose;
 Or those not seen, but understood,
 That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*.

- A paltry Wretch he had half-starv'd,
 That him in place of *Zany* serv'd;
 325 Hight *Whachum*, bred to dash and draw,
 Not *Wine*, but more unwholesome *Law*:
 To make 'twixt Words and Lines huge Gaps
 Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
 To squander Paper, and spare Ink,
 330 Or cheat Men of their Words some think;
 From this, by merited Degrees,
 He'd to more high Advancement rise:
 To be an under-*Conjurer*,
 Or Journey-man *Astrologer*;
 335 His Bus'nel's was to pump and wheedle,
 And Men with their own Keys unriddle.
 To make them to themselves give Answers,
 For which they pay the *Necromancers*,
 To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,
 340 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence
 And all *Discoveries* disperse,
 Among th' whole pack of *Conjurers*;
 What *Cut-Purses* have left with them,
 For the right Owners to redeem;
 345 And what they dare not vent, find out,
 To gain themselves and th' *Art* Repute;
 Draw *Figure*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,
 Of *Newgate*, *Bridewel*, *Brokers* Shops:
 Of Thieves *ascendant* in the *Cart*,
 350 And find out all by Rules of *Art*.

Which way a Serving man, that's run
With Cloaths or Mony away, is gone;
Who pick'd a *Fob* at *Holding-forth*,
And where a *Watch*, for half the worth
May be redeem'd; or stolen Plate
Restor'd at conscionable Rate.

Beside all this, he serv'd his *Master*,
In quality of *Poetaster*:

And *Rhimes* appropriate cou'd make,
To ev'ry Month i'th' *Almanack*;
When *Terms* begin and end cou'd tell,
With their *Returns*, in *Doggerel*.
When the *Exchequer* opes and shuts,
And *Songelder* with *Safety* cuts.
When Men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will.
When use, and when abstain from Vice,
Figs, *Grapes*, *Phlebotomy*, and *Spice*,
And as in *Prisons* mean Rogues beat
Hemp for the Service of the *Great*;
So *Whackum* beat his dirty Brains
T' advance his Master's Fame and Gains;

And like the Devil's *Oracles*,
Put into *Dogg'ral-Rhimes* his *Spells*,
Which over ev'ry Month's Blank-page
I'th' *Almanack* strange *Bilks* presage.
He wou'd an *Elegy* compose

On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose;
In *Lyrick* Numbers write an *Ode* on
His Mistress, eating a Black-pudden:
And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
It putt him with *Poetick Rapture*.
His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,

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His *Train* was six Yards long, Milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a *Light*,
Enclos'd in *Lantern* made of *Paper*,
That far off like a *Star* did appear.
This *Sidrophel* by chance espy'd,
And with Amusement staring wide,
Bless us, quoth he! What dreadful Wonder
Is that appears in *Heaven* yonder?
A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*,
Or *Star* that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the *Scrawl*
Of all those Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
With which, like *Indian Plantations*,
The learned Stock the *Constellations*;
Nor those that drawn for *Signs* have been,
Toth' *Houses* where the *Planets* Inn.
It must be supernatural,
Unless it be the *Cannon-Ball*,
That shot i' th' *Air* point-blank upright,
Was born to that prodigious height,
That learn'd *Philosophers* maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again;
But in the *Airy Region* yet
Hangs like the *Body* of *Mahomet*:
For if it be above the *Shade*,
That by the *Earth's* round Bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no *Bullet*, but a *Star*.

This said, he to his *Engine* flew,
Plac'd near at hand in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Against the *Glow-worm Tail* of *Kite*.
Then peeping thro', Bless us, (quoth he)
It is a *Planet* now I see;

- And if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-stopper*,
 455 It should be *Saturn*; yes, 'tis clear
 'Tis *Saturn*; But what makes him there?
 He's got between the *Dragon's Tail*,
 And farther Leg behind o'th' *Whale*;
 Pray *Heaven* divert the fatal Omen,
 460 For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common;
 And can no less than the *World's End*,
 Or *Nature's Funeral* portend.
 With that he fell again to pry,
 Thro' *Perspective* more wistfully,
 465 When by mischance the fatal String,
 That kept the *Tow'ring-Fowl* on Wing,
 Breaking, down fell the Star: Well shot,
 Quoth *Whachum*, who right wisely thought
 H'had levell'd at a Star, and hit it:
 470 But *Sidrophel*, more subtil-witted,
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a Star fall.
 It threatens *Nature*, and the Doom
 Will not be long before it come!
 475 When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
 The *Day of Judgment's* not far off:
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
 And some of us find out by *Magick*.
 Then since the time we have to live
 480 In this *World's* shorten'd, let us strive
 To make our best Advantage of it,
 And pay our Losses with our Profit.
 This Feat fell out not long before
 The *Knight*, upon the fore-nam'd score,
 485 In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,
 Was now in Prospect of the *Mansion*:

Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his *Glass*,
And found far off 'twas *Hudibras*.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, some
To try or use our Art are come:
The one's the learned *Knight*; seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all submissness
T'accost 'em, but much more their Bus'ness;
He held a Stirrup while the *Knight*
From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,
And taking from his Hand the Bridle,
Approach'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle;
He gave him first the time-o' th' Day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say:

He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their Bus'ness lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither;
Did you not lose? — Quoth *Ralpho*, nay;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your Way?
Your *Knight* — Quoth *Ralpho* is a *Lover*,
And Pains intol'able doth suffer:

For *Lovers* Hearts are not their own Hearts,
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and so forth downwards,
What time? — Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir, too long,
Three Years it off and on has hung —

Quoth he, I mean what time o' th' Day 'tis;
Quoth *Ralpho*, between seven and eight 'tis.

Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my small Art
Tells me the *Dame* has a hard Heart,

Or great *Estate* — Quoth *Ralpho*, a *Jointure*,
Which makes him have so hot a Mind t'her.

Mean while the *Knight* was making Water,
Before he fell upon the Matter;

Which having done, the *Wizard* steps in,
To give him suitable Reception;

- But kept his Bus'ness at a Bay,
Till *Whachum* put him in the way;
Who having now, by *Ralpho's* Light,
Expounded th' Errand of the Knight;
525 And what he came to know, drew near,
To whisper in the *Conj'rer's* Ear,
Which he prevented thus? What was't
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these *Gentlemen* arriv'd?
530 Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retriev'd,
In Opposition with *Mars*,
And no benign friendly Stars
T' allay th' Effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!
In *Virgo*? Ha? quoth *Whachum*, No:
535 Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?
One tenth of's Circle to a Minute,
'Tis well, quoth he — Sir, you'll excuse
This Rudeness I am forc'd to use;
It is a *Scheme* and *Face* of *Heaven*,
540 As th' *Aspects* are disposed this *Even*,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd, but now I've done.
Quoth *Hudbras*, If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here
545 At such a time, to interrupt
Your *Speculations*, which I hop'd
Assistance from, and come to use,
'Tis fit that I ask your Excuse.
By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*,
550 The Stars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew
Before you spake your Bus'ness too.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er

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55 You tell me after on your Word,
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.

You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three Years sh'has rid your *Wis*
60 And *Passion*, without drawing *Bit*:

And now your *Bus'ness* is to know
If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth *Hudibras*, You're in the right,
But how the *Devil* you came by't

65 I can't imagine; for the *Stars*

I am sure can tell no more than *Horse*;

Nor can their *Aspects* (tho' you pore
Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' *Oracle* of *Sieve* and *Shears*;

70 That turns as certain as the *Spheres*;

But if the *Devil's* of your Council,
Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*;
And 'tis on his Account I come

To know from you my fatal Doom.

75 Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you suppose,
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take th' *Alarm*,
Your *Bus'ness* is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,

80 You have a *wrong Sow* by the *Ear*;

For I assure you, for my part,

I only deal by *Rules of Art*;

Such as are lawful, and judge by

Conclusions of *Astrology*:

85 But for the *Dev'l*, know nothing by him,

But only this, that I despise him.

Quoth he, whatever others deem ye,

I understand your *Metonymie*;

- Your Words of second-hand Intention,
 590 When things by *wrongful Names* you mention;
 The mystick Sense of all your *Terms*,
 That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
 To raise the Devil, and mean one thing,
 And that is down-right *Conjuring* :
 595 And in its self more warrantable
 Than *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,
 Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
 Which by *Confed'racy* are done.
 Your ancient *Conjurers* were wont
 600 To make her from her *Sphere* dismount,
 And to their *Incantations* sloop;
 They scorn'd to pore thro' *Telescope*,
 Or idly play at Bo peep with her,
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,
 605 Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell
 Perhaps as learnedly and well
 As you your self ---- Then, Friend, I doubt
 You go the farthest way about;
 Your Modern *Indian Magician*
 610 Makes but a Hole in th'Earth to piss in,
 And straight resolves all Questions by't,
 And seldom fails to be i' th'right.
 The *Rosy-crucian Way's* more sure
 To bring the Devil to their Lure;
 615 Each of 'em has a sev'ral Gin,
 To catch *Intelligences* in.
 Some by the *Nose* with Fumes trappan 'em,
 As *Dunstan* did the *Devil's Grannam*;
 Others with *Characters* and *Words*
 620 Catch 'em, as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*;
 And some with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,
 Engrav'd in *Planetary Nicks*,

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With their own Infi'ences will fetch'em
Down from their Orbs, arrest, and catch'em;
Make 'em depose, and answer to
All *Questions*, e'er they let them go.

Bumbastus kept a *Devil's Bird*
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
That taught him all the cunning Pranks,

Of past and future *Mountebanks*,
Kelly did all his Feats upon
The *Devil's Looking-Glass*, a *Stone*,
Where playing with him at *Bo-peep*,
He solv'd all *Problems* ne'er so deep.

Agrippa kept a *Stygian Pug*
I' th' Garb and Habit of a *Dog*,
That was his *Tutor*, and the *Cur*
Read to th' occult *Philosopher*,
And taught him subt'ly to maintain
All other *Sciences* are vain.

To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, Oh! Sir,
Agrippa was no *Conjurer*,
Nor *Paracelsus*, no nor *Behmen*;
Nor was the *Dog* a *Cacodemon*,
But a true *Dog* that wou'd shew *Tricks*
For th' *Emperor*, and leap o'er *Sticks*;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other *Dogs*, but yet no *Devil*:
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.
As for the *Rosie-Cross Philosophers*,
Whom you will have to be but *Sorc'ers*
What they pretend to, is no more
Than *Trismegistus* did before,
Pythagoras, old *Zoroaster*,
And *Apollonius* their Master:

To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas! what is't t'us,

660 Whether 'twere said by *Trismegistus*,
If it be *Nonsense*, false, or *mystick*,
Or not *intelligible*, or *sophistick*?
'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*,
That makes *Truth Truth*, altho' *Time's Daughters*

665 'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his *Sons*, just so
He feeds upon his *Daughters* too:
Nor does it follow, 'cause a *Herald*

670 Can make a *Gentleman*, scarce a Year old,
To be descended of a *Race*
Of ancient *Kings*, in a small space;
That we shou'd all *Opinions* hold
Authentick, that we can make old.

675 Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
Of *Prudence* to cry down an *Art*;
And what it may perform, deny,
Because you understand not why.
(As *Auerrhois* play'd but a mean Trick,

680 To damn our whole *Art* for *Excentrick*)
For who knows all that *Knowledge* contains
Men dwell not on the *Tops of Mountains*,
But on their *Side*, or rising's *Seat*;
So 'tis with *Knowledge's* vast *Height*.

685 Do not the *Hist'ries* of all *Ages*
Relate miraculous *Prefages*
Of strange *Turns* in the *World's Affairs*
Forseen b' *Astrologers*, *Southsayers*,
Chaldeans, learn'd *Genethliacks*,

690 And some that have writ *Almanacks*?

The Medean Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter
Had pift all *Asia* under Water,
And that a *Vine*, sprung from her *Hanches*,
O'er-spread his *Empire* with its Branches;
And did not *Soothsayers* expound it,
As after by th'Event he found it?
When *Cæsar* in the Senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips'd fortel,
And, in Resentment of his Slaughter,
Look pale for almost a Year after?
Augustus having b'Overlight
Put on his left Shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that Day
By *Soldiers* mutin'ing for Pay.
Are there not Myriads of this sort,
Which Stories of all Times report?
Is it not om'nous in all *Countries*,
When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon Trees?
The *Roman Senate*, when within
The City-Walls an *Owl* was seen,
Did cause their *Clergy*, with *Lustrations*,
(Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*)
The round-fac'd *Prodigy* t'avert,
From doing *Town* and *Country* hurt.
And if an *Owl* have so much Pow'r,
Why shou'd not *Planets* have much more,
That in a *Region* far above
Inferior Fowls of th' *Air* move,
And shou'd see farther, and foreknow
More than their *Augury* below?
Though that once serv'd the *Polity*
Of mighty States to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand,
By pow'rful *Art* to understand;

- 725 Which, how we have perform'd, all Ages
 Can speak th' *Events* of our *Prefages*;
 Have we not lately, in the *Moon*
 Found a *New World*, to th' *Old* unknown?
 Discover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
- 730 And *Magellan* could never compass?
 Made *Mountains* with our *Tubes* appear,
 And *Cattle* grazing on 'em there?
 Quoth *Hudibras*, You lye so ope,
 That I, without a *Telescope*,
- 735 Can find your *Tricks* out, and descry
 Where you tell *Truth*, and where you *Lie*?
 For *Anaxagoras* longe agoe
 Saw *Hills*, as well as you, i' th' *Moon*;
 And held the *Sun* was but a piece
- 740 Of *Red-hot-Iron* as big as *Greece*;
 Believ'd the *Heav'ns* were made of *Stone*,
 Because the *Sun* had voided one;
 And, rather than he would recant
 Th' *Opinion*, suffer'd *Banishment*.
- 745 But what, alas! is it to us,
 Whether i' th' *Moon* Men thus or thus
 Do eat their *Porridge*, cut their *Corns*,
 Or whether they have *Tails* or *Horns*?
 What *Trade* from thence can you advance,
- 750 But what we nearer have from *France*?
 What can our *Travellers* bring home,
 That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?
 What *Politicks*, or strange *Opinions*,
 That are not in our own *Dominions*?
- 755 What *Science* can be brought from thence,
 In which we do not here commence?
 What *Revelations*, or *Religions*,
 That are not in our *Native Regions*?

Are sweating *Lanthorns*, or *Screen-Frants*,
Made better there, than th'are in *France*?
Or do they teach to *sing* and *play*
On th' *Gittar* there a newer way?
Can they make *Plays* there that shall fit
The *publick Humour*, with less *Wit*?
Write *wittier Dances*, quainter *Shows*,
Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?
Or does the *Man* i' th' *Moon* look big,
And wear a huger *Perrwig*,
Shew in his *Gate*, or *Face*, more *Tricks*
Than our own *Native Lunaticks*?
But if w'out-do him here at home,
What *Good* of your *Design* can come?
As *Wind* i' th' *Hypochondries* pent,
Is but a *Blast* if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to *flie*,
Becomes new *Light* and *Prophesie*:
So when your *Speculations* tend
Above their just and useful *End*,
Altho' they promise strange and great
Discoveries of Things far set,
They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,
And savour strongly of the *Ganzas*.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral *Cause*,
Why on a *Sign* no *Painter* draws
The *Full-Moon* ever, but the *Half*;
Resolve that with your *Jacob's-Staff*;
Or why *Wolves* raise a *Hubbub* at her,
And *Dogs* howl when she shines in *Water*,
And I shall freely give my *Vote*,
You may know something more remote?
At this, deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,
And staring round with *Owl-like Eyes*,

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 And *Dogs* howl when she shines in *Water*,
 And I shall freely give my *Vote*,
 You may know something more remote?
 At this, deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,
 And staring round with *Owl-like Eyes*,

He put his Face into a Posture
Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster:

795 For having three times shook his Head
To stir his Wit up, thus he said:

Art has no mortal Enemies

Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;
Those consecrated *Geese* in Orders,

800 That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*;

And being then upon *Patrole*,
With Noise alone beat off the *Gaul*.

Or those *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,
That will not credit their own *Souls*;

805 Or any *Science* understand,

Beyond the reach of Eye or Hand:

But meas'ring all Things by their own
Knowledge, hold Nothing's to be known:
Those Whole sale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee*-

810 *Houses* cry down all *Philosophy*,

And will not know upon what Ground

In *Nature* we our *Doctrine* found,

Altho' with pregnant Evidence

We can demonstrate it to Sense,

815 As I just now have done to you,

Fortelling what you came to know.

Were the *Stars* only made to light

Robbers and Burglars by Night?

To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*

820 And *Lovers* solacing behind Doors,

Or giving one another Pledges

Of *Matrimony* under *Hedges*?

Or *Witches simpling*, and on *Gibbets*

Cutting from *Malefactors* Snippets;

825 Or from the *Pill'ry* Tips of Ears

Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers?

Only to stand by, and look on,
 But not know what is said or done?
 Is there a *Constellation* there,
 That was not born and bred up here?
 And therefore cannot be to learn,
 In any inferior Concern.
 Were they not, during all their Lives,
 Most of 'em Pirates, Whores and Thieves?
 And is it like they have not still
 In their old *Practices* some Skill?
 Is there a *Planet* that by Birth
 Does not derive its *House* from *Earth*?
 And therefore probably must know
 What is, and hath been done below;
 Who made the *Balances*, or whence came
 The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?
 Did not we here the *Argo* rig,
 Make *Berenice's* *Perrivig*?
 Whose *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?
 Or who made *Cassiopeia's* Chair?
 And therefore as they came from hence,
 With us may hold *Intelligence*.
Plato deny'd, The World can be
 Govern'd without *Geometry*;
 (For Money b'ing the common Scale
 Of Things by Measure, Weight and Tale;
 In all th' Affairs of *Church* and *State*,
 'Tis both the *Balance* and the *Weight* :)
 Then much less can it be without
 Divine *Astrology* made out;
 That puts the other down in Worth,
 As far as *Heaven's* above the *Earth*.
 These Reasons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant
 Are something more significant

- Than any that the Learned use
Upon this *Subject* to produce;
And yet th' are far from satisfactory,
T' establish, and keep up your *Factory*.
- 365 Th' *Egyptians* say, The Sun has twice
Shifted his *Setting* and his *Rise*;
Twice has he risen in the *West*,
As many times set in the *East*;
But whether that be true or no,
- 370 The *Devil* any of you know.
Some hold the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,
Are kept by *Circulation* up;
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the Ground:
- 375 As sage *Empedocles* of old,
And from him *Modern* Authors hold,
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*,
Below all other *Planets* run.
Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* seat,
- 380 Above the *Sun* himself in height,
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
That in twelve Hundred Years and odd,
The *Sun* had left its ancient Road,
- 385 And nearer to the Earth is come
'Bove Fifty Thousand Miles from home:
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
And he that had so little Shame
To vent such *Fopperies* abroad,
- 390 Deserv'd to have his Rump well claw'd:
Which *Monsieur Bodin* hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,
That durst upon a *Truth* give doom.
He knew less than the *Pope* of *Rome*.

95 *Cardan* believ'd great States depend
 Upon the Tip o' th' *Bear's* Tail's End;
 That as she it whisk'd t'wards the Sun,
 Strow'd mighty *Empires* up and down:
 Which others say must needs be false,
 100 Because your true *Bears* have no Tails.
 Some say the *Zodiack Constellations*
 Have long since chang'd their antique Stations
 Above a *Sign*, and prove the same
 In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*:
 105 Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
 The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd,
 Then how can their *Effects* still hold
 To be the same they were of old?
 This, tho' the *Art* were true, would make
 110 Our Modern *Soothsayers* mistake;
 And is one cause they tell more Lies,
 In *Figures* and *Nativities*,
 Than th'old *Chaldaean* Conjurers,
 In so many Hundred Thousand Years;
 115 Beside their Nonsense in Translating,
 For want of *Accidence* and *Latin*,
 Like *Idus*, and *Calende*, English
 The *Quarter-Days* by skilful Linguist:
 And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*,
 'Twill serve their turn to do the Feat:
 Make *Fools* believe in their foreseeing
 Of things before they are in Being;
 To swallow *Gudgeons* e'er th' are catch'd;
 And count their *Chickens*, e'er th' are hatch'd;
 Make them the *Constellations* prompt,
 And give 'em back their own Accompt;

- But still the best to him that gives
 The best Price for't, or best believes.
 Some *Towns* and *Cities*, some for Brevity,
 930 Have cast the 'versal World's *Nativity*;
 And made the Infant-Stars confess,
 Like Fools or Children, what they please.
 Some calculate the hidden Fates
 Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats*:
 935 Some *Running-Nags*, and *Fighting-Cocks*,
 Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-Suits*, and the *Pax*;
 Some take a Measure of the Lives
 Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives;
 Make *Opposition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*,
 940 Tell who is Barren, and who Fertile:
 As if the *Planet's* first Aspect
 The tender Infant did infect
 In *Soul* and *Body*, and instil
 All future Good, and future Ill :
 945 Which in their dark Fatal'ties lurking,
 At destin'd Periods fall a working;
 And break out, like the hidden Seeds
 Of long Diseases, into Deeds,
 In Friendships, Enmities, and Strife,
 950 And all th'Emergencies of Life:
 No sooner does he peep into
 The *World*, but he has done his doe,
 Catch'd all Diseases, took all *Physick*
 That cures or kills a Man that is sick;
 955 Marry'd his punctual Dose of Wives,
 Is Cuckolded, and breaks; or thrives.
 There's but the twinkling of a *Star*
 Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*;

A Thief and Justice, Fool and Kave,
A huffing Officer, and a Slave.
A crafty Lawyer and Pick-pocket,
A great Philosopher, and a Block-head;
A formal Preacher and a Player,
A Learn'd Physician, and Man-slayer,
As if Men from the Stars did suck
Old-Age, Diseases, and Ill luck,
Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,
Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice;
And draw with the first Air they breath
Battel, and Murther, sudden Death.
Are not these fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies,
And vended here among the Rabble,
For Staple Goods and warrantable;
Like Mony by the Druids borrow'd,
In th'other World to be restor'd?
Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the Art, and Artists too,
Since Arguments are lost on those
That do our Principles oppose;
I will (although I've don't before)
Demonstrate to your Sense once more,
And draw a Figure that shall tell you,
What you perhaps forget, besel you,
By way of Horary Inspection,
Which some account our worst Erection.
With that he Circles draws, and Squares,
With Cyphers, Astral Characters;
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
Although set down Hab-nab, at random.

Quoth he, This *Scheme* o' th' Heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met
At *Kingston* with a *May-Pole* Idol,
And that y' were bang'd both Back and Side w

995 And though you overcame the *Bear*,
The *Dogs* beat you at *Brent*, ord Fair;
Where sturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,
And handled you like a *Fop* doodle.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive:
1000 You are no *Conj'rer*, by your leave;
That *Palt'ry* Story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such *Gulls* as you.

Not true, Quoth he? Howe'er you vap
I can what I affirm make appear;
1005 *Whachum* shall justifie 't t'your Face,
And prove he was upon the Place:
He play'd the *Saltinbancho's* Part,
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my Art;
He stole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pock
1010 Chows'd and Caldees'd ye like a Blockhe
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' House.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe
That Argument's *Demonstrative*;
1015 *Ralpho*, bear Witness, and go fetch us
A *Constable* to seize the Wretches;
For tho' th' are both false *Knaves* and
Impostors, *Juglers*, *Counterfeits*,
I'll make them serve for Perpendic'lars,
1020 As true as e'er were us'd by *Bricklayers*;
They're guilty by their own *Confessions*
Of *Felony*, and at the *Sessions*

Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,
That the *Vibration* of thi *Pendulum*
Shall make all *Taylor's* Yards of one
Unanimous Opinion:

A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by Proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt
To find Friends that will bear me out:
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
And Neck, so long on the *State's* Part,
To be expos'd i'th' End to suffer,
By such a *Braggadocio* Huffer.

Huffer! quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*
Shall down thy false Throat cram that Word
Ralpho, make haste, and call an Officer,
To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a Bay,
Lest he and *Whachum* run away.

But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aspect*
Of *Hudibras* did now erect
A *Figure*, worse portending far
Than that of most malignant Star,
Believ'd it now the fittest Moment
To shun the Danger that might come on't,
While *Hudibras* was all alone,
And he and *Whachum*, two to one;
This b'ing resolv'd, He spy'd by chance,
Behind the Door an Iron Lance,
That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,
And Legs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass
To make his way through *Hudibras*;

- 1055 *Whachum* had got a Fire-Fork,
With which he vow'd to do his Work;
But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his Guard:
He put by *Sidrophelo's* Thrust,
1060 And in right manfully he rusht;
The Weapon from his Gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the Earth along.
Whachum his Sea-Coal-Prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his Back to flie;
1065 But *Hudibras* gave him a Twitch
As quick as Lightning in the Breech,
Just in the Place were *Honour's* Lodg'd,
As wise *Philosophers* have judg'd,
Because a Kick in that Part, more
1070 Hurts *Honours*, than deep Wounds before.
Quoth *Hudibras* The Stars determine
You are my Prisoners, base Vermine:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
1075 By this what Cheats you are we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your Lives are now at my Dispose,
To be redeem'd by Fine, or Blows:
But who his Honour would defile,
1080 To take, or sell, two Lives so vile?
I'll give you *Quarter*; but your *Pillage*,
The Conqu'ring Warrior's *Crop* and *Till*
Which with his Sword he Reaps and Plows
That's mine, the *Law of Arms* allows.
1085 This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of *Sidrophel*;

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Dead

First, he expounded both his Pockets,
And found a *Watch*, with *Rings*, and *Locketts*,
Which had been left with him t' erect

90 A *Figure* for, and so detect;

A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*

Engrav'd upon't, with other Knacks,

Of *Booker's*, *Lilly's*, *Sarah Jimmers*,

And *Blank-Schemes*, to discover *Nimmers*;

95 A *Moon-Dial*, with *Napier's Bones*,

And several *Constellation Stones*,

Engrav'd in *Planetary Hours*,

That over *Mortals* had strange Pow'rs,

To make 'em thrive in *Law* or *Trade*,

100 And *Stab* or *Poison* to evade;

In *Wit* or *Wisdom* to improve,

And be *Victorious* in *Love*.

Whachum had neither *Cross* nor *Pile*,

His *Plunder* was not worth the while:

105 All which the *Conqu'ror* did discompt,

To pay for curing of his *Rump*.

But *Sidrophel*, as full of *Tricks*

As *Rosa-men* of *Politicks*,

Streight cast about to over-reach

110 Th'unwary *Conqu'ror* with a *Fetch*,

And make him glad (at least) to quit

His *Victory*, and flie the *Pit*,

Before the *secular Prince of Darkness*

Arriv'd to seize upon his *Carcass*:

115 And, as a *Fox* with hot Pursuit

Chac'd thro' a *Warren*, cast about

To save his *Credit*, and among

Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung;

- And while the *Dogs* run underneath,
 1120 Escap'd (by counterfeiting Death)
 Not out of cunning, but a *Train*
 Of *Atoms* jostling in his Brain,
 As Learn'd *Philosophers* give out:
 So *Sidrophelo* cast about,
 1125 And fell to's wonted *Trade* again,
 To feign himself in earnest slain:
 First stretch'd out one Leg, then another,
 And seeming in his Breast to smother,
 A broken Sigh; Quoth he, where am I,
 1130 Alive, or Dead; or which way came I
 Through so immense a Space so soon?
 But now I thought my self i'th' *Moon*;
 And that a *Monster*, with huge *Whiskers*,
 More formidable than a *Switzer's*,
 1135 My Body through and through had drill'd,
 And *Whachum* by my Side had kill'd,
 Had cross-examin'd both our Hose,
 And plunder'd all we had to lose;
 Look, there he is, I see him now,
 1140 And feel the Place I am run through:
 And there lies *Whachum* by my Side
 Stone-dead, and in his own Blood dy'd;
 Oh! Oh! With that he fetch'd a *Groan*,
 And fell again into a Swoon,
 1145 Shut both his Eyes, and stopp'd his Breath,
 And to the *Life* out-acted *Death*;
 That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.
 He held it now no longer safe,
 1150 To tarry the Return of *Ralph*,

But rather leave him in the *Lurch*;
 Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,
 Refus'd to give himself one *Firk*,
 To carry on the *Publick Work*;
 155 Despis'd our *Synod-Men* like *Dirt*,
 And made their *Discipline* his *Sport*;
 Divulg'd the *Secrets* of their *Classes*,
 And their *Conventions* prov'd *high Places*;
 Disparag'd their *Tythe-Pigs* as *Pagan*,
 160 And set at nought their *Cheese* and *Bacon*;
 Rail'd at their *Covenant*, and jeer'd
 Their *Rev'rend Parsons*, to my *Beard*;
 For all which *Scandals*, to be quit
 At once, this *Juncture* falls out fit.
 165 I'll make him henceforth to beware,
 And tempt my *Fury* if he dare:
 He must at least hold up his *Hand*,
 By twelve *Free-holders* to be scann'd;
 Who by their *Skill* in *Palmestry*,
 170 Will quickly read his *Destiny*;
 And make him glad to read his *Lesson*,
 Or take a *Turn* for't at the *Session*:
 Unless his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
 175 For if he 'scape with whipping now,
 'Tis more than he can hope to do:
 And that will disengage my *Conscience*
 O'th' *Obligation*, in his own *Sense*:
 I'll make him now by force abide
 180 What he by gentle *Means* deny'd,
 To give my *Honour* Satisfaction
 And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.

This b'ing resolv'd, with equal Speed
 And *Conduct*, he approach'd his *Steed*,
 1185 And with *Activity* unwont,
 Assay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount;
 Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his *Palfrey*,
 To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free:
 Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
 1190 And beat, at least three lengths, the Wind.



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An Heroical
EPISTLE
OF
Hudibras to Sidrophel.

Ecce iterum Crispinus —

WELL, *Sidrophel*! tho' 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy Brain,
Without Trepanning of your Skull
As often as the *Moon's* at Full;

'Tis not amiss, e'er y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate Med'cine more;
For where your Case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest Course.
Is't possible that you, whose Ears
Are of the Tribe of *Iffachar's*,
And might (with equal Reason) either
For Merit or Extent of Leather,
With *William Pryn's*, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,

- 15 Should yet be deaf against a Noise
So roaring as the Publick Voice?
That speaks your Virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry Crowd,
As loud as one that sings his Part
- 20 T' a Wheel-Barrow, or Turnip-Cart,
Or your new Nicknam'd old Invention
To cry Green-Hastings with an Engine;
(As if the Vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your Drum-Heads with the Sound)
- 25 And 'cause your Folly's now no News
But overgrown, and out of Use,
Perswade your self there's no such Matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in Years,
- 30 The more extravagant appears;
For who but you cou'd be possesst,
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,
That neither all Mens Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
- 35 Nor bray'd so often in a Mortar,
Can teach you wholesome Sense and Nurture
But (like a Reprobate) what Course
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the Blood,
- 40 That makes Fools Cattle, do you good;
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurse,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make your self a better Beast?
- 45 Can all your critical Intreigues,
Of trying sound for rotten Eggs;
Your several new-found Remedies
Of curing Wounds and Scabs in Trees;

Your Arts of *Fluxing* them for *Claps*,
And purging their infected *Saps*;
Recov'ring Shankers, Crystallines,
And Nodes and Botches in the Rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate?
But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Punishment;
And, like your whimsi'd Chariots, draw
The Boys to course you without Law;
As if the Art you have so long
Profest, of making old *Dogs* young,
In you, had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.
Can you, that understand all Books,
By judging only with your Looks,
Resolve all Problems with your Face,
As others do with *B's* and *A's*;
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With solid bending of your Brows;
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With screwing of your Countenance;
And with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abstrusest Learning pry:
Know more of any Trade b' a Hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't;
And yet have no Art, true or false,
To help your own bad Naturals?
But still the more you strive t'appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder;
For Fools are known by looking Wise,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cause y'ave gain'd o'th' College,
Quarter-share (at most) of Knowledge,

- And brought in none, but spent Repute,
Y' assume a Pow'r as Absolute,
85 To Judge, and Censure, and Control,
As if you were the sole Sir Poll;
And saucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to;
You'll find the thing will not be done
90 With Ignorance, and Face alone:
No, tho' y' have purchas'd to your Name
In History so great a Fame,
That now your Talent's so well known,
For having all Belief out-grown,
95 That ev'ry strange Prodigious Tale
Is measur'd by your *German* Scale-----
By which the *Virtuosi* try
The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye,
Cast up to what it does amount,
100 And place the bigg'st to your Account.
That all those Stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your Score,
And lesser Authors nam'd no more.
105 Alas! that Faculty destroys
Those soonest it designs to raise;
And all your vain Renown will spoil,
As Guns o'er-charg'd the more recoil;
Tho' he that has but Impudence
110 To all things has a fair Pretence;
And put among his Wants but Shame,
To all the World may lay his Claim:
Tho' you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater ease than Publick Scorn;
115 That all Affronts do still give Place
To your impenetrable Face;

PART II. of Hudibras to Sidrophel. 207

That makes your Way through all Affairs,
 As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs.
 Yet as 'tis Counterfeit, and Brass,
 120 You must not think 'twill always pass;
 For all Impostors, when they're known,
 Are past their Labour, and undone.
 And all the best that can befall
 An Artificial Natural,
 125 Is that which Mad-men find, as soon
 As once th' are broke loose from the *Moon*,
 And proof against her Influence,
 Relapse to e'er so little Sense,
 To turn stark Fools, and Subjects fit
 130 For sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit,



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HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Last PART.

by the Author of the FIRST
and SECOND.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

ANNOTATIONS.

Never before Printed.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Thomas Horne, at the South
Entrance of the Royal Exchange. 1710.



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HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Last PART.

The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.*

*They both approach the Lady's Bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo
She treats them with a Masquerade, [her.
By Furies and Hobgoblins made :*

*From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.*

CANTO I.

TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T'enforce a desperate Amour,
As he that has two Strings to's Bow,
And burns for Love and Money too;
For then he's Brave and Resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit,

- Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,
 And *hangs* or *drowns* with half the trouble;
 While those that fillily pursue
- 10 The simple, downright Way and true,
 Make as unlucky Applications,
 And steer against the Streams their Passions.
 Some forge their *Mistresses* of Stars:
 And when the Ladies prove averse,
- 15 And more untoward to be won,
 Than by *Caligula* the Moon,
 Cry out upon the Stars for doing
 Ill Offices, to cross their wooing;
 When only by themselves they're hindred,
- 20 For trusting those they made her Kindred:
 And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
 The Dam'sels prove, become the fonder.
 For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
 To gain a soft and gentle *Bride*?
- 25 Or for a Lady tender hearted,
 In *purling Streams* or *Hemp* departed?
 Leap'd headlong int' *Elyzium*,
 Thro' th' Windows of a *dazling Room*?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,
- 30 The am'rous Fly burnt in his *Flame*.
 This to the *Knight* cou'd be no *News*,
 With all Mankind so much in use;
 Who therefore took the wiser Course,
 To make the most of his *Amours*,
- 35 Resolv'd to try all sorts of Ways,
 As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.
 No sooner was the Bloody Fight
 Between the *Wizzard* and the *Knight*,
 With all th' Appurtenances, over,
- 40 But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover*:

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As he was always wont to do
When h' had discomfited a Foe,
And us'd the only *Antique Philters*
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.
But now Triumphant and Victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For such a Conqueror to meddle
With *Petty Constable*, or *Beadle*;
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hostess*
Of th' Inns of Court and Chanc'ry, *Justice*;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
To th' *Ordeal Trial* of the Laws;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot Irons have past *bare-banded*;
And if they cannot read one *Verse*
Psb' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a Shame the *Devil might owe him*,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Goal*,
To answer, with his Vessel, all
That might disastrously befall.
And thought it now the fittest Juncture
To give the Lady a Rencounter,
T'acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conquest o'er the *fierce Magician*;
Describe the manner of the Fray,
And shew the Spoils he brought away;
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,
The Number of the Blows and Weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief h' had done the Deed.
Which he resolv'd t'enforce, and spare
No pawning of his Soul to swear;

- 75 But, rather than produce his Back,
 To set his Conscience on the Rack:
 And in pursuance of his urging
 Of Articles perform'd, and Scourging,
 And all Things else, upon his Part,
 80 Demand Deliv'ry of her Heart,
 Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
 And Person, up to his Embraces.
 Thought he, the ancient *Errant Knights*
 Won all their Ladies Hearts in *Fights*;
 85 And cut whole Giants into Fritters,
 To put them into amorous Twitters;
 Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield,
 Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:
 But when their Bones were drub'd so sore,
 90 They durst not *woo one Combat* more,
 The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
 So *Spanish Heroes* with their Lances,
 At once wound *Bulls* and *Ladies Fancies*;
 95 And he acquires the noblest Spouse
 That widows greatest Herds of Cows;
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Who've quell'd so vast a *Buffalo*?

- Mean while the Squire was on his way,
 100 The Knight's *late Orders* to obey;
 Who sent him for a *strong Detachment*
 Of *Beadle*, *Constable*, and *Watchmen*,
 T'attack the *Cunning-man*, for Plunder
 Committed falsely on his Lumber;
 105 When he, who had so lately sack'd
 The Enemy, had done the Fact,
 Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
 Of *Gimcracks*, *Whims*, and *Jiggumbobs*,

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Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
 And for his own Inventions father'd :
 And when they shou'd, at *Goal Deliv'ry*,
 Unriddle one another's Thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough,
 To render neither Halter-proof.
 He thought it desperate to tarry,
 And venture to be *accessary* ;
 But rather wisely slip his Fetters,
 And leave them for the *Knight*, his *Betters*.
 He call'd to Mind th'unjust foul Play
 He wou'd have offer'd him that Day,
 To make him curry his own Hide,
 Which no Beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible Evasion,
 But of the *Riding Dispensation*.
 And therefore much about the Hour,
 The Knight (for Reasons told before)
 Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury
 Of *Justice*, and an *unpack'd Fury*,
 The *Squire* concurr'd t' abandon him,
 And serve him in the self same Trim ;
 T'acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,
 And what he meant to carry on ;
 What *Project* 'twas he went about,
 When *Sidrophel* and he fell out :
 His firm and stedfast Resolution,
 To swear her to an *Execution* :
 To pawn his inward Ears to marry her,
 And bribe the Devil himself to carry her.
 In which both dealt, as if they meant
 Their *Party-Saints* to represent,
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,
 In any prosperous *Arms-bearing*,

To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other *Cousin-German-Saint*.

145 But e'er the *Knight* could do his Part,
The *Squire* had got so much the start,
H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand,
Just as he finish'd his Report,

150 The *Knight* alighted in the Court;
And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,
And taken time for both to Stale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her,
155 And now began t' approach the Door;
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of sight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*;
With whom encountring after *Longees*

160 Of *humble* and *submissive* *Congees*,
And all due *Ceremonies* paid,
He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said;

Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:

165 And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Present you'll be glad to hear;
At least I hope so. The Thing's done,
Or may I never see the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand

170 Performance at your gentle Hand:
And that you'd please to do your Part,
As I have done mine, to my Smart.

With that, he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.

175 But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,

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Pretended not to apprehend
The Mystery of what he mean'd;
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark Expressions *less profound*.

Madam, *quoth he*, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your Love,
Which (like your Votary) to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd Skin:
And, for those meritorious Lashes,
To claim your Favour and good Graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted Sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that Favour,
To bind your Back to 'rs good Behaviour,
And for my Sake and Service vow'd

To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear t' a Scruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make Love.
Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns your self, not me, to know.

But if you have, I shall confess,
You're honestest than I cou'd guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my Troth,
I cannot prove it but by Oath;
And, if you make a Question on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't;
And, he that makes his Soul his Surety,
I think, does give the best Security.

Quoth she, Some say, the Soul's secure
Against Distress and Forfeiture;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other-World, 's illegal here,

And therefore few make any account,
 Int' what Incumbrances they run't.
 For most Men carry things so even
 Between this World, and Hell, and Heaven,
 215 Without the least Offence to either,
 They freely deal in all together;
 And equally abhor to quit
 This World for both, or both for it,
 And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
 220 They are but Pris'ners on Paroles.

For that, *quoth he*, 'tis rational,
 They may be accountable in all.
 For when there is that Intercourse
 Between Divine and Human Pow'rs,
 225 That all that we determine here
 Commands Obedience ev'ry where;
 When Penalties may be commuted
 For Fines, or Ears, and executed;
 It follows, nothing binds so fast
 230 As Souls in Pawn, or Mortgage past:
 For Oaths are th' only Tests and Scales
 Of Right and Wrong, and True and False:
 And there's no other way to try
 The Doubts of Law and Justice by.

235 *Quoth she*, What is it you wou'd swear?
 There's no believing till I hear:
 For till they're understood, all Tales
 (Like Nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
 240 What you commanded t' other Day,
 And to perform my Exercise,
 (As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes:
 T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,
 I went to do't upon the Place.

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But as the Castle is enchanted
By *Sidrophel* the Witch, and haunted
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My Weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable Noise
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
That shall divest thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy ling'ring Sin.
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Tro
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,
When th' hadst so great a Price at Stake:
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to slay,
Unless thou presently make haste.
Time is, Time was: And there it ceas'd.
With which, tho' startled, I confess,
Yet th' Horror of the Thing was less
Than th' other dismal Apprehension
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore snatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load;
Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd,
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,
And chaste contemplative Bardashing

- When facing hastily about,
 280 To stand upon my Guard and Scout,
 I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
 And th' Under-Witch, his *Caliban*,
 With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward Quarters storm'd.
 285 In haste I snatch'd my Weapon up,
 And gave the Hellish Rage a stop;
 Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
 Courageously on *Sidrophel*:
 Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,
 290 Began to roar aloud and tear;
 When I as furiously press'd on,
 My Weapon down his Throat to run,
 Laid hold on him; but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a Goose,
 295 Div'd under Water in a Pond,
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him; but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,
 300 His Under-Sorcerer t' ingage.
 But bravely scorning to defile
 My Sword with feeble Blood and vile;
 I judg'd it better from a Quick-
 Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
 305 With which I furiously laid on;
 Till in a harsh and doleful Tone
 It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir:
 I am too great a Sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b'a Witch,
 310 But conjur'd int' a worse Caprich:
 Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,
 Old Houses in the Night to haunt;

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For Opportunities t' improve

Designs of Thievery or Love;

315 With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,

All Feats of Witches counterfeit,

Kill Pigs and Geese with powder'd Glass,

And make it for Inchantment pass;

With Cow-Itch meazle like a Leper,

320 And choak with Fumes of Guiney-Pepper;

Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry

Commit phantastical Advowtry;

Bewitch Hermetick-Men to run

Stark staring Mad with *Manicon*;

325 Believe Mechanick *Virtuosi*

Can raise 'em Mountains in *Potosi*;

And sillier than the Antique Fools,

Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals:

Seek out for Plants with signatures,

330 To quack of Universal Cures;

With Figures ground on Panes of Glass,

Make People on their Heads to pass;

And mighty Heaps of Coin increase,

Rest d from a single Piece:

335 To draw in Fools, whose nat'ral Itches

Incline perpetually to Witches;

And keep me in continual Fears,

And Danger of my Neck and Ears:

When less Delinquents have been scourg'd,

340 And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd.

Which others for Cravats have worn

About their Necks, and took a Turn.

I pity'd the sad Punishment

The wretched *Caitiff* underwent,

345 And held my Drubbing of his Bones

Too great an Honour for *Pultrones*;

- For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
 From paltry and unequal Foes,
 Who when they slash, and cut to Pieces,
 350 Do all with civillest Addresses:
 Their Horses never give a Blow,
 But when they make a Leg and Bow.
 I therefore spar'd his Flesh, and prest him
 About the Witch with many a Question.
- 355 *Quoth he*, For many Years he drove
 A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
 Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Trust,
 Of feeble Speculative Lust;
 Procuror to th' Extravagancy
- 360 And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy.
 By those the Devil had forsook,
 As things below him, to provoke.
 But b'ing a *Virtuoso*, able
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
- 365 He held his Talent most *Adroit*
 For any Mystical Exploit;
 As others of his Tribe had done,
 And rais'd their Prices Three to One.
 For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds
- 370 Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bawds.
 But as an Elf (the Devil's *Valet*)
 Is not so slight a thing to get;
 For those that do his Bus'ness best,
 In Hell are us'd the ruggedest;
- 375 Before so meriting a Person
 Could get a Grant, but in Reversion,
 He serv'd two Prentiships, and longer,
 I'th' Myst'ry of a Lady-Monger.
 For (as somewrite) a Witch's Ghost,
- 380 As soon as from the Body loos'd,

Becomes a Puny-Imp it self,
And is another Witch's Elf.
He after searching far and near,
At length found one in *Lancashire*,
85 With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h'has plaid a Thousand Feats,
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:
Transform'd himself to th'ugly Shapes
90 Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or *Pharaoh's* Wizards cou'd their Switches;
And all with whom h'has had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous Figures too.
95 Witness my self, whom h'has abus'd,
And to this beastly Shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on Beans and Pease,
He crams in nasty Crevises,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
100 To make me relish for Disserts,
And one by one with Shame and Fear
Lick up the candy'd Provender.
Besides-----But as h'was running on,
To tell what other Feats h'had done,
105 The Lady stopt his full Career,
And told him, now 'twas time to hear;
If half those things (*said she*) be true,
(they're all (*quoth he*) I swear by you.)
Why then (*said she*) that *Sidrophel*
110 Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell;
Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
And Hackney of a *Lapland* Hag,
In quest of you came hither Post,
Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most;

- 415 Who told me all you Swear and Say,
 Quite contrary another way;
 Vow'd that you came to him, to know
 If you should carry me or no;
 And would have hir'd him and 's Imps
 420 To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
 T' ingage the Devil on your side,
 And steal (like *Proserpine*) your Bride.
 But he disdaining to embrace
 So filthy a Design and base,
 425 You fell to Vapouring and Huffing,
 And drew upon him like a Ruffin;
 Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
 Before h' had time to mount his Guard;
 And left him dead upon the Ground,
 430 With many a Bruise and desp'rate Wound:
 Swore you had broke, and rob'd his House,
 And stole his *Talismanique* Loufe,
 And all his New-found Old Inventions,
 With fiat Felonious Intentions;
 435 Which he cou'd bring out, where he had,
 And what he bought 'em for, and paid;
 His Flea, his *Morpion*, and *Punese*,
 H' had gotten for his proper Ease,
 And all in perfect Minutes made,
 440 By th' ablest Artists of the Trade;
 Which (he cou'd prove it) since he lost,
 He has been eaten up almost;
 And all together might amount
 To many Hundreds on account:
 445 For which h' had got sufficient Warrant
 To seize the Malefactors Errant,
 Without Capacity of Bail,
 But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail;

Both give and take their equal Shares
Of all they suffer by false Wares:
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by Appearances;
That paint and patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Completions;
And daub their Tempers o'er with Washes
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the Nooze,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
When all the Flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding Cloaths undresses
Her Complaisance and Gentilleses:
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government from th'easie Owner,
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;
Finds all his Having and his Holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal Noise and Scolding;
The Conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullises of Ears,
And makes the Volly of one Tongue
For all their Leathern Shields too strong;
When only arm'd with Noise and Nails,
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
Transform 'em into Rams and Goats,
Like Sirens with their charming Notes,
Sweet as a Screech Owl's Serenade,
Or those enchanting Murmurs made

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755 By th' Husband *Mandrake* and the Wife,
Both Bury'd (like themselves) Alive.

Quoth he, These Reasons are but Strains
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink,
760 Do rather wheedle with, than think.

Man was not Man in *Paradise*,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his Side,
765 T'amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex;
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
The Pains and Labour of Increasing,
By changing them for other Cares,

770 As by his dry'd up Paps appears;
His Body, that stupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal Parts compact,
In Shape and Symetry exact.
775 Of which the Left and Female side
Is to the manly Right a Bride,
Both join'd together with such Art,
That nothing else but Death can part.
Those Heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eye

780 And Face, that all the World surprize,
That dazle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies Tawny;
Those Ravishing and Charming Graces,
Are all made up of two half Faces,

785 That in a Mathematick Line,
Like those in other Heavens, join,
Of which if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon.

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And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To serve for Pendulums to Watches;
Which modern Virtuoso's say,
Incline to Hanging every way.
Besides he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That e'er he went in quest of you,
He set a Figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Your selves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd h' had had Intelligence
Of all that past before and since:
And found, that e'er you came to him,
Y' had been engaging Life and Limb,
About a Case of tender Conscience,
Where both abounded in your own Sense;
Till Ralpho, by his Light and Grace,
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case;
And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done.
For which, most basely to requite
The Service of his Gifts and Light,
You strove t'oblige him by main force,
To scourge his Ribs instead of yours;
But that he stood upon his Guard,
And all your Vapouring out-dar'd;
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' Outside of his Eyes to white,
(As Men of Inward Light are wont
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)

He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:

485 Held up his *Affidavit Hand*,
As if h' had been to be Arraign'd:
Cast tow'rds the Door a ghastly look,
In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.
Madam, If but one Word be true
490 Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one single Circumstance
In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down
This Vessel, that is all your own;

495 Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
These Reliques of your constant Lover.

You have provided well, *quoth she*,
(I thank you) for your self and me;
And shewn your *Presbyterian Wits*

500 Jump punctual with the *Jesuits*.

A most compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heav'n and Hell, your Selves and Those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.

505 Why then (*quoth he*) may Hell surprize.
That Trick (*said she*) will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.

But there's a better way of clearing
510 What you would prove, than downright *Swear*
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are visible as yet,
Enough to serve for Satisfaction
Of nicest Scruples in the Action.

515 And if you can produce those Knobs,
Altho' they're but the Witches Drums,

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I'll pass them all upon Account,
As if your nat'ral Self had don't.
Provided that they pass'd th' Opinion

510 Of able Juries of old Women,
Who, us'd to judge all matter of Facts
For Bellies, may do so for Backs.

Madam (*quoth he*) your Love's a Million,
To do is less than to be willing,

525 As I am, were it in my Pow'r
To obey, what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank y'as much as if I did.

You know I ought to have a care

530 To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds, in those that are all Heart,
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (*quoth she*) my Goods and Chattels
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels:

535 For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the End.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?

Your plighted Faith (*quoth he*) and Word

540 You pass in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contracts, to have and t'hold,
Are everlastingly inroll'd.

And if 'tis counted Treason, here
To raze Records, 'tis much more there.

545 *Quoth she*, There are no Bargains driv'n,
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heav'n,
And that's the Reason, as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
Two Things that naturally press

550 Too narrowly, to be at ease.

- Their Bus'ness there is only Love,
 Which Marriage is not like t'improve.
 Love, thar's too Gen'rous, to abide
 To be against its Nature ty'd:
 355 For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,
 It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
 And like the Soul, its Harbournr,
 Debarr'd the Freedom of the Air,
 Disdains against its Will to stay,
 360 But struggles out, and flies away:
 And therefore never can comply,
 T'endure the Matrimonial Tye,
 That binds the Female and the Male,
 Where th'one is but the other's Bail;
 365 Like Roman Goalers, when they slept,
 Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.
 Of which the True and Faithfull'st Lover
 Gives best Security, to suffer.
 Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
 370 That carries double in foul way;
 And therefore 'tis not to b'admir'd
 It should so suddenly be tir'd:
 A Bargain at a venture made
 Between two Partners in a Trade;
 375 (For what's infer'd by T'have, and T'hold,
 But something past away, and sold?)
 That as it makes but one of two,
 Reduces all things else as low:
 And at the best is but a Mart
 380 Between the one and th' other part,
 That on the Marriage-Day is paid,
 Or Hour of Death, the Bet is laid;
 And all the rest of Better or Worse,
 Both are but Losers out of Perse.

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85 For when upon their ungot Heirs
 Th'entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
 What blinder Bargain e'er was driv'n,
 Or Wager laid at six and seven;
 To pass themselves away, and turn
 90 Their Childrens Tenants e'er they're born?
 Beg one another Idiot
 To Guardians, e'er they're begot;
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 95 Though got b' implicate Generation,
 And General Club of all the Nation:
 For which she's fortify'd no less,
 Than all the Island, with four Seas:
 Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,
 100 In ready Insolence and Pow'r:
 And make him pass away, to have
 And hold, to her, himself, her Slave,
 More wretched than an ancient Villain,
 Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling;
 105 While all he does upon the By,
 She is not bound to Justifie,
 Nor at her proper Cost and Charge
 Maintain the Feats he does at large.
 Such hideous Sots were those obedient
 110 Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent;
 To give the Cheats the eldest Hand
 In foul Play, by the Laws o'th' Land;
 For which so many a Legal Cuckold
 Has been run down in Courts, and truckl'd.
 A Law that most unjustly yokes
 115 All *Johns of Stiles* to *Joans of Noakes*,
 Without distinction of Degree,
 Condition, Age, or Quality;

- Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
 620 Nor valuable Consideration,
 Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
 Of Judgment past for better or worse;
 Will not allow the Privileges
 That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
 625 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead Ho
 Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces;
 While nothing else but *Rem in Re*
 Can set the proudest Wretches free;
 A Slavery beyond enduring,
 630 But that 'tis of their own procuring:
 As Spiders never seek the Fly,
 But leave him, of himself, t'apply;
 So Men are by themselves betray'd,
 To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
 635 And run their Necks into a Nooze,
 They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
 As some, whom Death wou'd not depart,
 Have done the Feat themselves by Art.
 Like *Indian-Widows*, gone to Bed
 640 In flaming Curtains to the Dead:
 And Men as often dangled for't,
 And yet will never leave the Sport.
 Nor do the Ladies want excuse
 For all the Stratagems they use,
 645 To gain th' Advantage of the Set,
 And lurch the Am'rous Rook and Cheat.
 For as the *Pythagorean* Soul
 Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
 And has a Smack of ev'ry one:
 650 So Love does, and has ever done.
 And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the Vagabond.

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'Tis but an Ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot Fit takes the Patient firſt,
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in *Greenland* does the Touch;
Melts in the Furnace of Deſire,
Like Glaſs, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-Powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miſs, or Madam,
The ſmalleſt Sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
They're in the very Act recoil.
Hence 'tis, ſo few dare take their chance
Without a ſep'rate Maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Truſt none again, till th'have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geefe they carry:
And e'er they venture on a Stream,
Know how to ſize themſelves and them.
Whence witty'ſt Ladies always chooſe
To undertake the heavieſt Goofe.
For now the World is grown ſo wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather truſt on Tick t'Amours,
The Croſs and Pile for Bett'r or Worſe:
A Mode that is held Honourable
As well as *French* and Faſhionable.
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite:

- Still Am'rous, and Fond, and Billing,
 Like *Philip* and *Mary* on a Shilling,
 Th' have more Functilio's and Capriches
 690 Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
 More petulant Extravagances,
 Than Poets make 'em in Romances,
 Tho', when their Heroes 'Ipouse the Dames
 We hear no more of Charms and Flames:
 695 For then their late Attracts decline,
 And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;
 And all their Catterwauling Tricks,
 In earnest to as jealous Piques:
 Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd,
 700 By th' Yellow Mantles of the Bride;
 For Jealousie is but a kind
 Of Clap and Crincum of the Mind,
 The natural Effect of Love,
 As other Flames and Aches prove:
 705 But all the Mischief is, the Doubt
 On whose account they first broke out.
 For though *Chineses* go to Bed,
 And lie In in their Leadies stead,
 And for the Pains they took before,
 710 Are Nurs'd and Pamper'd to do more:
 Our *Green-Men* do it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in Labour of a Clap;
 Both lay the Child to one another:
 But who's the Father, who the Mother,
 715 'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,
 Or who imported the *French* Goods.
 But Health and Sicknefs b'ing all one,
 Which both before engag'd to own,
 And are not with their Bodies bound
 720 To Worship only when their Sound,

And so wou'd that sweet Bud your Lip,
 Without the other's Fellowship.
 Our Noblest Senses act by Pairs,
 Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears;
 Th' Intelligences of the Mind,
 To wait upon the Soul design'd;
 But those that serve the Body alone,
 Are single and confin'd to one.
 The World is but two Parts, that meet,
 And close at th' Equinoctial, fit;
 And so are all the Works of Nature,
 Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter:
 Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
 Or smallest Blade of Grass, receive.
 All which sufficiently declare
 How 'ntirely Marriage is her Care,
 The only Method that she uses,
 In all the Wonders she produces.
 And those that take their Rules from her,
 Can never be deceiv'd nor err.
 For what secures the Civil Life
 But Pawns of Children, and a Wife;
 That lye, like Hostages, at stake,
 To pay for all Men undertake;
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be Born and Breath, to Marry.
 So universal, all Mankind
 In nothing else is of one Mind.
 For in what stupid Age, or Nation,
 Was Marriage ever out of Fashion;
 Unless among the *Amazons*,
 Or cloister'd *Friars*, and Vestal *Nuns*,
 Or *Stoicks*, who, to bar the Freaks
 And loose Excesses of the Sex,

Prepost'rously wou'd have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.

825 Tho' Men wou'd find such mortal Fewds
In sharing of their publick Goods,
'Twou'd put them to more Charge of Liv
Than they're supply'd with now by Wives
Until they graze, and wear their Cloaths:

830 As Beasts do, of their Native Growths:
For simple wearing of their Horns,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t'inherir,
Unless the Mariage-deed will bear it?

835 Cou'd claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents Settlements.

Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.

What Honours, or Estates of Peers

840 Cou'd be preserv'd, but by their Heirs?
And what Security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?

What Crowns cou'd be Hereditary,
If greatest Monarchs did not Marry,

845 And with their Consorts consummate
Their weightiest Interests of State?

For all th'Amours of Princes are
But Guarantees of Peace or War.

Or what but Marriage has a Charm,

850 The Rage of Empires to disarm,
Make Blood and Desolation cease,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Contests for Forage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage?

855 Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Less for the Interests of the Bride;

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Who else had not the least pretence
 T'as much as due Benevolence;
 Could no more Title take upon her
 To Virtue, Quality, and Honour,
 Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
 And Feme-Coverts t'all Mankind.
 All Women would be of one piece,
 The Virtuous Matron, and the Miss;
 The Nymphs of Chaste *Diana's* Train,
 The same with those in *Leekner's* Lane;
 But for the difference Marriage makes
 Twist Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
 Besides, the Joys of Place and Birth,
 The Sex's Paradise on Earth;
 A Privilege so Sacred held,
 That none will to their Mothers yield;
 But rather than not go before,
 Abandon Heaven at the Door.
 And if th'indulgent Law allows
 A greater Freedom to the Spouse;
 The Reason is, because the Wife
 Runs greater Hazards of her Life;
 Is trusted with the Form and Matter
 Of all Mankind, by careful Nature.
 Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
 He frames the wondrous Fabrick of:
 Who therefore, in a freight, may freely
 Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
 And make it save her, the same way,
 Seldom misses to betray.
 Unless both Parties wisely enter
 To the Liturgy-Indenture.
 And though some Fits of small Contest
 Sometimes fall out among the best,

That is no more than every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t'improve.

895 For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the Post;
Yet when they're at their Race's Ends,

900 They're still as kind and constant Friends,
And to relieve their Weariness,
By turns give one another Ease:
So all those false Alarms of Strife,
Between the Husband and the Wife,

905 And little Quarrels, often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love.
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In Time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest Clamours more,

910 Than as they're relish'd, Sweet or Sour:
Like Musick, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,

With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns:

915 And Hearts have been as oft with Sullen,
As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stollen.
Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Discords make the sweetest Airs,

920 And Curses are a kind of Prayers:
Too slight Alloys for all those grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has Pow'r to settle
Th' Interests of Love perpetual,

An Act and Deed, that makes one Heart
 Become another's Counter-part,
 And pass'es Fines on Faith and Love,
 Inroll'd and Register'd above,
 To seal the slippery Knot of Vows,
 Which nothing else but Death can loose.
 And what Security's too strong,
 To guard that gentle Heart from Wrong,
 That to its Friend is glad to pass
 It self away, and all it has;
 And like an Anchorite gives over,
 This World, for th'Heav'n of a Lover?
 I grant (*quoth she*) there are some few,
 Who take that course, and find it true:
 But Millions, whom the same does Sentence
 To Heav'n b' another way, Repentance.
 Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
 Tho' all they hit they turn to Lovers,
 And all the weighty Consequents
 Depend upon more blind Events,
 Than Gamesters, when they play a Set
 With greatest cunning at Piquet,
 Put out with Caution, but take in
 They know not what, Unlight, Unseen.
 For what do Lovers, when they're fast
 In one another's Arms embrac'd,
 But strive to Plunder and Convey
 Each other, like a Prize, away?
 To change the Property of Selves,
 As Sucking Children are by Elves?
 And if they use their Persons so,
 What will they to their Fortunes do?
 Their Fortunes! the perpetual Aims
 Of all their Ecstasies and Flames.

- For when the Mony's on the Book,
 960 And, *All my Worldly Goods* — but spoke
 (The Formal Livery and Seisin
 That puts a Lover in Possession)
 To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
 The Bride a Flam that's superseded.
 965 To that their Faith is still made good,
 And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.
 For when we once resign our Pow'rs,
 W'have nothing left we can call ours;
 Our Money's now become the Mifs,
 970 Of all your Lives and Services;
 And we forsaken, and Post-pon'd,
 But Bawds to what before we own'd;
 Which as it made y'at first Gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 975 Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
 (As we had been) for new Amours.
 For what did ever Heirefs yet
 By being born to Lordships get?
 When the more Lady sh' is of Manors,
 980 She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
 Pays for their Projects and Deligns,
 And for her own Destruction fines;
 And does but tempt them with her Riches
 To use her as the Deyil does Witches;
 985 Who takes it for a special Grace,
 To be their Cully for a Space,
 That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
 For ever may become his Vassals.
 So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
 990 Betrays her self, and all sh'inherits;
 Is bought and sold, like stolen Goods,
 By Pimps, and Math-makers, and Bawds

Until they force her to convey,
 And steal the Thief himself away.
 These are the everlasting Fruits
 Of all y^r passionate Love-Suits,
 Th' Effects of all your am'rous Fancies,
 To Portions and Inheritances;
 Your Love-sick Rapture, for Fruition
 Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;
 To which you make Address and Courtship,
 And with your Bodies strive to worship,
 That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
 Of Love too, for the Mother's sake.
 For these, you play at Purposes,
 And love your Loves with A's and B's:
 For these, at *Beste* and *L'Ombre* woo,
 And play for Love and Mony too:
 Strive who shall be the ablest Man
 At right Gallanting of a Fan;
 And who the most genteely bred
 At sucking of a Vizard Bead;
 How best t' accost us in all Quarters,
 T' our Question-and-Command New Garters;
 And solidly Discourse upon
 All sorts of Dresses *Pro* and *Con*.
 For there's no Mystery nor Trade,
 But in the Art of Love is made.
 And when you have more Debts to pay
 Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-Day*,
 And no way possible to do't
 But Love and Oaths, and restless Suit,
 To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
 Of all your cully'd, past Amours;
 Aft o'er your Flames and Darts again,
 And charge us with your Wounds and Pain;
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- Which others Influences long since
 Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins;
 For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
 1030 And like to be, without our Aid.
 Lord! What an Am'rous thing is Want?
 How Debts and Mortgages inchant!
 What Graces must that Lady have,
 That can from Execution save!
 1035 What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
 And null Decree and Exigent!
 What Magical Attracts and Graces,
 Than can redeem from *Scire Facias*!
 From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
 1040 And from Contempts of Courts enlarge!
 These are the highest Excellencies
 Of all your true or false Pretences.
 And you would damn your selves, and swear
 As much t' an Hostess's *Dowager*,
 1045 Grown fat and purfy by Retail
 Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale;
 And find her fitter for your Turn,
 For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;
 Who at your Flames wou'd soon take Fire,
 1050 Relent, and melt to your Desire,
 And, like a Candle in the Socker,
 Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

- By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
 When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
 1055 Laid on in haste with such a Powder,
 The Blows grew louder still and longer.
 Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
 Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,
 Expounding by his inward Light,
 1060 Or rather more Propherick Fright,



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To be the Wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the Lurch,
Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt:
*For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour.*
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a Passage through his Side,
Impatient (as he vow'd, to wait 'em,
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a Cranny to creep out,
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I'm resolv'd to break no Right
Of Hospitality to a Stranger,
But to secure you out of Danger,
Will here my self stand Centinel,
To guard this Pass 'gainst *Sidrophel*.
Women, you know, do seldom fail,
To make the stoutest Men turn tail;
And bravely scorn to turn their Backs
Upon the desperate Attacks,
At this the Knight grew resolute
As *Ironside*, or *Hardiknut*;
His Fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to sally.
But she besought him to convey
His Courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,
Or fortify'd behind a Door:
That if the Enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

1095 Mean while they knock'd against the Door

As fierce as at the Gate before;
Which made the Renegado Knight
Relapse again t'his former Fright.
He thought it desperate to stay

1100 Till th'Enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady for a fresh Reserve.
His Duty was not to dispute,
But what sh'had order'd execute:

1105 Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away;
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the Dark, and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs,

1110 Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Pass,
To stand upon his Guard, and face.
This he couragiously invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd*.

1115 Inscorn'd himself as formidable
As cou'd be, underneath a Table;
Where he lay down in Ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his Foes.
Few Minutes had he lain perdue,

1120 To guard his desp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful Shout,
As loud as putting to the Rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' Enemy had form'd,

1125 And after entring, *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his Senses,
To bring him in Intelligences;

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PART II

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Which Vulgars, out of Ignorance,
 Mistake, for falling in a Trance;
 But those that Trade in *Germancy*
 Affirm to be the strength of Fancy:
 In which the *Lapland Magi* deal,
 And things incredible reveal.
 Mean while the Foe bear up his Quarters,
 And storm'd the Outworks of his Fortrefs.
 And as another of the same
 Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
 That in the same Cause had engag'd,
 And War with equal Conduct wag'd,
 By vent'ring only but to thrust
 His Head a Span beyond his Post,
 B' a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*
 Was dragg'd through a Window by th' Ears;
 So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,
 And by the other end pull'd out.
 Soon as they had him at their Mercy,
 They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
 As if they'd scorn'd to trade or barter,
 By giving or by taking Quarter:
 They stoutly on his Quarters laid,
 Until his Scouts came int' his Aid.
 For when a *Man is past his Sense*,
 There's no way to reduce him thence,
 But twinging him by th' Ears and Nose,
 Or laying on of heavy Blows:
 And if that will not do the Deed,
 To burning with *Hot Irons* proceed.
 No sooner was he come t' himself,
 But on his Neck a sturdy Elf
 Clapp'd in a Trice his Cloven Hoof,
 And thus attack'd him with Reproof:

- Mortal, Thou art betray'd to us
 B' our Friend, thy *Evil Genius*,
 1165 Who for thy horrid *serjures*,
 Thy Breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,
 The Brethrens Privile.e (against
 The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
 Has here thy wretched Carcass sent,
 1170 For just Revenge and Punishment;
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
 But by an open free Confession;
 For if we catch thee failing once,
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
 1175 What made thee venture to betray,
 And filch the Lady's Heart away?
 To spirit her to Matrimony? —
 That which contracts all Matches, *Money*,
 It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,
 1180 That made m' apply t' your Croney Witch
 That in return wou'd pay th' Expence,
 The Wear-and-Tear of Conscience:
 Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd
 For th' Hundredth Part of what I earn'd.
 1185 Didst thou not love her then? Speak true
 No more (*quoth he*) than I love you.
 How woud'st th' have us'd her and her Me
 First turn'd her up to Alimony;
 And laid her Dowry out in Law,
 1190 To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
 Which I before hand had agreed
 T' have put, on purpose, in the Deed;
 And bar her Widow's making over
 T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.
 1195 What made thee pick and chuse her out
 To employ their Sorceries about?

That which makes Gamesters play with those
Who have least Wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thy self to us?

I see you take me for an Ass:

'Tis true, I thought the Trick wou'd pass,
Upon a Woman, well enough,

As 't has been often found by Proof;

Whose Humours are not to be won

But when they are impos'd upon.

For Love approves of all they do

That stand for Candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful Lies,
Of Bears and Witches in Disguise?

That is no more than Authors give

The Rabble Credit to believe;

A Trick of following their Leaders,

To entertain their gentle Readers.

And we have now no other way

Of passing all we do or say;

Which when 'tis natural and true,

Will be believ'd b' a very few.

Beside the Danger of Offence,

The fatal Enemy of Sense.

Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin,
Hypocrisie, to set up in? —

Because it is the thriving'st Calling,

The only Saints-Bell that rings all in;

In which all Churches are concern'd,

And is the easiest to be learn'd:

For no Degrees, unless th'employ't,

Can ever gain much or enjoy't,

A Gift that is not only able

To domineer among the Rabble,

But by the Laws empower'd to rout,
And awe the Greatest that stand out,
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their Hands shou'd slip, and cometoonear

1235 For no Sin else among the Saints
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted Vows
That which makes others break a House,
And hang, an' scorn ye all, before

1240 Endure the Plague of being Poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more Tricks
Than all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
Compar'd with your *New Reformation*:

1245 That we must come to School to you,
To learn your more Refin'd, and New.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'd find your self an arrant Chouse,

1250 If y' were but at a Meeting-House.

'Tis true, *quoth he*, we ne'er come there,
Because w'have let 'em out by th' Year.

Truly, *quoth he*, you can't imagine.
What wondrous things they will engage in

1255 That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell;
So are you like to be agen,
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
1260 Thy Scholar in this Mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some Principles on which you go.

What makes a Knave a Child of God
And one of us? — *A Livelyhood.*

What renders beating out of Brains
And Murther, Godliness? — *Great Gains.*

What's render Conscience? — 'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest Touch;
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' Epidemicalst Plague-Sore.

What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? — *To be paid.*

What's Orthodox and true believing
Against a Conscience? — *A good Living.*

What makes Rebelling against Kings
A Good Old Cause? — *Administ'ings.*

What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About Two Hundred Pounds a Year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
To Prove false again? — *Two hundred more.*

What makes the breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? — *Food and Cloaths.*

What Laws and Freedom, Persecution? —
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.

What makes a Church a Den of Thieves? —

A Dean and Chapter, and white Sleeves,

And what wou'd serve, if those were gone,
To make it Orthodox? — *Our own.*

What makes Morality a Crime,
The most notorious of the Time?

Morality, which both the Saints

And Wicked too cry out against?

'Cause Grace and Virtue are within

Prohibited Degrees of Kin:

And therefore no true Saint allows

They shall be suffer'd to espouse

For Saints can need no Conscience,

That with Morality dispense;

As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted,
 1300 In Nature onl', and not imputed;
 But why the Wicked should do so,
 We neither know, or care to do.

What's Liberty of Conscience,
 I' th' Natural and Genuine Sense?

1305 'Tis to restore, with more Security,
 Reoellion to its ancient Purity;
 And Christian Liberty reduce
 To th' elder Practice of the *Jews*.

For a large Conscience is all one,
 1310 And signifies the same with *None*.

It is enough (*quoth he*) for once,
 And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a Trick,
 (Tho' he gives Name to our *Old Nick*)

1315 But was below the least of these,
 That pass i' th' World for Holiness.

This said, the Furies and the Light
 In th' Instant vanish'd out of sight;
 And left him in the Dark alone,

1320 With stinks of Brimstone and his own.

The *Queen of Night*, whose large Comma
 Rules all the Sea, and half the Land,
 And over moist and crazy Brains,
 In high Spring-Tides, at Midnight reigns,

1325 Was now declining to the West,
 To go to Bed, and take her rest.

When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn Blows
 Deny'd his Bones that soft Repose,
 Lay still expecting worse and more,

1330 Stretch out at length upon the Floor:
 And though he shut his Eyes as fast,
 As if h' had been to sleep his last,

Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
 Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.
 335 And pricking up his Ears, to hark
 If he cou'd hear too in the Dark;
 Was first invaded with a Groan,
 And after in a feeble Tone,
 These trembling Words; *Unhappy Wretch,*
 340 What hast thou gotten by this Fetch;
 Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
 The holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?
 By sauntring still on some Adventure,
 And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,
 345 To stuff thy Skin with swelling Knobs
 Of Cruel and hard-wooded Drubs?
 For still th' hast had the worst on't yet;
 As well in Conquest as Defeat.
 Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
 350 To rest the Body and the Mind;
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
 And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
 The Knight, who heard the Words explain'd
 As meant to him this Reprimand,
 355 Because the Character did hit
 Point-blank upon his Case so fit;
 Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite
 That staid upon the Guard that Night,
 And one of those h' had seen, and felt
 360 The Drubs he had so freely dealt.
 When, after a short Pause or Groan,
 The doleful Spirit thus went on;
 This 'tis t'ingage with Dogs and Bears
 Felmell together by the Ears,
 And after painful Bangs and Knocks,
 To lie in Limbo in the Stocks,

And from the Pinnacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory:

(Thought he, this Devil's full of Malice,

1370 That on my late Disasters rallies.)

Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more Heroick-minded;
And at a Riding handled worse,
With Treats more slovenly and coarse;

1375 Ingag'd with Friends in stubborn Wars,
And hot Disputes with Conjurers;
And when th'hadst bravely won the Day,
Wast fain to steal thy self away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless Elf

1380 Wou'd fain steal me too from my self,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done.)

And now but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with Vengeance the same way.

1385 Thought he, How does the Devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to do?

His Office of Intelligence,

His Oracles, are ceas'd long since;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,

1390 But what some treach'rous Spy acquaints.

This is some Pettifogging Fiend,
Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second Hand;

1395 And now wou'd pass for *Spirit Po*,
And all Mens dark Concerns foreknow.

I think I need not fear him for't;

These rallying Devils do no hurt.

With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,

1400 And hastily cry'd out, *What art?*

A Wretch (*quoth he*) whom want of Grace
Has brought to this unhappy Place.

I do believe thee, *quoth the Knight*,
Thus far I'm sure th'art in the Right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry, black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night;
That hast no Work to do in th' House,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shoes:
Without the raising of which Sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the Slaterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.

This is your Bus'ness, good *Pug-Robin*,
And your Diversion dull dry *Bobbing*,
T'intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't.
Of which Conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry Jest to laugh aloud,
As now you wou'd have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Raillery.

Sir, (*quo' the Voice*) y'are no such Sophy
As you would have the World judge of ye.

If you design to weigh our Talents,
I' th' Standard of your own false Balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us Ghosts, as well as we do you:
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
And never left you in Contest,
With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
But prov'd as true t'ye and intire,
In all Adventures, as your Squire.

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430 Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
And never left you in Contest,
With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
But prov'd as true t'ye and intire,
In all Adventures, as your Squire.

1435 *Quoth he*, That may be said as true
 By th'idleſt Pug of all your Crew.
 For none could have betray'd us worſe
 Than thoſe Allies of ours and yours.
 But I have ſent him for a Token

1440 To your Low-Country *Hogen Mogen*,
 To whoſe Infernal Shores I hope
 He'll ſwing like Skippers in a Rope.
 And if y' have been more juſt to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,

1445 I am afraid it is as true,
 What th'ill-affected ſay of you,
 Y'have 'ſpous'd the Covenant and Cauſe,
 By holding up your Cloven Paws.

Sir, *quo' the Voice*, 'tis true, I grant,

1450 We made and took the Covenant.
 But that no more concerns the Cauſe,
 Than other Perjuries do the Laws,
 Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
 Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.

1455 And that's the Reason Cov'nanters
 Hold up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.

I ſee, *quoth Hudibras*, from whence
 Theſe Scandals of the Saints commence,
 That are but natural Effects

1460 Of Satan's Malice, and his Sects,
 Thoſe Spider-Saints, that hang by Threads
 Spun out o'th' Entrails of their Heads.

Sir, *quoth the Voice*, that may as true
 And properly be ſaid of you;

1465 Whoſe Talents may compare with either,
 Or both the other put together.
 For all the *Independants* do,
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to.

You, who are not content alone
 With Tricks to put the Devil down,
 But must have Armies rais'd, to back
 The Gospel-work you undertake:
 As if Artillery, and Edge-tools,
 Were th'only Engines to save Souls.
 While He, poor Devil, has no Pow'r
 By force to run down and devour;
 Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence
 To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance;
 Is ty'd up only to Design,
 T'intice, and tempt, and undermine:
 In which you all his Arts out-do,
 And prove your selves his Betters too.
 Hence 'tis Possessions do less evil
 Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
 Which all the horrid'st Actions done,
 Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
 Because, unless you help the Elf,
 He can do little of himself;
 And therefore where he's best possess'd,
 Acts most against his Interest;
 Surprises none but those wh' have Priests
 To turn him out, and Exorcists,
 Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,
 And Magazines of Ammunition,
 With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
 Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,
 The Tools of working out Salvation
 By meer Mechanick Operation,
 With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
 To overflow all Avenues.
 But those wh'are utterly unarm'd
 T'oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,

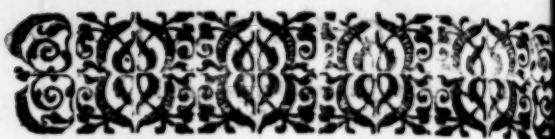
- He never offers to surprise,
 Altho' his falsest Enemies;
 1505 But is content to be their Drudge,
 And on their Errands glad to trudge.
 For where are all your Forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe Hands, but ours?
 Who have but jailors of your Holes
 1510 And Dungeons, where you clap up Souls;
 Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
 T'your *Mittimus Anathema's*,
 And never boggle to restore
 The Members you deliver o'er
 1515 Upon Demand, with fairer Justice
 Than all your convenanting Trustees;
 Unless to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the Sec'lar Pow'rs,
 And pass their Souls, as some demise
 1520 The same Estate in Mortgage twice,
 When to a legal *Uslegation*
 You turn your Excommunication,
 And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
 Distrain on *Soul* and *Body* too.
 1525 Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of Civil
 State-Prudence, to cajole the Devil,
 And not to handle him too rough,
 When h' has us in his Cloven Hoof.
 'Tis true, *quoth he*, that Intercourse
 1530 Has pass'd between your Friends and ours;
 That as you trust us, in our way,
 To raise your Members, and to lay,
 We send you others of our own,
 Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,
 1535 Or frigt'ed with our Oratory,
 To leap down headlong many a Story:

Have us'd all Means to propagate
 Your mighty Interests of State.
 Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further,
 Your great Designs of Rage and Murther.
 For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
 We onl' have made that Title good.
 And if it were but in our Power,
 We should not scruple to do more,
 And not be half a Soul behind
 Of all Dissenters of Mankind,
 Right, *quoth the Voice*, and as I scorn
 To be ungrateful in Return
 Of all those kind good Offices,
 I'll free you out of this Distress,
 And set you down in Safety, where
 It is no time to yell you here.
 The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone:
 And if I leave you here till Day,
 You'll find it hard to get away,
 With that the *Spirit* grop'd about,
 To find th'Inchanted *Hero* out,
 And try'd with haste to lift him up;
 But found his *Forelorn Hope*, his *Crup*,
 Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows
 Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes.
 He thought to drag him by the Heels,
 Like *Gresham* Carts, with Legs for Wheels;
 But Fear, that soonest curest those Sores,
 In danger of Relapse, to worse,
 Came in to assist him with his Aid,
 And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.

- No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 1570 But both made ready to dislodge;
 The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
 Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.
 And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
 With some few Rubs against the Wall.
 1575 Where finding th'outer Postern lock'd,
 And th' *Avenues*, as strongly block'd,
 H'attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass
 And in a Moment gain'd the Pass;
 Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier
 1580 Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulder
 And cautiously began to scout,
 To find their Fellow-Cattle out.
 Nor was it half a Minute's quest,
 E'er he retriev'd the Champion's Beast,
 1585 Ty'd to a Pale, instead of Rack,
 But ne'er a Saddle on his Back,
 Nor Pistols at the Saddle-bow,
 Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
 He thought it was no time to stay,
 1590 And let the Night to steal away;
 But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
 Upon the *bare Ridge* bolt upright.
 And groping out for *Ralpho's* Jade,
 He found the Saddle too was stray'd,
 1595 And in the Place a Lump of Soap,
 On which he speedily leap'd up;
 And turning to the Gate the Rein,
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
 While *Hudibras* with equal haste,
 1600 On both sides laid about as fast,

And spurr'd as *Jackies* use, to break,
 Or *Padders* to secure, a Neck.
 Where let us leave 'em for a time,
 And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;
 To hold forth their declining State,
 Which now come near an even Rate.





The ARGUMENT of
The SECOND CANTO

*The Saints engage in fierce Contests,
About their Carnal Interests;
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to reform,
When Cromwel left them in a Storm
Till in th' Effigy of RUMPS, the Rabb
Burns all their Grandees of the Raba*

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, *An insect Breeze*
Is but a mungrel Prince of Bees
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founders of his House
From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed
Of Vermin did at first proceed.
So, e'er the Storm of War broke out,
Religion spaw'd a various Rout,

Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
 The Maggots of corrupted Texts,
 That first run all Religion down,
 And after every Swarm its own.
 For as the *Persian Magi* once
 Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,
 Who were incapable r'enjoy
 That Empire, any other way:
 So *Pre-byter* begot the other
 Upon the *Good old Cause*, his Mother,
 That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
 Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.
 And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
 Nor Int'rest for their Common Good,
 Cou'd, when their Profits interfer'd,
 Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
 For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
 But only by the Ears engag'd:
 Like Dogs that snarle about a Bone,
 And play together when they
 As by their truest Characters,
 Their constant Actions, plainly appears.
 Rebellion now began, for lack
 Of Zeal and *Plunder*, to grow slack;
 The *Cause* and *Covenant* to lessen,
 And Providence to b' out of Season:
 For now there was no more to purchase
 O'th' King's Revenue, and the Church's;
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
 That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st, for the Cause,
 To cross the Cudgels to the Laws,
 That what by breaking them 't had gain'd,
 By their Support might be maintain'd;

Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lye,
Secur'd against the *Hue-and-Cry*.

45 For *Presbyter* and *Independant*
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,
Laid out their *Apostolick Functions*,
On *Carnal Orders* and *Injunctions*;
And all their precious *Gifts* and *Graces*

50 On *Outlawries* and *Scire facias*;
At *Michael's Term* had many a *Trial*,
Worse than the *Dragon* and *St. Michael*,
Where thousands fell, in shapes of *Fees*,
Into the *Bottomless Abyss*.

55 For when, like *Brethren*, and like *Friends*,
They came to share their *Dividends*,
And ev'ry *Partner* to possess
His *Church* and *State Joint-Purchases*,
In which the ablest *Saint* and best

60 Was nam'd in *Trust* by all the rest,
To pay their *Mony*; and, instead
Of ev'ry *Brother*, pass the *Deed*;
He strait converted all his *Gifts*
To pious *Frauds* and holy *Shifts*,

65 And settled all the others *Shares*
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs*;
Held all they claim'd as *Forfeit Lands*,
Deliver'd up into his *Hands*,
And past upon his *Conscience*,

70 By *Pre-intail of Providence*,
Impeach'd the rest for *Reprobates*,
That had no *Title* to *Estates*,
But by their *Spiritual Attaints*
Degraded from the *Right of Saints*.

75 This being reveal'd, they now begun
With *Law* and *Conscience* to fall on:

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and laid about as hot and brain-sick
 as th' *Utter Barrister of Swanswick*;
 engag'd with Mony-bags, as bold
 as Men with Sand bags did of old;
 that brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
 than all unsanctify'd Trustees:
 till he who had no more to show
 th' Cause, receiv'd the Overthrow;
 for both Sides having had the Worst,
 they parted as they met at first.
 Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,
 exclud'd, and Cashier'd, and Chous'd,
 turn'd out, and Excommunicate
 from all Affairs of Church and State,
 reform'd r'a Reformado Saint,
 and glad to turn Itinerant,
 to strole and teach from Town to Town,
 and those he had taught up teach down,
 and make those Uses serve agen
 against the New-inlightned Men;
 as fit as when at first they were
 reveal'd against the *Cavalier*;
 damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatick*,
 as pat as *Popish* and *Prelatick*;
 and with as l ttle Variation,
 to serve for any Sect i'th' Nation.
 The *Good old Cause*, which some believe
 to be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*
 with Knowledge, and does still invite
 the World to Mischief with *New Light*,
 had store of Mony in her Purse,
 then he took her for *bett'r or worse*;
 at now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
 and fit to be turn'd out of Door.

- The *Independants*, (whose first Station
 Was in the *Rear o' Reformation*,
 A Mungrel Kind of *Church-Dragoon*,
 That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,
 115 And in the Saddle of one Steed
 The *Saracen* and *Christian* rid;
 Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
 To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Murder*
 No sooner got the start to lurch
 120 Both Disciplines, of *War* and *Church*,
 And Providence enough to run
 The Chief Commanders of 'em down,
 But carry'd on the War against
 The Common Enemy o'th' Saints,
 125 And in a while prevail'd so far,
 To win of them the Game of War,
 And be at Liberty once more,
 T'attack themselves as th' had before.
 For now there was no Foe in Arms,
 130 T'unite their Factions with Alarms,
 But all reduc'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, *themselves at home*,
 Wh'had compast all they Pray'd, and Sworn
 And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd
 135 Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
 And all Things but their *Laws and Hate*.
 But when they came to treat and transact,
 And share the Spoil of all th'had ranfact,
 To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
 140 *Religion* and the *Government*,
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd
 To pull down all the War had spar'd;
 Agreed in nothing, but t' *Abolish*,
Subvert, *Extirpate*, and *Demolish*.

For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin,
 As *Dutch Beers* are t'a *Sooterkin*,
 Both Parties join'd to do their best,
 To Damn the Publick Interest;
 And Herded only in Consults,
 To put by one another's Bolts,
 T'out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,
 At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
 And tug at both Ends of the Saw,
 To tear down Government and Law.
 For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
 Are both defeated of their Aim;
 So those who play a *Game of State*,
 And only *Cavil* in Debate,
 Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
 The Publick Bus'ness is undone,
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to Ruin.

This when the *Royalists* perceiv'd,
 (Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
 And own'd the Right they had paid down
 So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*,)
 Th'united constanter, and sided
 The more, the more their Foes divided.
 For tho' out-number'd, overthrown,
 And by the Fate of War run down;
 Their Duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated.
For Loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the Game;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Altho' it be not shin'd upon.
 But when these Brethren in evil,
 Their *Adversaries* and the *Devil*,

Began once more to shew them Play,
 180 And hopes, at least, to have a Day;
 They rally'd in Parades of Woods,
 And unfrequented Solitudes,
 Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,
 T'appoint *New-Rising Rendezvous*es,
 185 And with a Pertinacy unmatched,
 For new Recruits of Danger watch'd;
 No sooner was one Blow diverted,
 But up another Party started.
 And, as if Nature too in haste,
 190 To furnish out Supplies as fast,
 Before her time had turn'd Destruction
 T'a new and numerous Production;
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their room,
 195 That, like the Christian Faith, increas'd
 The more, the more they were suppress'd:
 Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Transportation*,
Proscription, *Sale*, nor *Confiscation*,
 Nor all the desperate Events
 200 Of former try'd Experiments,
 Nor Wounds, could terrifie, nor Mangling
 To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,
 Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
 From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
 205 From staking Life and Fortune down
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
 But kept the Title of their Cause
 From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws:
 And prov'd no prosp'rous Usurpation
 210 Can ever settle on the Nation,
 Until, in spight of Force and Treason,
 They put their Loy'ty in Possession;

And by their Constancy and Faith,
Destroy'd the mighty Men of *Gath*.

Toss'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
Did OLIVER give up his *Reign*;
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As Mortal Men and Miscreants,
To founder in the *Stygian Ferry*,
Until he was retriev'd by STERRY:
Who, in a false erroneous Dream,
Mistook the *New Jerusalem*,
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,
False *Heaven* at the *End o'th' Hall*;
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His precious Reliques to translate.
So *Romulus* was seen before
B'as Orthodox a *Senator*;

From whose Divine Illumination,
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*
Succeeded, tho' a *Lame Vicegerent*,
Who first laid by the *Parliament*,
The only *Crutch* on which he leant;
And then sunk underneath the *State*,
That rode him above *Horseman's Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th'had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an *Empire all of Kings*,
Deliver'd from th' *Egyptian Axe*
Of *Justice, Government, and Law*,
And free t'ereft what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,
To edifie upon the Ruins
Of *John of Leyden's old Out-goings*;

- Who for a Weather-cock hung up,
 Upon their *Mother Church's* Top,
 Was made a Type, by Providence,
 250 Of all their Revelations since;
 And now fulfill'd by his Successors,
 Who equally mistook their Measures:
 For when they came to shape the *Model*,
 Not one could fit another's Noddle;
 255 But found their Light and Gifts more wide
 From Fudging, than th' Unsanctify'd;
 While ev'ry individual Brother
 Strove Hand to Fist against another,
 And still the maddest and most crackt,
 260 Were found the busiest to Transact;
 For tho' most Hands dispatch apace,
 And *make light Work*, (the Proverb says;)
 Yet many different Intellects
 Are found t'have contrary Effects;
 265 And many Heads t'obstruct Intrigues,
 As slowest Insects have most Legs.
 Some were for setting up a King,
 But all the rest for no such thing,
 Unless King JESUS: Others tamper'd
 270 For FLEETWOOD, DESBOROUGH, and LAMB
 Some for the *Rump*, and some more craft
 For *Agitators* and the *Safety*;
 Some for the Gospel, and Massacres
 Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,
 275 That swore to any Human Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and *Allegiance*;
 Yea, tho' the ablest swearing Saint,
 That vouch'd the Bulls o'th'Covenant.
 Others for pulling down th'High-places
 280 Of *Synods* and *Provincial Classes*,

And we more ready and expert
 In' Mystery, to do our Part.
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first War to create, than make;
 And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
 Rais'd Funds as strange, to carry't on :
 Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
 With Plots and Projects of our own :
 And if we did such Feats at first,
 What can we now we're better vers'd ;
 Who have a freer Latitude
 Than Sinners give themselves, allow'd ?
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest Terms, our Discipline,
 To which it was reveal'd long since,
 We were ordain'd by Providence :
 When three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
 The CAUSE's Primitive Confessors,
 B'ing Crucified, the Nation stood
 In just so many Years of Blood :
 That multiply'd by Six, express'd
 The perfect Number of the Beast,
 And prov'd that we must be the Men,
 To bring this Work about agen :
 And those who laid the first Foundation,
 Compleat the thorow Reformation :
 For who have Gifts to carry on
 So great a Work, but we alone ?
 What Churches have such able Pastors ?
 And Precious, Powerful, Preaching Masters ?
 Possess'd with absolute Dominions,
 O'er Brethrens Purfes and Opinions ?
 And trusted with the double Keys
 Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses ;

- Who, when the CAUSE is in Distress,
 360 Can furnish out what Sums they please,
 That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
 To be dispos'd at their Commands:
 And daily increase and multiply,
 With Doctrine, Use, and Usury,
 365 Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
 All other Heads of Cattle are;)
 From th'Enemy of all Religions,
 As well as High and Low Conditions;
 And share them from Blue Ribbands down
 370 To all Blue Aprons in the Town.
 From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
 With Cor'nets at their Footmens Breeches,
 To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab;
 All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
 375 Our Party's great, and better ty'd
 With Oaths, and Trade, than any side:
 Has one considerabl' Improvement,
 To double fortifie the COV'NANT:
 I mean our Covenants, to purchase
 380 Delinquents Titles and the Churches:
 That pass in Sale, from Hand to Hand,
 Among our selves, for currant Land;
 And Rise or Fall, like *Indian* Actions,
 According to the Rate of Factions.
 385 Our best Reserve for *Reformation*,
 When New Out-goings give Occasion:
 That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
 The COVENANT (their *Creed*) t'assert:
 And when th'have pack'd a Parliament,
 390 Will once more try th'Expedient,
 Who can already muster Friends,
 To serve for Members, to our Ends,

That us'd to make such hostile Inroads
 Upon the *Saints*, like bloody *Nimrods*:
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
 And th' Extirpation of *Excise*;
 And some against th' *Egyptian Bondage*
 Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage*:
 Some for the cutting down of *Groves*,
 And rectifying Bakers Loaves;
 And some for finding out expedients
 Against the Slav'ry of Obedience.
 Some were for *Gospel Ministers*,
 And some for *Red-coat Seculars*,
 As Men most fit t'hold forth the Word,
 And wield *the one and th' other Sword*.
 Some were for carrying on the Work
 Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk*:
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The *Camisado of Surplices*,
 That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
 And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the Inward*;
 More proper for the cloudy Night
 Of *Papery*, than *Gospel-Light*.
 Others were for Abolishing
 That Tool of Matrimony, a *Ring*,
 With which th' unsanctify'd *Bridegroom*
 Is marry'd only to a *Thumb*;
 (As wise as Ringing of a *Pig*,
 That us'd to break up Ground and dig;))
 The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
 That nulls the After-Marriage still.
 Some were for th' utter Extirpation
 Of *Linsey-Woolsey* in the Nation;
 And some against all Idolizing
 The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.

- 315 Others, to make all things recant
 The *Christian* or *Surname* of Saint;
 And force all *Churches, Streets, and Towns*
 The *Holy Title* to renounce.
 Some 'gainst a *Third Estate* of Souls,
 320 And bringing down the Price of Coals;
 Some for abolishing Black-Pudding,
 And eating nothing with the Blood in;
 To abrogate them Roor and Branches;
 While others were for eating *Haunches*
 325 Of *Warriors*, and *now and then*
 The *Flesh* of *Kings* and *Mighty Men*;
 And some for breaking of their Bones
 With Rods of *Ir'n* by *Secret Ones*;
 For thrashing Mountains, and with Spells
 330 For Hollowing Carriers Packs and Bells.
 Things that the *Legend* never heard of,
 But made the Wicked fore afear'd of.
 The Quacks of Government, (who sat
 At th'unregarded *Helm* of *State*,
 335 And understood this wild Confusion
 Of fatal Madness and Delusion,
 Must, sooner than a Prodigy,
 Portend Destruction to be nigh,)
 Consider'd timely how t'withdraw,
 340 And save their Wind-Pipes from the Law;
 For one Rencounter at the Bar
 Was worse than all th'had 'scap'd in War;
 And therefore met in Consultation,
 To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation;
 345 Not for the sickly Patient's sake,
 Nor what to give, but what to take;
 To feed the Pulses of their Fees,
 More wise than fumbling Arteries;

Prolong the Snuff of Life in Pain,
And from the Grave recover----Gain.
'Mong these there was a *Politician*,
With more Heads than a *Beast in Vision*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the *Whores of Babylon*;
So Politick, as if one Eye
Upon the other were a Spy:
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both strove to blink:
And in his dark pragmatick Way
As busie as a Child at Play.
H'had seen three Governments run down,
And had a Hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But Barb'rous when they came to fall;
For by *Trapanning* th' old to Ruin,
He made his Int'rest with the new one;
Plaid true and faithful, tho' against
His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.
For by the Witchcraft of Rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble *State-Camelion*,
By giving Aim to either side,
He never fail'd to save his Tide,
But got the start of ev'ry State,
And at a Change ne'er came too late;
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways as in a Lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' highest Trust, and out for New.
For when h'had happily incurr'd,
Instead of Hemp, to be prefer'd,
And past upon the Government,
He play'd his Trick, and out he went:

- But being out, and out of Hopes
 To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
 385 Would strive to raise himself upon
 The publick Ruin, and his own.
 So little did he understand
 The desp'rate Feats he took in hand.
 For when h' had got himself a Name
 390 For Fraud and Tricks, he spoil'd his Game;
 Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
 To shew his play at *Fast and Loose*;
 And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
 For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
 395 So right his Judgment was cut fit,
 And made a Tally to his Wit,
 And both together most profound
 At Deeds of Darknes's under Ground:
 As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd,
 400 By Vermin Impotent and Blind.
 By all these Arts, and many more,
 H' had practis'd long and much before,
 Our *State-Artificer* foresaw
 Which way the World began to draw.
 405 For as Old *Sinners* have all Points
 O' th' Compass in their Bones and Joints;
 Can by their Pangs and Aches find
 All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
 And better than by *Napier's Bones*,
 410 Feel in their own the Age of Moons:
 So guilty Sinners in a State,
 Can by their Crimes prognosticate,
 And in their Consciences feel Pain
 Some Days before a Shower of Rain.
 415 He therefore wisely cast about,
 All ways he could, t' *insure his Throat*;

And hither came t' observe and smoak
What Courses other Riskers took:
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest.

To match this Saint, there was another,
As busi, and perverse a Brother,
An Haberdasher of Small Wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs;
More *Jew* than *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel:

For when h'had taught his Tribe to spouse
The CAUSE, aloft, upon one House,
He scorn'd to set his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went farther;
So fully addicted still

To's only Principle, his *Will*,
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of Argument cou'd move,
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade* of *Ho'born*,
Cou'd render half a Grain less stubborn.

For he at any time would hang,
For th' Opportunity t' *Harangue*;
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear Delight to wrangle:

In which his Parts were so accomplish'd,
That wright or wrong, he ne'er was non-plust;
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater Ease,
And with its everlasting Clack

Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack.
No sooner could a Hint appear,
But up he started to picquer,
And made the stoutest yield to Mercy,
When he engag'd in *Controversie*:

- Not by the force of Carnal Reason,
 But indefatigable Teazing;
 With Volleys of eternal Babble,
 And Clamour more unanswerable.
- 455 For tho' his *Topicks*, frail and weak,
 Could ne'er amount above a Freak,
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
 Against the desp'ratest Assaults;
 And back'd their feeble want of Sense,
- 460 With greater Heat and Confidence.
 As Bones of *Hesters*, when they differ,
 The more they're *Cudgel'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
 Yet when his Profit moderated
 The Fury of his Heat abated:
- 465 For nothing but his Interest
 Could lay his Devil of Contest,
 It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curse*,
 T'espouse the CAUSE for *Bett'r* or *Worst*,
 And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
- 470 And *Soul*, and *Body*, worshipp'd it:
 But when he found the sullen *Trap*,
 Possess'd with th' *Devil*, *Worms*, and *Claps*;
 The *Trojan Mare*, in Foal with *Greeks*,
 Not half so full of *Jadish Tricks*,
- 475 Tho' Squeamish in her outward Woman,
 As Loose and Rampant as *Dol Common*;
 He still resolv'd to mend the Matter,
 T'adhere and cleave the Obstinater:
 And still the skittisher and looser
- 480 Her Freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.
 For *Fools* are *stubborn* in their *Way*,
 As *Coins* are *harden'd* by th' *Allay*;
 And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

These Two, with Others, being met,
 And close in Consultation set;
 After a discontented Pause,
 And not without sufficient Cause,
 The Orator we nam'd of late,
 Less troubled with the Pangs of State,
 Than with his own Impatience,
 To give himself first Audience,
 After he had a while look'd wise,
 At last broke Silence, and the Ice.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
 Our last Out-goings brought about,
 More than to see the Characters
 Of real Jealousies and Fears,
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
 Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Forehead:
 Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
 And threaten sudden change of Weather,
 Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
 And Revolutions in their Corns;
 And, since our Workings-out are crost,
 Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
 Was it to run away, we meant,
 When, taking of the Covenant,
 The lamest Cripples of the Brothers
 Took Oaths, to run before all others;
 But, in their own Sense, only swore
 To strive to run away before;
 And now wou'd prove, that Words and Oath
 Engage us to renounce them both?
 'Tis true, the Cause is in the Lurch,
 Between a Right and Mungrel Church,
 The PRESBYTER and INDEPENDANT,
 That stickle which shall make an end on't,

And 'twas made out to us the last
 520 Expedient,----- (I mean, *Marg'ret's* Fast)
 When Providence had been suborn'd,
 What Answer was to be return'd.
 Else why should Tumults fright us now,
 We have so many Times gone through,
 525 And understand as well to tame,
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
 Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd
 530 With Drums and Rattles, like a Child;
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us;
 For all our scouring of Religion
 Began with Tumults and Sedition;
 535 When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
 Became strong Motives to Devotion;
 (As Carnal Seamen, in a Storm,
 Turn pious Converts, and reform)
 When rusty Weapons, with chalk'd Edges,
 540 Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,
 And Brown-Bills, levy'd in the City,
 Made Bills to pass the *Grand Committee*;
 When Zeal, with aged Clubs and Gleaves,
 Gave Chase to *Rochets*, and *White Sleeves*;
 545 And made the *Church*, and *State*, and *Laws*,
 Submit t' *Old Iron*, and the C A U S E.
 And as we thriv'd by Tumult then,
 So we might better now agen,
 If we knew how, as then we did,
 550 To use them rightly in our need.
Tumults, byw hich the *Murinous*
 Betray themselves instead of us;

The Hollow-hearted, Disaffected,
And close Malignants are detected;
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to secure our own;
And freely sacrifice their Ears
To appease our Jealousies and Fears.
And yet for all these Providences
We are offer'd, if we had our Senses,
We idly sit like stupid Blockheads,
Our Hands committed to our Pockets,
And nothing but our Tongues at large,
To get the Wretches a Discharge.
Like Men condemn'd to Thunder Bolts,
Who, e'er the Blow, become meer Dolts:
Or Fools, besotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
And neither have the Hearts to stay,
Nor Wit enough to run away;
Who, if we cou'd resolve on either,
Might stand, (or fall at least) together;
No mean nor trivial Solaces
To Partners in extream Distress,
Who use to lessen their Despairs,
By parting them int' equal Shares;
As if the more there were to bear,
They felt the Weight the easier;
And every one the gentler hung,
The more he took his Turn among.
But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had Courage left, or Wit;
Who, when our Fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest Course;
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our last and best Defence, *Despair*:

- Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats
Have been atchiev'd in greatest straits,
And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,
590 By b'ing courageously out-brav'd;
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
And Poisons by themselves expell'd;
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we shou'd be, *Men*;
595 And not so dully desperate,
To side against our selves with Fate:
As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of Breaking Covenants,
600 And setting up Exauns of Saints,
That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
To be excus'd the Efficace.
For Spiritual Men are too Transcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
605 To hang like *Mahomet* in th' Air,
Or *St. Ignatius* at his Prayer,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State:
Disdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
610 And since Obedience is better
(*The Scripture says*) than Sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,
615 Or any Opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' Account or Question
Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
620 As *Whittington* explain'd the Bells;

And bid themselves turn-back agen
Lord May'rs of *New Jerusalem*.
But look so big and over-grown,
They Scorn their Edifiers t'own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons,
Their Tones, and Sanctify'd Expressions;
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a SAINT,
Like Charity on those that want;
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
T'inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes;
For which they scorn and hate them, worse
Than Dogs and Cats do Sow gelders.
For who first bred them up to Pray,
And Teach, the *House of Commons* way?
Where had they all their Gifted Phrases,
But from our CALAMIES and CASES?
Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing,
Who had e'er heard of NYE or OWEN?
Their *Dispensations* had been stifled,
But for our ADONIRAM BYFIELD.
And had they not begun the War,
Th' had ne'er been *Sainted* as they are.
For SAINTS in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to Reprobate;
Their Zeal corrupts, like standing Water,
In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter;
Abates the Sharpness of its Edge,
Without the Power of Sacrilege.
And tho' th' have Tricks to cast their Sins,
As easie as Serpents do the Skins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,
And from the most refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow Miscreants,

- 655 As Barnacles turn'd *Soland* Geese
In th' Islands of the *Orcades*.
Their *Dispensation's* but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked;
With whom the greatest Difference
660 Lies more in Words and Shews than Sense
For as the *Pope*, that keeps the Gate
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud *Cerb'russ*, wears three Heads as well:
665 And, if the World has any Troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest Harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-hearted Sots
670 In Fevers still, like other Goats;
For tho' the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,
Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer;
675 Still setting off their Spiritual Goods,
With fierce and pertinacious Fewds.
For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And INDEPENDANTS to profess
680 The Doctrine of Dependences;
Turns Meek and Secret sneaking ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody Bones:
And not content with endless Quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
685 The *Gibellines*, for want of *Gnells*,
Divert their Rage upon themselves.
For now the War is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin;

But Saint and Saint, to spill the Blood
 Of one another's Brotherhood;
 Where neither side can lay pretence
 To Liberty of Conscience,
 Or Zealous suffering for the Cause,
 To gain one Groats-worth of Applause:
 For tho' endur'd with Resolution,
 'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.
 Shall precious Saints and secret ones
 Break one another's outward Bones,
 And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
 Instead of Kings and mighty Men?
 When Fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater Elves?
 When *Bell's* at Union with the *Dragon*,
 And *Baal-Peor* friends with *Dagon*;
 When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
 Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
 And not atone their fatal Wrath,
 When common Danger threatens both?
 Shall Mastiffs, by the Collars pull'd,
 Engag'd with Bulls, let go their Hold?
 And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at Stake,
 No Notice of the Danger take?
 But tho' no Pow'r of Heav'n or Hell
 Can pacine Fanatick Zeal;
 Who wou'd not guess there might be Hopes,
 The Fear of Gallowses and Ropes,
 Before their Eyes, might reconcile
 Their Animosities a while?
 At least until th' had a clear Stage,
 And equal Freedom to engage,
 Without the Danger of Surprise
 By both our common Euemics?

- This none but we alone cou'd doubt,
 Who understand their Workings out;
 725 And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience
 Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonsense,
 As Spiritual Out-Laws, whom the Pow'r
 Of Miracle cannot restore.
 We, whom at first they set up under,
 730 In Revelation only of Plunder,
 Who since have had so many Trials
 Of their encroaching Self-denials,
 That rook'd upon us with Design
 To Out-reform and Undermine;
 735 Took all our Interests and Commands
 Perfidiously out of our Hands;
 Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood;
 Without the Motive-Gains allow'd,
 And made us serve as Ministerial,
 740 Like younger Sons of Father *Belial*.
 And yet for all th'inhuman Wrong
 Th'had done us, and the Cause so long,
 We never fail'd to carry on
 The Work still, as we had begun:
 745 But true and faithfully obey'd,
 And neither Preach'd them Hurt, nor Pray'
 Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
 Nor hang us, like the *Cavaliers*;
 Nor put them to the Charge of *Jails*,
 750 To find us *Pillories* and *Cart-Tails*,
 Or *Hang-man's Wages*, which the State
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
 That cut, like Tallies, to the Stumps
 Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
 755 And burnt our Vessels, like a New
 Seal'd Peck or Bushel, for being true.

But Hand in Hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held for the CAUSE against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield,
One Syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward Things and outward Men:
Our inward Man and constant Frame
Of Spirit still were near the same.
And till they first began to Cant,
And sprinkle down the COVENANT,
We ne'er had Call in any Place,
Nor dream'd of Teaching down *Free-Grace*;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Against the Common Enemy.
Although it was our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a *Rimmon*.
And yet for all this Gospel Union,
And outward shew of Church-Communion,
They'll ne'er admit us to our Shares,
Of Ruling Church or State-Affairs:
Nor give us leave t'absolve, or sentence
T'our own Conditions of Repentance:
But shar'd our Dividend o'th' Crown,
We had so painfully Preach'd down:
And forc'd us, tho' against the Grain,
T'have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Justice to restore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before:
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Vessels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play.

For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about;
And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King:

795 What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?

And therefore may pretend t' a share
At least in carrying on th' Affair,
But whether that be so or not,

800 W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w' had don't,
And easier past upon account:

For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.

805 The World is naturally averse

To all the Truth it sees or hears,
But swallows Nonsense and a Lye,
With Greediness and Gluttony;

And tho' it have the Pique, and long,

810 'Tis still for something in the Wrong:

As Women long when they're with Child,
For things entravagant and wild,
For Meats ridiculous, and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that's wholesome;

815 And, like the World, Mens Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
And what they're confidently told,
By no Sense else can be controul'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the Means

820 Once more to hedge in Providence.

For as Relapses make Diseases
More desp'rate than their first Accesses;
If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is easier than before;

That represent no part o' th' Nation,
 But FISHER'S-FOLLY Congregation;
 Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
 And sit like Geese to hatch our Eggs,
 Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
 T'out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,
 Can order Matters under-hand,
 To put all Business to a stand:
 Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,
 And make 'em one another drive cut;
 Divert the Great and Necessary,
 With Trifles to contest and vary;
 And make the Nation represent,
 And serve for us in Parliament;
 Cut our more Work than can be done
 In *Plato's* Year; but finish none,
 Unless it be the Bulls of *LENTHAL*,
 That always past for Fundamental,
 Cou'd set up Grandee against Grandee,
 To squander Time away, and bandy;
 Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
 To one another's Privileges;
 And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
 Engage, to th' inevitable Peril
 Of both their Ruins; th' only Scope
 And Consolation of our Hope:
 Who, tho' we do not play the Game,
 Assist as much by giving Aim.
 Can introduce our Ancient Arts,
 For Heads of Factions t'act their Parts;
 Know what a Leading Voice is worth,
 A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth;
 How much a caisting Voice comes to,
 That turns up Trump of *I*, or *No*;

- And by adjusting all at th'End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that so much Study cost,
930 And now's in danger to be lost,
Unless our Ancient *Virtuoso's*,
That found it out, get into th' Houses,
These are the Courses that we took
To carry things by Hook or Crook:
935 And practis'd down from Forty four,
Until they turn'd us out of Door:
Besides the Herds of *Bonteseus*,
We set on Work without the House.
When ev'ry Knight and Citizen
940 Kept Legislative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence,
From all Points, of the Rabbles Sense;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houses
With Politick Important Buzzes:
945 Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Designs without the Walls.
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our present Use.
Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,
950 And every one his Part rehearse.
Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay
What th' other Party's like to say:
What Repartees, and smart Reflections
Shall be return'd to all Objections:
955 And who shall break the Master-Jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help Pamphlets out, with false Editions,
Of proper Slanders and Seditious:
And Treason for a Token send,
960 By Letter, to a Country Friend:

Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,
 That Men like Burglary, commit:
 Wit falser than a Padder's Face,
 That all its Owner does, betrays;
 Who therefore dares not trust it, when
 He's in his Calling to be seen.
 Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,
 To bring new Weeds of *Discord* forth.
 Be sure to keep up *Congregations*,
 In spite of Laws and Proclamations;
 For *Charlaitans* can do no good,
 Until they're mounted in a Crowd:
 And when they're punish'd, all the Hurt
 Is but to fare the better for't;
 As long as Confessors are sure
 Of double pay for all th' endure:
 And what they earn in Persecution,
 Are paid t' a Groad in *Contribution*.
 Whencesome TUB-HOLDERSFORTH have made
 In *Powd'ring Tubs* their richest Trade;
 And, while they kept their Shops in Prison,
 Have found their Prices strangely risen.
 Disdain to own the least Regret,
 For all the Christian Blood w' have let;
 'Twill save our Credit, and maintain
 Our Title to do so again:
 That needs not cost one drop of Sense,
 But pertinacious IMPUDENCE.
 Our Constancy t' our Principles,
 In time will wear out all things else:
 Like Marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,
 With Gallantry of Pilgrims Kisses;
 While those who turn and wind their Oaths
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other Froths.

- 995 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
 Before from World to World they swung:
 As they had turn'd from side to side,
 And as the Changlings liv'd, they dy'd.
 This said, th' impatient States-Monger
 1000 Could now contain himself no longer;
 Who had not spar'd to shew his Piques
 Against th' Haranguer's Politicks,
 With smart Remarks of Leering Faces,
 And Annotations of Grimaces,
 1005 After h' had ministr'd a Dose
 Of *Snuff-Mundungus* to his Nose,
 And powder'd th' Inside of his Skull,
 Instead of th' Outer Jobber-nol,
 He shook it with a scornful Look
 1010 On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke:
 In dressing a Calf's-Head, altho'
 The Tongue and Brains together go,
 Both keep so great a Distance here,
 'Tis strange if ever they come near;
 1015 For who did ever play his Gambols,
 With such insufferable Rambles?
 To make the bringing in the KING,
 And keeping of him out, one thing?
 Which none cou'd do, but those that swore
 1020 T'us point-blank Nonsense heretofore:
 That to defend, was to invade,
 And to assassinate, to aid:
 Unless, because you drove him out,
 (And that was never made a Doubt)
 1025 No Pow'r is able to restore
 And bring him in, but on your Score.
 A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
 Most properly to all your Uses.

'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oil is said
 To cure the Wounds the Vermin made;
 And Weapons dress'd with Salves, restore
 And heal the Hurts they gave before:
 But whether PRESBYTERIANS have
 So much good Nature as the Salve,
 Or Virtue in them as the Vermine,
 Those who have try'd 'em can determine.
 Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
 Th' Arrears of all your Services,
 And for th' Eternal Obligation
 I have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation,
 B' us'd so unconscionably hard,
 As not to find a just Reward.
 For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
 To rage just so far, but no further:
 And setting all the Land on Fire,
 To burn t' a Scantling, but no higher:
 For vent'ring to assassinate,
 And cut the Throats of Church and State:
 And not b' allow'd the fittest Men
 To take the Charge of both again,
 Especially that have the Grace
 Of Self-denying, Gifted Face;
 Who when your Projects have miscarry'd,
 Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
 On those you painfully trepann'd,
 And sprinkled in at second Hand;
 As we have been, to share the Guilt
 Of Christian Blood, Devoutly spilt:
 For so our Ignorance was flamm'd
 To damn our selves, t' avoid being damn'd:
 Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
 Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon;

- And win your Necks upon the Set,
 As well as ours, who did but Bet:
 1065 (For he had drawn your Ears before,
 And nick'd 'em on the self-same Score)
 We threw the Box and Dice away,
 Before y' had lost us at foul Play;
 And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
 1070 And Fancy only, on the By;
 Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
 From perching upon lofty Poles;
 And rescu'd all your outward Traitors
 From hanging up like *Alligators*:
 1075 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
 Your Presbyterian Gratitude;
 Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one Rope behind.
 Those were your Motives to divide,
 1080 And scruple, on the other side,
 To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
 To Fits of Conscience and Remorse:
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,
 And face about for New again:
 1085 For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
 Than Maggots when they turn to Flies:
 And therefore, ail your Lights and Calls
 Are but Apocryphal, and False,
 To charge us with the Consequences
 1090 Of all your Native Insolencies;
 That to your own imperious Wills,
 Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels;
 Corrupted the Old Testament,
 To serve the New for Precedent:
 1095 T'amend its Errors and Defects,
 With Murder and Rebellion-Texts;

Of which there is not any one,
 In all the Book, to sow upon;
 And therefore (from your Tribe) the *Jews*
 Held Christian Doctrine forth in Use;
 As *Mahomet* (your Chief) began
 To mix them in the *Alchoran*;
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce Devotion,
 And bended Elbows on the Cushion;
 Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
 And gifted mortifying Groans;
 Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
 As Pigs are said to see the Wind:
 Fill'd *Bedlam* with *Predestination*.
 And *Knights-Bridge* with *Illumination*:
 Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
 As bad as *Bloody-Bones* or *Lunsford*.
 While Women, Great with Child, miscarry'd
 For being to Malignants marry'd;
 Transform'd all Wives to *Dalilabs*,
 Whose Husbands are not for the Cause;
 And turn'd the Men to Ten-horn'd Cattel,
 Because they came not out to Battel:
 Made *Taylor* Prentices turn Heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to *Meroz*;
 And rather forfeit their Indentures,
 Than not espouse the Saints Adventures.
 Could Transubstantiate, Metamorphose,
 And charm whole Herds of beasts, like *Orpheus*,
 Inchant the King's and Church's Lands,
 To obey and follow your Commands;
 And settle on a new Freehold,
 As *Marble-Hill* had done of Old.
 Could turn the COVENANT, and translate
 The Gospel into Spoons and Plate:

Expound upon all Merchants Cashes,
 And open th' intricateſt Places:
 Could Catechize a Mony-Box;
 And prove all Powches Orthodox;
 1135 Until the CAUSE became a *Damen*,
 And *Pythias* the wicked *Mammon*.
 And yet, in ſpight of all your Charms,
 To conjure LEGION up in Arms;
 And raiſe more Devils in the ROUT,
 1140 Than e'er y' were able to caſt out;
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe Tools
 Bred up (you ſay), in your own Schools;
 Who, though but Gifted at your Feet,
 Have made it plain they have more Wit,
 1145 By whom y' have been ſo oft trepann'd,
 And held-ſorth out of all Command:
 Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
 And Out-reveal'd at CARRYINGS-ON.
 Of all your *Dispensations* Worm'd,
 1150 Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd;
 Eject'd out of Church and State,
 And all things but the Peoples Hate:
 And ſpirited out of th' Enjoyments
 Of precious; edifying Employments,
 1155 By thoſe who lodg'd their *Gifts* and *Graces*
 Like better Bowlers, in your Places.
 All which you bore, with Reſolution,
 Charg'd on th' Account of Perſecution;
 And though moſt righteouſly oppreſt,
 1160 Againſt your Wills, ſtill acquieſt:
 And never Humm'd and Hau'd *Sedition*,
 Nor ſnuffled *Treaſon*, nor Miſprifion.
 That is, becauſe you never durſt;
 For had you preach'd, and pray'd your w

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165 Alas! you were no longer able
 To raise your *Posse* of the RABBLE:
 One single Red-Coat Centinel
 Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
 And with his Squint-fire, could disperse
 170 Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse:
 We know too well those Tricks of yours,
 To leave it ever in your Powers:
 Or trust our Safeties, or Undoings,
 To your Disposing of Out-goings:
 175 Or to your Ord'ring Providence,
 One Farthings-worth of Consequence,
 For had you Pow'r to undermine,
 Or Wit to carry a Design,
 Or Correspondence to trapan,
 180 Inveigle, or betray one Man;
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your Zeal to use the means:
 And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
 To bring in *Kings*, or keep them out:
 185 Brave Undertakers to restore,
 That could not keep your selves in Pow'r;
 T'advance the Int'rests of the *Crown*,
 That wanted Wit to keep your own.
 'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
 190 To wrong ye) done your Parts, in both;
 To keep him out, and bring him in,
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
 For 'twas your Zealous want of Sense,
 And sanctify'd Impertinence;
 195 Your carry'ing Bus'ness in a Huddle,
 That forc'd our Rulers to New Model;
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,
 And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;

- To Reformado, One and All,
 1200 T' your Great *Crossado*, General.
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
 Before 'twas in your Clutches Pow'r,
 That sprung the Game you were to set,
 Before y' had time to draw the Net:
 1205 Your Spite to see the Church's Lands
 Divided into other Hands,
 And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
 Laid out in Tickets and Debentures;
 Your Envy to be sprinkled down,
 1210 By under Churches in the Town;
 And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,
 North'INDEPENDENTS spreading Growths.
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true,
 None bring him in so much as you:
 1215 Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,
 The Midnight *Junto's*, and seal'd *Knets*;
 That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
 Than all their own rash Politicks.
 And this way you may claim a Share,
 1220 In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair;
 Else Frogs and Toads, that croak'd the *Jew*
 From *Pharaoh*, and his Brick-kilns lose;
 And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,
 From Task-Masters, and Slavery,
 1225 Were likelier to do the Feat,
 In an Indiff'rent Man's conceit;
 For who e'er heard of *Restoration*,
 Until your thorough *Reformation*?
 That is, the *King's* and *Church's* Lands
 1230 Were sequestred int' other Hands:
 For only then, and not before,
 Your Eyes were open'd to restore.

And when the Work was carrying on,
Who crost it, but your selves alone?

As, by a World of Hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.

But first, o'th' first; The Isle of *Wight*

Will rise up, if you shou'd deny't;

Where *HENDERSON*, and th' other Masses,

Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases:

To pass for deep and Learned Scholars;

Although but paltry *OB* and *SOLLERS*:

As if th' unseasonable Fools

Had been a Courting in the Schools;

Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author

O'th' *COV'NANT*; and the *CAUSE*, his *Daughter*.

For when they charg'd him with the Guilt

Of all the Blood that had been spilt;

They did not mean he wrought th' Effusion

In Person, like *SIR PRIDE*, or *HUGHSON*:

But only those who first begun

The Quarrel; were by him set on.

And who cou'd those be but the *SAINTS*,

Those *Reformation* Termagants?

But e'er this past, the wise Debate

Spent so much Time, it grew too late;

For *OLIVER* had gotten Ground,

T'inclose him with his Warriors round:

Had brought his Providence about,

And turn'd th' untimely Sophists out.

Nor had the *Uxbridge* Bus'ness less

Of Nonsense in't, or Sottishness;

When from a Scoundrel *HOLDER-FORTH*,

The Scum as well as Son o'rh' Earth,

Your mighty Senators took Law,

At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw;

And sacrifice the *Peace* o'th' Nation,
To *Doctrine, Use, and Application.*

So when the *SCOTS*, your constant *Cronic*

1270 Th'Espousers of your Cause and Monies,
Who had so often, in your Aid,
So many ways been soundly paid;
Came in at last for better Ends,

To prove themselves your trusty Friends;
1275 You basely left them, and the Church,
They'd train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true *Philistines*.

This shews what *Utenfils* y'have been,
1280 To bring the *King's* Concernments in:
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into Trust,
Will find you most exactly Just:

1285 Such as will punctually repay
With double Int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think those *Pantomimes*,
Who vary Action with the Times,
Are less ingenious in their Art,

1290 Than those who dully act one Part;
Or those who turn from Side to Side;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a wise Man's Home,
And so are Governments to some,

1295 Who change them for the same Intrigues
That States-Men use in breaking Leagues:
While others in old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd, as in out-of-fashion'd Cloaths:
And nastier, in an old Opinion,

1300 Than those who never shift their Linnen.

For *True* and *Faithful's* sure to lose,
Which way soever the Game goes:
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While *Pow'r usurp'd*, like stol'n Delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.
And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may We, if w' have but Sense
To use the necessary Means,
And not your usual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreams.
To stand on Terms as positive,
As if he did not take, but give:
Set up the COVENANT on Crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches,
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w'are sure to prop our own:
Your constant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:
Who, 'twixt your inward Sense, and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, acoutred.

I grant, all Courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the Difficulty's, *How?*
'Tis true! w' have *Money*, th' only *Pow'r*
That all Mankind falls down before:
Money, that, like the Sword of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all things:
And therefore need not doubt our Play
Has all Advantages that way:
As long as Men have Faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well;

- 1335 Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
 One Church and State will not suffice
 T' expose to Sale; besides the Wages
 Of storing Plagues to after-Ages.
 Nor is our Money less our own,
 1340 Than 'twas before we laid it down;
 For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
 If we are brought in Play upon't;
 Or, but by casting Knaves, get in,
 What Pow'r can hinder us to win?
 1345 We know the Arts we us'd before,
 In Peace and War, and something more,
 And by th'unfortunate Events,
 Can mend our next Experiments:
 For when w'are taken into Trust;
 1350 How easie are the Wisest chous'd?
 Who see but th' Outfides of our Feats,
 And not their secret Springs and Weights:
 And while th'are busie, at their Ease,
 Can carry whar Designs we please:
 1355 How easie is't to serve for Agents,
 To prosecute our own Engagements?
 To keep the GOOD OLD CAUSE on Foot
 And prevent Pow'r from taking Root?
 Inflame them both with false Alarms
 1360 Of Plots, and Parties taking Arms;
 To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
 From healing up of Side to Side,
 Profess the passionat'st Concerns,
 For both their Interests, by Turns.
 1365 The only way t'improve our own,
 By dealing faithfully with none;
 (As Bowls run true by being made
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd)

For if we shou'd be true to either,
'Twou'd turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other Means,
To stand upon our own Defence,
But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigour, Confident and Hearty:
To reconcile our late *Dissenters*,
Our Brethren, tho' by other Ventures,
Unite them, and their different Maggots,
As long and short Sticks are in Faggots,
And make them join against us close,
As when they first began t' Espouse;
Erect them into Separate,
New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State;
To join in Marriage and Commerce,
And only 'mong themselves converse,
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind:
Take all *Religions* in, and sticke
From *Conclave* down to *Conventicle*;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for *Liberty of Conscience*,
And Spiritual Mis-rule, in one Sense:
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary;
All stand for, as the times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect their Emissaries, empow'r'd
To preach Sedition and the Word:
And when th'are hamper'd by the Laws,
Release the Lab'ers for the Cause;
And turn the Persecution back
On those that made the first Attack,

- To keep them equally in Awe,
 For breaking, or maintaining Law;
 1405 And when they have their Firs too soon,
 Before the Full-Tides of the Moon:
 Put off their Zeal t' a fitter Season,
 For sowing *Faction* in, and *Treason*;
 And kept them hooded, and their Churches
 1410 Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
 That when the blessed Time shall come,
 Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own *Fifth-Monarchy* once more;
 1415 Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
 Against Revolts of Providence:
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind Sides of it, as they happen:
 For, if Success cou'd make us SAINTS,
 1420 Our Ruin turn'd us Miscreants:
 A Scandal that wou'd fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
- These are the Courses we must run,
 Spite of our Hearts, or be undone:
 1425 And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,
 Before we have secur'd our Necks.
 But do our Work, as out of Sight,
 As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night:
 All License of the *People* own,
 1430 In Opposition to the *Crown*.
 And for the *Crown* as fiercely side,
 The Head and Body to divide.
 The End of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind:
 1435 Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,
 On all Emergencies that happen;

For 'tis as easie to supplant
Authority, as Men in Want:
As some of us, in Trust, have made
The one Hand with the other Trade;
Gain'd vastly by their Joint Endeavour,
The Right, a Thief; the Left, Receiver;
And what the one, by Tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.
For *Gain* has wonderful Effects,
T'improve the Factory of SECTS:
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
And great *Diana* of th' *Ephesians*:
Whence turning of Religion's made
The means to turn and wind a Trade.
And tho' some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a Course;
And draw in store of Customers,
To thrive the better in Commerce:
For all Religions flock together,
Like Tame and Wild Fowl of a Feather;
To nab the Itches of their Sects,
As Jades do one another's Necks.
Hence 'tis, *HYPOCRISIE*, as well,
Will serve t'improve a Church, as *ZEAL*:
As *Persecution*, or *Promotion*,
Do equally advance *Devotion*.
Let Business, like ill Watches, go
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow:
For things in order are put out
So easie, *Ease* it self will do'r,
But when the Fear's design'd and meant,
What Miracle can bar th'Event?
For 'tis more easie to betray,
Than Ruin any other way.

- All possible Occasions start,
 The weighty'st Matters to divert;
 Obstruſt, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,
 And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle:
 1475 But in Affairs of leſs import,
 That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
 And they receive as little by,
 Our-fawn as much, and Our-comply:
 And ſeem as ſcrupuloſly juſt,
 1480 To bait our Hooks for greater Truſt.
 But ſtill be careful to cry down
 All publick Actions, tho' our own:
 The leaſt Miſcarriage aggravate,
 And charge it all upon the State;
 1485 Expres the horrid'ſt Dereſtation,
 And pity the diſtracted Nation.
 Tell Stories, ſcandalous and falſe,
 I'th' proper Language and Cabals;
 Where all a ſubtle States-man ſays,
 1490 Is half in Words, and half in Face;
 (As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,
 Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
 Entruſt it under Solemn Vows
 Of Mum, and Silence, and the Roſe,
 1495 To be Retail'd again in Whiſpers,
 For th' eaſie Credulous to diſperſe.
 Thus far the States-Man---When a Shout
 Heard at a diſtance, put him out;
 And ſtrait another, all aghaſt,
 1500 Ruſh'd in with equal Fear and Haſte:
 Who ſtar'd about, as pale as Death,
 And for a while, *as out of Breath*;
 Till having gather'd up his Wits,
 He thus began his Tale by fits:





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That Beastly RABBLE, ——— that came down
 From all the Garrets ——— in the Town,
 And Stalls, and Shop-boards, ——— in vast Swarms,
 With new chalk'd Bills, ——— and rusty Arms,
 To cry the CAUSE ——— up, heretofore,
 And bawl the BISHOPS ——— out of Door;
 Are now drawn up ——— in greater Shoals,
 To Roast ——— and Broil us on the Coals,
 And all the *Grandees* ——— of our Members
 Are Carbonading ——— on the Embers;
 Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses ———
 Held forth by RUMPS ——— of Pigs and Geese,
 That serve for Characters ——— and Badges
 To represent their Personages.
 Each Bone-fire is a Funeral Pile,
 In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil,
 And ev'ry Representative
 Have vow'd to Roast ——— and Broil alive:
 And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
 Already sacrific'd Incarnate.
 For while we wrangle here, and jar,
 W' are Grilly'd all at *Temple-Bar*:
 Some, on the Sign-Post of an Ale-house,
 Hang in *Effigy*, for the Gallows,
 Made up of Rags to personate
 Respective *Officers of State*;
 That henceforth they may stand reputed,
 Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,
 And while the Work is carrying on,
 Be ready Lifted under Dun;
 That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
 And Tinder-Box of all his Fellows;
 The activ'st Member of the Five,
 As well as the most Primitive:

- Who, for his faithful Service then,
 1540 Is chosen for a Fifth agen;
 (For, since the *State* has made a Quint
 Of *Generals*, he's list'd in't.)
 This Worthy, as the World will say,
 Is paid in Specie, his own way;
 1545 For, moulded to the Life in Clouts,
 Th'have pick'd from Dung-hills thereabout
 He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
 A crop'd Malignant *Baker* gave 'em:
 And, to the largest Bone-fire riding,
 1550 They've roasted *COOK* already, and *PAID*
 On whom, in Equipage and State,
 His Scare-crow Fellow-Members wait;
 And March in order, Two and Two,
 As at Thanksgivings th'us'd to do:
 1555 Each in a ratter'd *Talisman*,
 Like Vermin in Effigy slain.
 But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
 Those *RUMPS* are but the Tail o' th' *Be*
 Set up by *Papist* Engineers,
 1560 As by the Crackers plainly appears;
 For, none but *Jesuits* have a Mission,
 To preach the *Faith* with *Ammunition*,
 And propagate the *Church* with *Powder*,
 Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.
 1565 Those Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whore's,
 That have the Charge of all her Stores;
 Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
 To take in Heav'n by springing Mines;
 And with unanswerable Barrels
 1570 Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels:
 Now take a Course more practicable,
 By laying Trains to fire the *RABBLE*.

And blow us up in th'open Streets;
 Disguis'd in RUMPS, like *Sambenites*;
 More like to Ruin and Confound,
 Than all their Doctrines under-ground.

Nor have they chosen RUMPS amiss,
 For Symbols of *State Mysteries*;
 Tho' some suppose, 'twas but a shew
 How much they scorn'd the SAINTS, the Few;
 Who, 'cause they're wasted to the Stumps,
 Are represented best by RUMPS.

But *Jesuits* have deeper Reaches
 In all their Politick Far-fetches:
 And from their Coptick Priest, *Kircherus*,
 Found out this Mystick way to jeer us.
 For, as th' *Egyptians* us'd, by *Bees*,
 T'express their Antique *Ptolomies*;
 And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
 Held forth Authority and Pow'r:

Because these subtle Animals
 Bear all their Int'rests in their Tails;
 And when they're once impair'd in that,
 Are banish'd their well-order'd State:
 They thought, all Governments were best,
 By Hieroglyphick RUMPS exprest.

For, as in Bodies Natural,
 The RUMP's the Fundament of all;
 So, in a *Common-wealth*, or Realm,
 The Government is call'd the *Helm*:
 With which, like Vessels under Sail,
 They're turn'd winded by the Tail.
 The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer
 Their Courses with, thro' Sea and Air;
 To whom the Rudder of the RUMP is
 The same thing with the Stern and Compass.

- This shews, how perfectly the RUMP
 And COMMON-WEALTH in Nature jum
 For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
 1610 Rests with his Tail above his Head;
 So in this Mungrel State of ours,
 The RABBLE are the Supreme Powers;
 That Hors'd us on their Backs, to show us
 A Jadish Trick at last, and throw us.
 1615 The Learned Rabbins of the Jews
 Write, there's a Bone, which they call *La*
 I'th' Rump of Man, of such a Virtue,
 No force in Nature can do hurt to;
 And therefore, at the last Great Day,
 1620 All th' other Members shall, they say,
 Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
 All Sorts of Vegetals proceed:
 From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, justly stile that Part.
 1625 Then what can better represent,
 Than this RUMP Bone, the *Parliament*?
 That after several rude Ejections,
 And as prodigious Resurrections;
 With new Reversions of nine Lives,
 1630 Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives?
 But now, alas, they're all expir'd,
 And th' *House*, as well as *Members*, fir'd,
 Consum'd in Kennels, by the R O U T,
 With which they other Fires put out:
 1635 Condemn'd t' ungoverning Distress,
 And paup'ry, private Wretchedness;
 Worse than the Devil to Privation,
 Beyond all Hopes of Restauration:
 And parted like the Body and Soul,
 1640 From all Dominion and Controul.

We, who cou'd lately with a Look
Enact, Establish, or Revoke;
Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept Multitudes in Awe;
Before the Bluster of whose Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off;
Adorn'd and bow'd to by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man and Valet.
Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's just as low as high;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The Horrour, that attends our Fall:
For, some of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can discharge;
And others who, by restless scraping,
With publick Frauds, and private Rapine;
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,
Wou'd gladly lay down all at last;
And to be but undone, Entail
Their Vessels on perpetual Jail;
And bless the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worse Terms.

This said, a near and louder Shout
Put all the Assembly to the Rout:
Who now begun t' out-run their Fear,
As Horses do, from those they bear:
But crouded on, with so must haste,
Until th'had block'd the Passage fast;
And Barricado'd it with Haunches
Of Outward Men, and Bulks and Paunches,
That with their Shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled Piece

- 1675 Of all their crush'd and broken Members,
 Than have them Grillied on the Embers:
 Still pressing on with heavy Packs,
 Of one another, on their Backs:
 The Van-Guard cou'd no longer bear
- 1680 The Charges of the Forlorn Rear;
 But born down headlong by the Rout,
 Were trampled soarly under Foot.
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
 As th' horrid *Cookery* of the RABBLE:
- 1685 And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
 As lesser Pains are by the Gout,
 Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
 Of rally'd Force, enough to fly,
 And beat a *Tuscan* Running Horse,
- 1690 Whose Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.





The ARGUMENT of
the THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire's prodigious Flight,
To quit th'enchanted Bow'r by Night:
He plods to turn his Am'rous Suit
To a Plea in Law, and prosecute:
Repairs to Counsel, to advise
About managing the Enterprize:
But first Resolves to try by Letter,
And one more fair Address, to get her.*

CANTO III.

W H O wou'd believe what strange Bugbears
Mankind creates it self, of Fears,
That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed;
And have no possible Foundation,
But meerly in th' Imagination:
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than Hags, with all their Imps and Tents:

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Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
10 Than all their *Nurseries of Elves*.

For Fear does things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which:
Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences;

15 As *Reft-crucian Virtuosi's*,

Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses*:
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the Dark see *Visions*;

20 And hag themselves with *Apparitions*:

And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the subt'lest Objects best.
Do Things not contrary alone
To th' Course of Nature, but its own:

25 The Courage of the Bravest daunt,

And turn Pultrons as valiant;

For Men as resolute appear

With too much, as too little Fear.

And when they're out of Hopes of flying,

30 Will run away from Death by dying:

Or turn again to stand it out,

And those they fled, like Lions, Rout.

This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,

Who, by the Furies, left perdue,

35 And haunted with Detachments, sent

From *Marshal Legions Regiment*;

Was by a *Fiend*, as counterfeited,

Reliev'd and Rescu'd with a Cheat:

When nothing but Himself, and Fear,

40 Was both the *Imps* and *Conjurer*:

As by the Rules o' th' *Virtuosi*,

It follows in *the Form of Poëse*.

Disgu

Disguis'd in all the Mask of Night,
We left our Champion on his Flight :
At *Blindmans-Buff* to grope his way,
In equal fear of *Night and Day* :
Who took his dark and desp'rate Course,
He knew no better than his Horse ;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed.
Disabled, both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away, *his best* ;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rear.
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer Side :
(As *Seamen* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Row'd the Horse* ;
And when the Hackney sails most swift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a-drift*)
So, tho' he posted e'er so fast,
His Fear was greater than his *Haste* :
For Fear, tho' fleetier than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began t'appear,
And shift t'*another Scene* his Fear ;
He found his new officious *Shade*,
That came so timely to his Aid,
And forc'd him from the Foe t'escape,
Had turn'd it self to *Ralpho's Shape* ;
So like in *Person, Garb, and Pitch*,
'Twas hard t'interpret *which was which*.
For *Ralpho* had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t'unfold,

- But she convey'd him out of sight,
 To entertain th' approaching Knight.
 And while he gave himself Diversion,
 80 T'accommodate his *Beast* and *Person*;
 And put his *Beard* into a Posture,
 At best Advantage, to accost her:
 She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,
 (For his Reception) *as* *fore*said :
- 85 But when the Ceremony was done,
 The *Lights* put out, and *Fairies* gone;
 And *Hudibras*, among the rest,
 Convey'd away, as *Ralph* guess'd:
 The wretched Caitiff all alone,
 9 (As he believ'd) began to moan,
 And tell his Story to himself ;
 The Knight mistook him for an Elf :
 And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at *Ralph's* Outward Man;
 95 And thought, because they oft agreed,
 T'appear in one another's stead,
 And act the *Saint's* and *Devil's* Part,
 With undistinguishable Art ;
 They might have done so now perhaps,
 100 And put on one another's Shapes :
 And therefore, to resolve the Doubt,
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out ;
 What art ? My Squire, or that bold Sprite
 That took his Place and Shape to Night ?
 105 Some buke Independent Pug,
 Retainer to his Synagogue ?
 Alas, quoth he, I'm none of those
 Your Bosom-Friends, as you suppose ;
 But *Ralph* himself, your trusty Squire,
 110 Wh' has dragg'd your *Donship* out o' th' M

And from th'Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd ye int'a Beast, have freed you;
And, tho' a Prisoner of War,
Have brought you safe, where now you are;
Which you wou'd gratefully repay,
Your constant PRESBYTERIAN way.
That's stranger (*quo' the Knight*) and stranger:
Who gave thee notice of my Danger?

Quoth he, Th' infernal Conjuror
Pursu'd and took me Prisoner;
And knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said and did,
And tho' they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not see him, nor his Agent;
Who play'd their Sorceries out of-sight,
T' avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But, didst thou see no Devils then?

Not one, *quoth he*, but Carnal Men,
A little worse than Fiends in Hell,
And that She-Devil, *Jezebel*;
That laugh'd and teh-he'd with Derision,
To see them take your Deposition.

What then (*quoth Hudibras*) was he,
That plaid the Devil, t' examine me?

A rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parson's Gown:

Whom all the Parish takes for gifted,
But, for my Part, I ne'er believ'd it?

In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats,
Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd
The naked Truth of all the rest,

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145 More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgell'd me to under-write.

What made thee, when they all were go
150 And none but thou and I alone,
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my *Hellish Fear*?

Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,
And Frame of Sp'rit, too obstinate,
155 To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any Motives of my owa:
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a-while, to nick your Wit:
The Devil, that is your constant Crony,

160 That only can prevail upon ye;
Else we might still have been disputing;
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the Enemy behind;
165 And saw no farther Harm remain,
But feeble Weariness and Pain;
Perceiv'd, by losing of their Way,
Th' had gain'd th' Advantage of the Day
And by declining of the Road,

170 They had by Chance their Rear made go
He ventur'd to dismiss his Fear,
That parting's wont to *Rent and Tear*,
And give the desperat'st Attack
To Danger still behind its Back.

175 For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past Success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;

And when no Devil had appear'd,
 What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd;
 It put him in so fierce a Rage,
 He once resolv'd to re-engage;
 Toss'd like a Foot-ball back again,
 With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.*

Quoth he, It was thy Cowardise
 That made me from this Leaguer rise;
 And when I had half reduc'd the Place,
 To quit it infamously base.

Was better cover'd by the New
 Arriv'd Detachment, than I knew:
 To flight my new Acquests, and run
 Victoriously, from Battels won.
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
 To sell them cheaper than they cost.
 To make me put my self to flight,
 And Conqu'ring, run away by Night;
 To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe
 Durst never have presum'd to do.

To mount me in the dark by force,
 Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse,
 Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
 Without my Arms and Equipage;
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might th' unequal Fight renew;
 And, to preserve thy outward Man,
 Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, *quo' Ralph,* I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve my self, but you.
 You, who were damn'd to baser Drubs,
 Than Wretches feel in Pow'd'ring Tubs;
 To mount two wheel'd Carroaches, worse
 Than managing a Wooden Horse:

Dragg'd out thro' straiter Holes by th' Ears,
Eras'd or Coup'd for Perjurers.

215 Who, tho' th' Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reason to complain;
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ranse
And rescu'd your obnoxious Bones

220 From unavoidable Barroons.
The Enemy was re-inforc'd,
And we disabled, and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for Fight;
And no way left but hasty Flight.

225 Which, tho' 'twas desperate in th' Attempt
Has given you Freedom to condemn't.

But were our Bones in fit Condition
To re-inforce the Expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,

230 To think of Falling on again:
No Martial Project to surprise,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast Design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters tear their Losing-Cards.

235 Besides, our Bangs of Man and Beast
Are fit for nothing now but Rest,
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable:
And therefore I with Reason chose

240 This Stratagem t'amuse our Foes,
To make an Hon'able Retreat,
And wave a Total Sure Defeat:
For those that Fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

245 Hence timely Running's no mean Part
Of Conduct in the Martial Art.

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By which some Glorious Feats atchieve,
 As Citizens, by Breaking, thrive;
 And Cannons conquer Armies, while
 They seem to draw off and recoil.
 'Tis held the Gallant'st Course, and Bravest,
 To great Exploits, as well as Safest,
 That spares th' Expence of Time and Pains
 And dangerous Bearing out of Brains.
 And in the end prevails as certain,
 As those that never trust to Fortune;
 To make their Fear do Execution
 Beyond the stoutest Resolution;
 As Earth-quakes kill without a Blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow.
 If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest Men,
 That only sav'd a Citizen,
 What Victory cou'd e'er be won,
 If ev'ry one wou'd save but one?
 Or Fight endanger'd to be lost,
 Where all resolve to save the most?
 By this means, when a Battel's won,
 The War's as far from being done:
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
 Go halves, at least, i' th' Victory;
 And sometimes, when the Loss is small,
 And Danger great, they challenge All.
 Print new Additions to their Feats,
 And Emendations in Gazettes;
 And when, for furious haste to run,
 They durst not stay to fire a Gun,
 Have don't with Bonfires, and at home
 Made Squibs and Crackers overcome.
 To set the Rabble on a Flame,
 And keep their Governors from Blame,

- Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
 Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells;
 And tho' reduc'd to that Extream,
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
 285 Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
 By flatt'ring Heaven with a Lie;
 And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
 They've rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Bands
 For those who run from th'Enemy,
 290 Engage them equally to fly;
 And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
 Those win the Day, that win the Race;
 And that which wou'd not pass in Fights,
 Has done the Feat with easie Flights,
 295 Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign
 With *Bourdeaux*, *Burgundy*, and *Champagne*,
 Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty,
 With Brandy-wine and Aqua-vitæ;
 And made them stoutly overcome,
 300 With *Bachrach*, *Hoccamore* and *Mum*;
 Whom th'uncontrol'd Decrees of Fate
 To Victory necessitate;
 With which, altho' they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return:
 305 Or else their Sultan Populaces
 Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, I understand
 What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land
 And who those were that run away,
 310 And yet gave out th'had won the Day:
 Altho' the Rabble sous'd them for't,
 O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
 'Tis true our Modern Way of War
 Is grown more Politick by far,

But not so resolute and bold,
 Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.
 For now they laugh at giving Battle,
 Unless it be to Herds of Cattle:
 Or fighting Convoys of Provision,
 The whole Design o'th' Expedition;
 And not with downright Blows to rout
 The Enemy, but Eat them out:
 As Fighting, in all Beasts of Prey,
 And Eating, are perform'd one way;
 To give Defiance to their Teeth,
 And fight their stubborn Guts to Death,
 And those atchieve the high'st Renown,
 That bring the other's Stomach down.
 There's now no fear of Wounds nor Maiming,
 All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine:
 And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,
 Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine,
 But have no Need, nor Use of Courage,
 Unless it be for Glory, or Forage:
 For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,
 When one side vent'ring to advance,
 And come uncivilly too near,
 Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' Rear:
 And forc'd, with terrible Resistance,
 To keep hereafter at a Distance,
 To pick out Ground t'encamp upon,
 Where store of largest Rivers run,
 That serve, instead of Peaceful Barriers,
 To part th'Engagements of their Warriors.
 Where both from side to side may skip,
 And only encounter at Bo-peep:
 For Men are found the flouter-hearted,
 The certainer they're to be parted;

- And therefore post themselves in Bogs,
 350 As th' ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
 And made their Mortal Enemy,
 The *Water-Rat*, their strict Ally.
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold;
 But who bears Hunger best and Cold.
 355 And he's approv'd the most deserving,
 Who longest can hold out at Starving:
 And he that routs most Pigs and Cows,
 The formidablest Man at Prowess.
 So th' Emperor *Caligula*,
 360 That triumph'd o'er the *British* Sea;
 Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
 And Lobsters, 'stead of Cuirassiers;
 Engag'd his Legions in fierce Bustles,
 With Periwinkles, Prawns, and Muscles;
 365 And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
 To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;
 Not like their ancient Way of War
 To wait on his Triumphal Carr:
 But when he went to Dine or Sup,
 370 More bravely eat his Captives up;
 And left all War, by his Example,
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.
 Quoth *Ralph*, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I cou'd add,
 375 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
 Than take this Out-of-fashion'd Course;
 'To hope, by Stratagem to woo her,
 Or waging Battel to subdue her,
 Tho' some have done it in Romances,
 380 And bang'd them int' amorous Fancies;
 As those, who won the *Amazons*,
 By wanton drubbing of their Bones:

And stout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride
 By courting of her Back and Side.
 But since these Times and Feats are over,
 They are not for a Modern Lover:
 When Mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
 By such Addressees to be gain'd;
 And if they were, would have it out,
 With many other kind of Bout.
 Therefore I hold no Course s'infesible,
 As this of force to win the *Jezabel*;
 To storm her Heart, by th' Antique Charms
 Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms;
 But rather strive by Law to win her,
 And try the Title you have in her.
 Your Case is clear, you have her Word,
 And me to witness the Accord;
 Besides two more of her Retinue,
 To testify what pass'd between you;
 More probable, and like to hold,
 Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold;
 For which so many, that renounc'd
 Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd,
 And Bills upon Record been found,
 That forc'd the Ladies to compound;
 And thar, unless I miss the Matter,
 Is all the Business you look after:
 Besides Encounters at the Bar,
 Are braver now, than those in War,
 In which the Law does Execution,
 With less Disorder and Confusion:
 Has more of Honour in't, some hold,
 Not like the New Way, but the Old;
 When those the Pen had drawn togeth
 Decided Quarrels with the Feather,

- And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
 Nay, more than Bulls now of Lead:
 So all the Combats now, as then,
 420 Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen;
 That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
 In Words at length, as well as Figures.
 Is Judge of all the World performs
 In voluntary Feats of Arms.
- 425 And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,
 Determines which is Wrong or Right;
 For whether you prevail or lose,
 All must be try'd there in the Close.
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,
 430 What you must trust to, e'er y' have done.
 The Law, that settles all you do,
 And Marries where you did but woo;
 That makes the most perfidious Lover,
 A Lady, that's as false, recover:
- 435 And if it judge upon your side,
 Will soon extend her for your Bride;
 And put her Person, Goods or Lands;
 Or which you like best, int' your Hands.
 For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,
- 440 And manag'd by the ablest Sages;
 Who though their Bus'ness at the Bar,
 Be but a kind of Civil War,
 In which th' engage with fiercer Dudgeons,
 Than e'er the *Grecians* did the *Trojans*,
- 445 They never manage the Contest,
 T'impair their publick Interest;
 Or by their Controversies lessen
 The Dignity of their Profession:
 Not like us Brethren, who divide
- 450 Our *Common-wealth*, the Cause and Sides

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And though w' are all as near of Kindred,
 As th' Outward Man is to the Inward :
 We agree in nothing but to wrangle
 About the slightest fingle-fangle,
 While Lawyers have more sober Sense,
 Than t' argue at their own Expence,
 But make their best Advantages,
 Of others Quarrels, like the *Swiss* :
 And out of Foreign Controversies,
 By aiding both sides, fill their Purses ;
 But have no Int'rest in the Cause,
 For which th' engage, and wage the Laws :
 Nor further Prospect than their Pay,
 Whether they lose or win the Day.
 And though th' abounded in all Ages,
 With sundry learned Clerks, and Sages ;
 Though all their Business be Dispute,
 Which way they canvas ev'ry Suit ;
 Th' have no Disputes about their Art,
 Nor in Polemicks controvert :
 While all Professions else are found,
 With nothing but Disputes t' abound ;
 Divines of all sorts, and Physicians,
 Philosophers, Mathematicians ;
 The *Galenist*, and *Paracelsian*,
 Condemn the way each other deal in ;
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
 Astrologers dispute their Dreams,
 That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes ;
 And Heralds stickle, who got who,
 So many Hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wise a Nation,
 T' expose their Trade to Disputation ;

- 485 Or make the busie Rabble Judges,
 Of all their secret Piques, and Grudges;
 In which whoever wins the Day,
 The whole Profession's sure to pay.
 Besides no Mountebank, nor Cheats,
 490 Dare undertake to do their Feats;
 When in all other Sciences
 They swarm, like Insects, and increase.
 For what Bigot durst even draw,
 By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?
 495 Or cou'd hold forth by Revelation,
 An Answer to a Declaration?
 For those that meddle with their Tools,
 Will cut their Fingers, if th'are Fools.
 And if you follow their Advice,
 500 In Bills, and Answers, and Replies;
 They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery,
 Shall bring her upon Oath to answer ye,
 And soon reduce her to b'your Wife,
 Or make her weary of her Life.
 505 The *Knight*, who us'd with *Tricks* and *Shifts*
 To edifie by *Ralpho's Gifts*,
 But in appearance cry'd 'em down,
 To make them better seem his own,
 (All *Plagiary's* Constant Course
 510 Of *sinking*, when they take a *Purse*),
 Resolv'd to follow his Advice,
 But kept it from him by disguise:
 And after stubborn Contradiction,
 To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
 515 And by Transition, fall upon
 The Resolution as his own.
Quoth he; This Gambol thou advisest,
 Is of all others the unwisest;

For if I think by Law to gain her,
 120 There's nothing sillier nor vainer.
 'Tis but to hazard my Preference;
 Where nothing's certain but th' Expence:
 To Act against my self, and Traverse
 My Suit and Title to her Favours.
 125 And if she shou'd, which Heav'n forbid,
 O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did;
 What after-course have I to take,
 'Gainst losing all I have at Stake?
 He that with Injury is griev'd,
 130 And goes to Law to be reliev'd,
 Is sillier than a sottish Chouse,
 Who, when a Thief has Robb'd his House,
 Applies himself to Cunning Men,
 To help him to his Goods again;
 135 When all he can expect to gain,
 Is but to squander more in vain.
 And yet I have no other way,
 But is as difficult, to play.
 For to reduce her by main Force,
 140 Is now in vain; by fair Means, worse:
 But worst of all, to give her over,
 Till she's as desp'rate to recover.
 For bad Games are thrown up too soon,
 Until they're never to be won.
 145 But since I have no other course;
 But is as bad t'attempt, or worse;
 He that complies against his Will,
 Is of his own Opinion still;
 Which he m'adhere to, yet disown,
 150 For Reasons to himself best known:
 But 'tis not to b'avoided now,
 For *Sidrophel* resolves to sue;

Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably first with him.

- 555 For I've receiv'd Advertisement,
By times, enough of his Intent;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th' Advantage of the Business gains:
For Courts of Justice understand
560 The Plaintiff to be eldest Hand:
Who, what he pleases, may averr,
The other, nothing till he swear:
Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And Lawful Favour by his Place:
565 And for his bringing Custom in,
Has all Advantages to win.
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Council to advise
570 Which way t'encounter, or surprise,
And after long Consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' Occasion;
Most apt, for what I have to do,
As Counsellor, and Justice too.
575 And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for such a Case.

- An Old dull Sor; who told the Clock
For many Years at *Bridewell-dock*,
At *Westminster*, and *Hick's-Hall*,
580 And *Hiccius-Doccius* play'd in all;
Where in all Governments and Times,
H'had been both Friend and Foe to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindring Justice, or maintaining:
585 To many a Whore gave Privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of *Quarteridge*;

Cart-loads of *Bawds* to Prison sent,
 For b'ing behind a Fortnight's Rent;
 And many a trusty *Pimp* and *Crony*
 To *Puddle-dock*, for want of Money.
 Engag'd the *Constable* to seize
 All those, that would not break the Peace;
 Nor give him back his own foul Words,
 Though sometimes *Commoners*, or *Lords*;
 And kept 'em Prisoners of Course,
 For being *sober at ill Hours*,
 That in the Morning he might Free,
 Or bind 'em over for his Fee.
 Made *Monsters fine*, and *Puppet-Plays*,
 For leave to Practice, in their ways:
 Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a share
 With th' *Headborough*, and *Scavenger*.
 And made the Dirt i'th' Streets compound,
 For taking up the publick Ground:
 The *Kennel*, and the *King's High-way*,
 For being unmolested, Pay.
 Let out the *Stocks*, and *Whipping-Post*,
 And *Cage*, to those that gave him most;
 Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,
 And for *False Weights* on *Chandelers*.
 Made *Viſnwallers* and *Vintners fine*
 For Arbitrary *Ale* and *Wine*.
 But was a kind and constant Friend
 To all that Regularly offend:
 As *Residentary Bawds*,
 And *Brokers that receive stol'n Goods*;
 That cheat in *Lawful Mysteries*,
 And pay *Church-Duties*, and his *Fees*;
 But was implacable and awkward,
 To all that *Interlop'd* and *Hawker'd*.

- To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
 For Counsel in his *Law-Affairs*:
 And found him mounted, in his Pew,
 With *Books* and *Money* plac'd, for Shew,
 625 Like *Nest Eggs*, to make *Clients* lay,
 And for his false Opinion pay:
 To whom the Knight, with comely Grace
 Put off his Hat, to put his Case:
 Which he as proudly entertain'd,
 630 As th' other courteously strain'd,
 And to assure him, 'twas not that
 He look'd for; Bid him put on's Hat.
Quoth he; There is one *Sidrophel*,
 Whom I have cudgel'd — *Very well*.
 635 And now he brags to have beaten me,
Better and better still, 'quo' he.
 And vows to stick me to the Wall,
 Where'er he meets me — *Best of all*.
 'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath.
 640 That I robb'd him — *Well done, in Truth*.
 When h' has confess'd, he stole my Cloak,
 And pick'd my Fob, and what he took;
 Which was the Cause that made me bang
 And take my Goods again — *Marry hang*.
 645 Now whether I should before hand
 Swear he robb'd me? — *I understand*.
 Or bring my *Action of Conversion*
 And *Trover* for my Goods? — *Ab Whore*.
 Or if 'tis better to indite,
 650 And bring him to his Trial? — *Right*.
 Prevent what he designs to do,
 And swear for th' State against him? — T

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Or whether he that is Defendant,
 In this Case, has the better End on't;
 Who putting in a new Cross-Bill,
 May traverse th' Action? — *Bitter still.*
 Then there's a Lady too. — *I marry,*
 That's easily prov'd accessary.
 A Widow, who, by solemn Vows,
 Contracted to me, for my Spouse,
 Combin'd with him to break her Word,
 And has abetted all. — *Good Lord!*
 Suborn'd th' afore said *Sidrophel*,
 To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell.*
 Who put m' into a horrid Fear,
 Fear of my Life. — *Make that appear.*
 Made an Assault, with Fiends and Men,
 Upon my Body. — *Good agen.*
 And kept me in a deadly Fright,
 And false Imprisonment all Night;
 Mean while they robb'd me, and my Horse,
 And stole my Saddle. — *Worse and worse.*
 And made me mount upon the bare Ridge,
 T' avoid a wretcheder Miscarriage.
 Sir, quo' the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
 You have as good and fair a Battery,
 As heart can wish, and need not shame
 The proudest Man alive to claim.
 For if they've us'd you, as you say;
 Marry, quo' I, God give you Joy:
 I wou'd it were my Case, I'd give
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe;
 I wou'd so trounce her, and her Purse,
 I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse;

- 685 For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by Destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and chuse,
As Cross I win, and Pile you lose:
And if I darst, I would advance
- 690 As much, in ready Maintenance;
As upon any Case I've known,
But we that practise dare not own,
The Law severely contrabands,
Our taking Business off Mens Hands;
- 695 'Tis common Barratry, that bears
Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,
And crops them till there is no Leather,
To stick a Pin in, left of either;
For which, some do the Summer fault,
- 700 And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But you may swear at any rate,
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Justice here
A Witness is not said to swear,
- 705 But make Oath, that is, in plain Terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
I thank you, quo' the Knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat----
For Justice, tho' she's painted blind,
- 710 Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity; else Right and Wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a slight,
Conveys Men Interest, and Right,
- 715 From *Stiles's* Pocket, into *Noke's*,
As easily as *Hocus Pocus*;

Plays fast and loose, makes Men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *Hiccius Doccius*.

Then whether you wou'd take her Life,

Or but recover her for your Wife :

Or be content with what she has,

And let all other Matters pass,

The Business to the Law's all one,

The Proof is all it looks upon;

And you can want no Witnesses,

To swear to any thing you please,

That hardly get their meer Expences

By th' Labour of their Consciences;

Or letting out to hire, their Ears,

To Affidavit Customers,

At inconsiderable Values,

To serve for Jury-Men, or Tallies,

Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,

Of Trustees, and Administrators.

For that, *Quo' he*, let me alone;

W'have store of such, and all our own;

Bred up and Tutour'd, by our Teachers,

The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.

That's well! *Quo' he*, but I shou'd Guess,

By weighing of Advantages,

Your surest way is first to pitch

On *Bongey*, for a Water-Witch:

And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,

Y'have time enough to deal with her.

In th' interim; spare for no Trepan,

To draw her Neck, into the Banes;

Fly her with Love-Letters, and Billets,

And Bait 'em well, for Quirks and Quillers.

- 685 For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by Destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and chuse,
As Crofs I win, and Pile you lose:
And if I darst, I would advance
- 690 As much, in ready Maintenance;
As upon any Case I've known,
But we that practise dare not own,
The Law severely contrabands,
Our taking Business off Mens Hands;
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Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,
And cropsthem till there is no Leather,
To stick a Pin in, left of either;
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In th' interim; spare for no Trepan,

To draw her Neck, into the Banes;

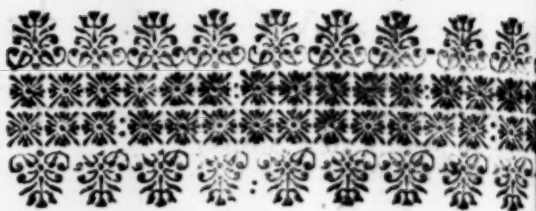
Fly her with Love-Letters, and Billets,

And Bait 'em well, for Quirks and Quillets.

- With Trains t' inveigle, and surprise,
 750 Her Heedless Answers and Replies:
 And if she miss the Mouse-trap Lines,
 They'll serve for other By-Designs:
 And make an Artist understand,
 To Copy out her Seal or Hand;
 755 Or find void Places in the Paper,
 To steal in something to Intrap her.
 'Till with her Worldly Goods, and Body,
 Spight of her Heart, she has endow'd ye;
 Retain all sorts of Witnesses,
 760 That ply i'th' *Temples*, under Trees;
 Or Walk the Round, with Knights, their Hosts;
 About the cross legg'd Knights, o'th' Posts;
 Or wait for Customers between
 The Pillar Rows in *Lincolns-Inn*:
 765 Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bail,
 And Affidavit-Men, ne'er fail
 T' expose to Sale, all sorts of Oaths,
 According to their Ears and Cloaths.
 Their only necessary Tools,
 770 Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.
 And when y' are furnish'd with all Purveys,
 I shall be ready at your Service.
 I wou'd not give, quoth *Hudibras*,
 A Straw to understand a Case,
 775 Without the admirable Skill,
 To wind and manage it at Will:
 To Vere, and Tack, and steer a Cause,
 Against the Weather-gage of Laws;
 And ring the Changes upon Cases,
 780 As plain as Noses upon Faces,

As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee;
I long to practise your Advice,
And try the subtle Artifice:
To bait a Letter as you bid,
As not long after thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.





An Heroical
EPISTLE
OF
Hudibras to his Lady

I Who was once as great as *Cesar*,
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar*.
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,
As ever took degree in War,
5 Or did his *Exercise in Battle*,
By you turn'd out to *Graze with Cattle*.
For since I am deny'd Access
To all my Earthly Happiness,
Am fallen from the *Paradise*
10 Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*;

ART III. Hudibras to his Lady. 337

Lost to the World, and you, I'm sent
 To everlasting Banishment.
 Where all the *Hopes* I had t'*have won*
 Your Heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
 Yet if you were not so severe
 To pais your Doom, before you hear,
 You'll find, upon my just Defence,
 How much y'have wrong'd my Innocence.
 That once I made a *Vow* to you,
 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
 But not, because it is unpaid,
 'Tis Violated, though delay'd.
 Or if it were, it is no Fault,
 So heinous as you'd have it thought,
 To undergo the Loss of Ears,
 Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*;
 For there's a Difference in the Case,
 Between the Noble and the Base;
 Who always are observ'd t'have don't
 Upon as different account:
 The one for great and weighty Cause,
 To save, in Honour, ugly Flaws.
 For none are like to do it sooner,
 Than those who're nicest of their Honour.
 The other for base Gain and Pay,
 Per swear, and Perjure by the Day;
 And make th' Exposing and Retailing
 Their Souls and Consciences, a Calling.
 It is no Scandal, or Aspersions,
 Upon a Great and Noble Person,
 To say, he nat'rally abhor'd
 Th' old fashion'd Trick, To keep his Words;
 Though 'tis Perfidiousness and Shame,
 In meaner Men, to do the same.

- 45 For to be able to *Forget*,
Is found more useful, to *the Great*,
Than *Gout*, or *Deafness*, or *bad Eyes*,
To make 'em pass for wond'rous *Wise*,
But though the *Law*, on *Perjurers*,
50 Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears*;
It is not *just*, that does exempt
The *Guilty*, and *punish th' Innocent*;
To make the *Ears* repair the *Wrong*,
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue*;
55 And when one *Member* is *forsworn*,
Another to be *cropt* or *torn*.
And if you shou'd, as you *design*,
By *Course of Law*, recover *mine*,
You're like, if you *consider right*,
60 To gain but little *Honour by't*.
For he that for his *Lady's sake*
Lays down his *Life* or *Limbs* at *stake*,
Does not so much deserve her *Favour*,
As he that *pawns* his *Soul* to have her.
65 This y' have *acknowledg'd* I have *done*,
Altho' you now *disdain* to *own*;
But *sentence*, what you rather *ought*
T' esteem *Good Service*, than a *Fault*.
" Besides, *Oaths* are not bound to bear
70 " That *Literal Sense* the *Words* infer;
" But by the *Practice of the Age*,
" Are to be *judg'd* how far th' *engage*.
" And where the *Sense* by *Custom's checks*,
" Are found *Void*, and of *none effect*.
75 " For no *Man* takes or keeps a *Vow*,
" But just as he sees others *do*.
" Nor are th' *oblig'd* to be so *brittle*,
" As not to *yield* and *bow* a *little*;

" For as best temper'd Blades are found,
 " Before they break, to bend quite round:
 " So truest *Oaths* are still most tough,
 " And, tho' they *bew*, are *Breaking proof*.
 Then wherefore shou'd there not b' allow'd
 In Love a greater Latitude?

For as the Law of Arms approves
 All ways to Conquest, so shou'd *Love's*;
 And not be ty'd to True or False,
 But make that justest that prevails;
 For how can that which is above
 All *Empire, High and mighty Love*,
 Submit its great Prerogative,
 To any other Pow'r alive?

Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place,
 Become the Subject of a Case?

The *Fundamental Law of Nature*,
 Be over-rul'd by those made after?
 Commit the Censure of its *Cause*
 To any but its own great Laws?

Love, that's the World's Preservative,
 That keeps all Souls of things alive;
 Controls the mighty *Power of Fate*,
 And gives Mankind a longer Date;
 The Life of Nature, that restores,
 As fast as *Time and Death*, devours;
 To whose Free-Gift the World does owe,
 Not only Earth, but Heav'n too:

For Love's the only Trade that's driv'n,
 The *Interest of State in Heav'n*,
 Which nothing but the Soul of Man
 Is capable to entertain.

For what can Earth produce, but *Love*,
 To represent the *Joys above*?

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- Or who but Lovers, can converse,
Like Angels, by the Eye-Discourse?
- 115 Address and Complement by Vision,
Make Love, and court by Intuition?
And burn in am'rous Flames as fierce,
As those Celestial Ministers?
Then how can any thing offend,
- 120 In order to so *great an End*?
Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,
That for its own Supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind Mistake,
A Pardon for th' Offence's Sake.
- 125 Or if it did not, but the *Cause*
Were left to th' Injury of *Laws*,
What Tyranny can disapprove
There shou'd be *Equity* in Love?
For Laws, that are inanimate,
- 130 And feel no Sense of Love, or Hate,
That have no Passion of their own,
Nor Pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on Criminals, as strict.
- 135 But to have *Power to forgive*,
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in *Crowns, a nobler Gem*,
To grant a Pardon, than Condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
- 140 'Tis great, t' indulge a well-meant Fault;
For why shou'd he who made Address,
All humble ways, without Success;
And met with nothing in return,
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
- 145 Not strive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his Design?

He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,
 Blown up with *Philters of Love Powder*;
 And after letting Blood and Purging,
 Condemn'd to voluntary Scourging;
 Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
 And claw'd by *Goblins*, in the Night;
 Insulted on, Revil'd and Jeer'd,
 With rude Invasion of his Beard;
 And when your Sex was foully scandal'd,
 As foully by the Rabble handled;
 Attack'd by despicable Foes,
 And drub'd with mean and vulgar Blows;
 And after all, to be debarr'd
 So much as standing on his Guard;
 When Horses being spur'd and prick'd,
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
 Or why shou'd you, whose *Mother-Wits*
 Are furnish'd with all Perquisites;
 That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
 And *Nursing Babies*, that *Lie* in;
 Allow'd to put all Tricks upon
 Our *Cully Sex*, and we use none?
 We who have nothing but frail Vows
 Against your Stratagems t'oppose;
 Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
 By which we are no less put down?
 You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
 And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*:
 Retire the more, the more we press,
 To draw us into Ambushes.
 As *Pyrats* all false Colours wear,
 T'incap th'unwary Mariner:
 So Women, to surprise us, spread
 The borrow'd *Flags of White and Red*.

342 *An Heroical Epistle of* PART

Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Then their old Grand-mothers, the *Piffs*:
And raise more Devils *with their Looks*,
Than *Conjurers less subtil Books*.

185 Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,
In *Towers, and Curls, and Perriwigs*,
With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,
Than PHILIP NYE's *Thanksgiving-Beard*.
Prepost'rously to entice, and gain,
190 Those to adore 'em they disdain:
And only draw 'em in, to clog,
With idle Names, a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his Mistress, but the more a Slave;
195 And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a Favour from her Hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust, or just.
Then, when he is compell'd by her
200 T' Adventures, he won'd else forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withstand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when Necessity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
205 And therefore when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *our great Allie, and Yours*,
Join'd Forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd Flesh and Blood;
All I have done, unjust or ill,
210 Was in Obedience to your Will:
And all the Blame that can be due,
Falls to your Cruelty and you.

Nor are those Scandals I confess,
Against my Will and Interest,

More than is daily done of Course
 By all Men, when they're under Force.
 Whence some, upon the Rack, confess
 What th' *Hangman* and their *Prompters* please;
 But are no sooner out of Pain,
 Than they deny it all again.

But when the Devil turns Confessor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no Pleasure
 To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
 And therefore, when I told him none,
 I think it was the wiser done.

Nor am I without Precedent,
 The first that on th' Adventure went:
 All Mankind ever did of Course,

And daily does the same, or worse.
 For what *Romance* can shew a Lover,
 That had a *Lady* to recover,
 And did not steer a nearer Course,
 To fall aboard in his Amours?

And what at first was held a Crime,
 Has turn'd to Honourable in Time.

To what a Height did *Infant Rome*,
 By Ravishing of Women, come?
 When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,
 And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:
 They ne'er *Forswore* themselves, nor *Ly'd*,
 Nor in the Mind they were in, *Dy'd*:
 Nor took the Pains t' *address* and *sue*,
 Nor *plaid the Masquerade* to woo.

Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents;
 Nor juggled about Settlements:
 Did need no *License*, nor no *Priest*,
 Nor Friends, nor Kindred, to assist;

344 *An Heroical Epistle of* PART I

- Nor Lawyers, to join *Land and Money*,
 250 In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*,
 Before they settled Hands and Hearts,
 Till *Alimony*, or *Death* them parts:
 Nor wou'd endure to stay until
 Th' had got the very *Bride's* good Will.
 255 But took a wife and shorter Course
 To win the Ladies, *Down-right Force*.
 And justly made 'em Prisoners then,
 As they have often since, us Men;
 With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Figs*,
 260 The luckiest of all Love's Intrigues:
 And when they had them at their Pleasure,
 Then talk'd of *Love*, and *Flames*, at leisure.
 For after *Matrimony's* over,
 He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
 265 Deserves, for ev'ry *Minute*, more,
 Than *half a Year* of Love before:
 For which the Dames, in Contemplation
 Of that best way of Application,
 Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known;
 270 By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won:
 And such as all Posterity
 Could never equal, nor come nigh.
 For Women first were made for Men,
 Not Men for them. — It follows then,
 275 That Men have Right to every one,
 And they no Freedom of their own:
 And therefore Men have Pow'r to chuse,
 But they no Charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course
 280 So e'er we take to your *Amours*,
 Tho' by the Indirectest way,
 'Tis no *Injustice*, nor *Foul Play*.

And that you ought to take that Course,
 As we take you, *for better or worse*;
 And gratefully submit to those
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why shou'd every Savage Beast
 Exceed this great Lord's Interest?
 Have freer Pow'r than he, in *Grace*
 And *Nature*, o'er the Creature has?
 Because the Laws he since has made,
 Have cut off all the Power he had;
 Retrench'd the absolute Dominion
 That Nature gave him over Women;
 When all his Pow'r will not extend,
 One *Law of Nature* to suspend:
 And but to offer to Repeal,
 The smallest Cause, is to Rebel.
 This, if Men rightly understood
 Their Privilege, they wou'd make good;
 And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
 T'encroach on their Prerogatives.
 For which Sin they deserve to be
 Kept, as they are, in Slavery:
 And this, some precious *Gifted Teachers*,
 Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers*,
 And disobey'd in making Love,
 Have vow'd to all the World to prove,
 And make ye suffer, as ye ought,
 For that uncharitable Fault.
 But, I forget my self, and rove
 Beyond th'Instructions of my Love.
 Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame,
 Th'Extravagancy of my *Flame*,
 Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
 Excess of Love, and Temper too.

346 *An Heroical Epistle of PART I*

- All I have said that's *bad, and true,*
 Was never meant to aim at you;
 Who have so Sov'reign a Controul
 320 O'er that poor Slave of yours, *my Soul:*
 That rather than to forfeit you,
 Has ventur'd *loss of Heav'n* too.
 Both with an equal Pow'r possesse,
 To render all that serve you blest:
 325 But none like him, who's destin'd either
 To *have,* or *lose* you, both together.
 And if you'll but this Fault release,
 (For so it must be, since you please,)
 I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
 330 Which you *commanded,* and I *swore,*
 And expiate upon my Skin,
 Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.
 For 'tis but just, that I shou'd pay
 Th' accruing Penance for delay.
 335 Which shall be done, until it move
 Your equal Pity, and your Love.
 The *Knight,* perusing *this Epistle,*
 Believ'd he'd brought her to *his Whistle;*
 And read it, like a jocund Lover,
 340 With great Applause t' himself, twice ov
 Subscrib'd his *Name,* but at a fit
 And humble distance, *to his Wit:*
 And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the Bottom of his Heart:
 345 Then seal'd it with his *Coat of Love,*
A smoking Faggot — and above,
 Upon a Scroll — *I burn and weep,*
 And near it — *For her Ladyship;*
 Of all her Sex most excellent,
 350 *These to her gentle Hands present.*

Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Lessons how t' observe and eye her.
She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the Letter.
But guessing that it might import,
Tho' nothing else, at least her Sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With maay a Smile and leering Flout:
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.





THE
LADY's Answer
TO THE
KNIGHT

THAT you're a *Beast*, and turn'd to Grass;
Is no strange News, nor ever was;
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the Pound *Replevin* you,
5 When both your *Sword* and *Spurs* were won
In Combat, by an *Amazon*;
That *Sword*, that did (like Fate) determine
Th'inevitable Death of *Vermine*;
And never dealt its furious Blows,
10 But cut the Threads of *Pigs* or *Cows*;
By *Trulla* was, in *single Fight*,
Disarm'd, and wrested from its *Knight*.
Your Heels *Degraded* of your *Spurs*,
And in the Stocks close Prisoners:
15 Where still they'd lain, in base Restraint,
If I, in Pity of your Complaint,
Had not, on Hon'able Conditions,
Releas't 'em from the worst of Prisons;
And what Return that Favour mer,
20 You cannot (though you wou'd) forget;

ART III. *The Lady's Answer.* 349

When being free, you strove t'evade,
 The Oaths you had in Prison made:
 Forswore your self, and first deny'd it,
 But after own'd, and justify'd it:
 And when y' had falsely broke one Vow,
 Absolv'd your self, by *breaking two*.
 For while you sneakingly submit,
 And beg for Pardon at our Feet:
 Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
 To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*;
 And doubting 'twas in Vain to sue,
 You claim us boldly as your due.
 Declare that Treachery and Force
 To deal with us, is th'only Course.
 We have no Title nor Pretence,
 To *Body, Soul, or Conscience*:
 But ought to fall to that Man's share,
 That claims us for his proper Ware.
 These are the Motives, which t'induce,
 Or fright us into Love, you use,
 A pretty new Way of *Gallanting*,
 Between *Solliciting* and *Ranting*;
 Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
 For *Charity* at once, and *threat*.
 But since you undertake to prove
 Your own Propriety in Love,
 As if we were but *Lawful Prize*
 In War, between two Enemies;
 Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover,
 That wou'd but sue for, might recover;
 It is not hard to understand
 The *Mystery* of this bold Demand:
 That cannot at our Persons aim,
 But something capable of Claim.

- 55 'Tis not those *paultry Counterfeit*
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set,
 But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,
 And set your Am'rous Hearts on fire:
 Nor can those false *St. Martin's Beads*,
 60 Which on our Lips you lay for *Reds*;
 And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
 Add Fuel to your scorching Flames;
 But those true *Rubies* of the Rock,
 Which in our Cabinets we lock.
 65 'Tis not those *Orient Pearls*, our Teeth,
 That you are so transported with;
 But those we wear about our Necks,
 Produce those Amorous Effects.
 Nor is't those *Threads of Gold*, our Hair,
 70 The *Perruigs* you make us wear;
 But those bright *Guinea's* in our Chests,
 That light the Wild-Fire in your Breasts.
 These Love-Tricks I've been vers'd in so,
 That all their sly *Intrigues* I know,
 75 And can unriddle, by their *Tones*,
 Their *Mystick Cabals*, and *Jargons*:
 Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
 Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds;
 What Raptures fond, and Amorous,
 80 O' th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my House;
 What *Extasie*, and *scorching Flame*,
 Burns for my *Mony*, in my Name.
 What from th'unnatural Desire,
 To *Beasts* and *Cattel*, take its Fire;
 85 What tender *Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,
 Longs for a *Thousand Pound a Year*;
 And languishing *Transports* are fond
 Of *Statute*, *Mortgage*, *Bill* and *Bond*.

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These are th' Attracts which most Men fall
 90 Inamour'd, at first Sight, withal.

To these th' Address with *Serenades*,
 And Court with *Balls* and *Masquerades*;
 And yet, for all the yearning Pain
 Y'have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain:

95 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
 To have, and t'hold, and to enjoy;
 That all your *Oaths*, and *Labour* lost,
 They'll ne'er turn *Ladies of the Post*.

This is not meant to disapprove

100 Your Judgment in your Choice of Love;
 Which is so wise, the greatest Part
 Of Mankind study't as an Art;
 For Love shou'd, like a *Deodand*,
 Still fall to th' Owner of the Land.

105 And where there's Substance, for its Ground
 Cannot but be more firm, and sound,
 Than that which has the slighter Basis
 Of *Airy Virtue*, *Wit* and *Graces*:
 Which is of such thin Subtilty,
 110 It steals and creeps in at the Eye,
 And, as it can't endure to stay,
 Steals out again, as nice a way.

But Love, that its Extraction owes
 From solid *Gold*, and *precious Stones*;
 115 Must, like its shining Parents, prove
 As *Solid*, and as *Glorious Love*.
 Hence 'tis, you have no way t'express
 Our *Charms* and *Graces*, but by these:
 For, what are *Lips*, and *Eyes*, and *Teeth*,
 120 Which *Beauty* invades, and conquers with?
 But *Rubies*, *Pearls* and *Diamonds*,
 With which, as *Philisers*, Love Commands?

- This is the way all Parents prove,
 In managing their Childrens Love;
 125 That force 'em t'*inter-marry and wed,*
 As if 'twere *Bur'ng of the Dead.*
 Cast *Earth to Earth,* as in the *Grave,*
 To join in Wedlock all they have;
 And when the *Settlement's* in force,
 130 Take all the rest, *for Better, or Worse:*
 For *Mony* has a *Power* above
 The *Stars* and *Fate,* to manage *Love:*
 Whose *Arrows,* *Learned Poets* hold,
 That never miss, are *tipp'd with Gold,*
 135 And tho' some say, the *Parents* claims
 To make *Love* in their *Childrens Names:*
 Who many times, at once, provide
 The *Nurse, the Husband, and the Bride.*
 Feel *Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames;*
 140 And *woo, and contract, in their Names;*
 And as they *Christen,* use to marry 'em,
 And, like their *Gossips,* answer for 'em:
 Is not to give in *Matrimony,*
 But *sell and prostitute* for *Mony.*
 145 'Tis better than their own *Betrothing,*
 Who often do't for worse than nothing.
 And when th'are at their own *Dispose,*
 With greater disadvantage chuse.
 All this is right; but for the *Course*
 150 You take to do't, by *Fraud, or Force,*
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
 As told, 'tis never to be done;
 No more than *Setters* can *betray,*
 That tell what *Tricks* they are to play.
 155 *Marriage,* at best, is but a *Vow;*
 Which all *Men* either *break, or bow:*

Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who *perjure*, when they do but *was*?
 Such as beforehand *Swear and Lie*,
 For *Earnest* of their Treachery:
 And rather than a Crime confess,
 With greater strive to make it *less*;
 Like *Thieves*, who, after Sentence past,
 Maintain their Innocence to th' last;
 And when their Crimes were made appear,
 As plain as Witnesses can swear;
 Yet, when the Wretches come to die,
 Will take upon their Death a Lie.
 Nor are the Virtues, you confess'd
 T'your *Ghostly Father* as you guess'd,
 So slight, as to be justify'd,
 By b'ing, as shamefully, deny'd.
 As if you thought your Word wou'd pass
 Point-blank on both sides of a Case;
 Or Credit were not to be lost,
 B' a brave *Knight-Errant of the Post*,
 That eats, perfidiously, his Word,
 And swears his Ears thro' a two Inch-Board:
 Can own the same Thing, and disown;
 And *perjure* Booty, *Pro* and *Con*:
 Can make the Gospel serve his Turn,
 And help him out to be forsworn;
 When 'tis laid Hands upon and kiss'd,
 To be betray'd, and sold, like *Christ*.
 These are the Virtues, in whose Name,
 A Right to all the World you claim:
 And boldly challenge a Dominion,
 In *Grace and Nature*, o'er all the Women,
 Of whom, no less will satistie,
 Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.

Altho' you'll find it a hard Province,
 With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,
 To govern such a numerous Crew,
 Who, one by one, now govern you:

195 For if you all were *Salomons*,
 And *Wise* and *Great*, as he was once;
 You'll find th'are able to subdue,
 (*As they did him*) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
 200 'Tis by your own Temptation done:
 That with your Ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the Slight.
 For when we find y'are still more taken
With false Attractions of your own making,

205 Swear that's a *Rose*, and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots, to us that laid it on?

And what we did but slightly prime,
 Most ignorantly daub in Rhime:
 You force us, in our own Defences,

210 To copy *Beams*, and *Influences*;
 To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,
 To draw *Attractions* upon our Faces:
 And in compliance to your Wit,
 Your own false Jewels counterfeit.

215 For, by the Practice of those Arts.
 We gain a greater share of Hearts:
 And those deserve in Reason most,
 That greatest Pains and Study cost;
 For great Perfections are, like Heav'n,

220 Too rich a Present, to be giv'n.
 Nor are those *Master-strokes of Beauty*
 To be perform'd without *Hard Duty*.
 Which, when they're nobly done, and well
 The simple Natural excel.

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How fair and sweet's the *Planted Rose*,
Beyond the *Wild* in *Hedges* grows?
For, without *Art*, the noblest *Seeds*
Of *Flowers* degenerate into *Weeds*:
How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a *Diamond*?
Tho' *Paradise* were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without *Care*.
The whole *World*, without *Art* and *Dress*,
Would be but one great *Wilderness*;
And *Mankind* but a *Savage Herd*,
For all that *Nature* has conferr'd.
This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Design*,
Leaves *Art* to *Polish* and *Refine*.
Tho' *Women* first were made for *Men*,
Yet *Men* were made for them *agen*:
For when (*out-witted by his Wife*)
Man first turn'd *Tenant*, but *for Life*;
If *Women* had not interven'd,
How soon had *Mankind* had an *End*;
And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone you are in *Debt*.
And where's your *Liberty of Choice*,
And our unnatural *No Voice*?
Since all the *Privilege* you *boast*,
And falsely *usurp'd*, or *vainly lost*,
Is now our *Right*; to whose *Creation*,
You owe your *Happy Restoration*.
And if we had not weigh y *Cause*
To not appear in making *Laws*,
We cou'd, in spight of all your *Tricks*,
And *Shallow, Formal Politicks*,
Force you our *Managements* t'o *obey*,
As we to yours (in *shew*) give way.

- Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
 260 T'advance your *high Prerogative*,
 You basely, after all your Braves,
 Submit, and own your selves our Slaves.
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publicly our Int'rests own;
 265 Like Sots, suppose we have no Shares
 In ord'ring you, and your Affairs:
 When all your Empire and Command,
 You have from us at *second Hand*.
 As if a *Pilot*, that appears
 270 To sit still only, while he steers,
 And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like every common *Mariner*,
 Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*,
 And did not guide the *Man of War*.
 275 Nor we, because we don't appear
 In *Councils*, do not govern there.
 While, like the mighty *Prestor John*,
 Whose Person none dares look upon,
 But is preserv'd in *close Disguise*
 280 From being made *cheap* to vulgar Eyes,
 W'enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,
 To govern him, as he does Men:
 And in the Right of our *Pope Joan*,
 Make *Emp'rors* at our Feet fall down.
 285 Or *Joan de Pucel's* braver Name,
 Our Right to *Arms* and *Conduct* claim;
 Who, tho' a *Spinster*, yet was able
 To serve *France* for a *Grand Constable*.
 We make, and execute all *Laws*;
 290 Can judge the *Judges*, and the *Cause*.
 Perscribe all *Rules of Right and Wrong*,
 To th' *Long Robe*, and the *Longer Tongue*.

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'Gainst which the World has no Defence,
But our more pow'rful Eloquence.

We manage Things of greatest Weight
In all the World's Affairs of State,
And Ministers of War and Peace,
That sway all Nations how we please.
We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,
Heretical, and Orthodox.

And are the Heavenly Vehicles
O'th' Spirits, in all Conventicles:
By us is all Commerce and Trade
Improv'd, and Manag'd, and Decay'd.

For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that Price, as what we sell.
We rule in ev'ry Publick Meeting,
And make Men do what we judge fitting:
Are Magistrates in all Great Towns,
Where Men do nothing, but wear Gowns.
We make the Man of War strike Sail,
And to our braver Conduct vail.
And, when h'has chac'd his Enemies,
Submit to us upon his Knees.

Is there an Officer of State,
Untimely rais'd, or Magistrate,
That's Haughty and Imperious?
He's but a Journeyman to us,

That, as he gives us cause to do'r,
Can keep him in, or turn him out,

We are your Guardians, that increase,
Or waste your Fortunes how we please:
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your Matters, Ill or Well.

'Tis we that can dispose alone,
Whether your Heirs shall be your own.

- To whose Integrity you must,
 In spight of all your Caution, trust;
 And 'less you *fly beyond the Seas*,
 330 Can fit you with what Heirs we please:
 And force you t' own 'em, tho' begotten
 By *French Valets*, or *Irish Footmen*.
 Nor can the rigorouslest Course
 Prevail, unless to make us worse.
- 335 Who, still the harsher we are us'd,
 Are further off from being reduc'd;
 And t'orn t'abate, for any Ills,
 The least *Punctilio's of our Wills*.
 Force does but whet our Wits t' apply
- 340 Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
 Which all your *Politicks*, as yet,
 Have ne'er been able to defeat;
 For when y' have try'd, *all sorts of Ways*,
 What Fools do we make of you in Plays?
- 345 While all the Favours we afford,
 Are but to girt you with the Sword,
 To fight our Battels in our steads,
 And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads:
 Encounter, in despite of Nature,
- 350 And fight at once with Fire and Water,
 With Pyrates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
 Our *Fride* and *Vanity* t' appease.
 Kill one another, and cut Throats,
 For our good Graces and best Thoughts;
- 355 To do your Exercise for Honour,
 And have your Brains beat out the sooner;
 Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
 Things that are never to be known:
 And still appear the more Industrious,
- 360 The more your Projects are Preposterous,

To square the Circle of the Arts:
 And run stark mad to shew your Parts.
 Expound the Oracle of Laws,
 And turn them which way we see Cause.
 Be our Solicitors, and Agents,
 And stand for us in all Engagements.

And these are all the *Mighty Powers*,
 You vainly boast, to cry down ours.
 And what in real Value's wanting,
 Supply with Vapouring and Ranting:
 Because your selves are terrify'd,
 And stoop to one another's Pride:
 Believe we have as little Wit
 To be *out hector'd* and *submit*:

By your *Example*, lose that Right
 In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight*:
 And terrify'd into an Awe,
 Pass on our selves a *Salique Law*:
 Or, as some Nations use, give place,
 And truckle to your *Mighty Race*:
 Let Men usurp th'unjust Dominion,
 As if they were the *better Women*.





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Ibid. l. 3

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ANNOTATIONS

TO THE

FIRST PART.

Page 2. Line 24. *That cou'd as well bind o'er, as swaddle.*

BIND over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-Man.

Ibid. l. 38. *As Montaigne playing with his Cat.*

Montaigne, in his Essays, supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for losing his Time in playing with her.

P. 3. l. 66. *Treſonably ſkill'd in Analytique.*

Analytique is a Part of *Logick*, that teaches to decline and contruct *Reaſon*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

P. 4. l. 93. *A Babylonish Dialect.*

Confuſion of Languages, ſuch as ſome of our Modern *Writers* uſ'd to expreſs themſelves in.

P. 5. l. 115. *That had the Orator, who once.*

Cicero, who is ſaid to have a Deſect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by uſing to ſpeak with little Stones in his Mouth.

P. 5. l. 143. *He cou'd reduce all Things to Atoms.*

The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural Things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences, and when they had refin'd them into the nicest Subtleties, gave them as insignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* says) the simpler Things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their Definitions of Things by Atoms, the nearer to Nonsense.

P. 6. l. 147. *Where Truth in Person does appear.*

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real Thing, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting those Notions or Images of Things (in the Understanding of Man) into the same State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature; and therefore *Aristotle* says, *Quodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.* Met. L. 2.

Ibid. l. 148. *Like Words congel'd in Northern Air.*

Some report, that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, New Words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at Thaw may be heard.

Ibid. l. 173. *He knew the Seat of Paradise.*

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise: Sir *Ralph Raleigh* has taken a great deal of Pains to collect them in the beginning of his *History of the World*; where they who are unsatisfy'd, may be fully inform'd.

P. 7. l. 180. *By a high Dutch Interpreter.*

Gereonius Becanus endeavours to prove, that High-Dutch is the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* spoke in *Paradise*.

Ibid. l. 181. *If either of them had a Navel.*

Adam and *Eve* being made, and not conceiv'd and foisted in the Womb, had no Navels, as some Learned Men have supposed, because they had no need of them.

P. 7. l. 82. *Who first made Muck walkable.*

It is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the Sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

P. 8. l. 232. *Like Mahomet's, were As and Wildgeon.*

Mahomet had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His As was so intimate with him, the *Mahometans* believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and stays there with him, to bring him back again.

P. 9. l. 257. *It was Monastick, and did grow
In Holy Orders by strict Vow.*

He made a Vow never to cut his Beard, until the Parliament had subdu'd the King; of which Order of Phanaticque Votaries, there were many in those Times.

P. 10. l. 281. *So Learned Taliacotius, &c.*

Taliacotius was an *Italian* Chirurgeon that found out a way to repair lost and decay'd Noses.

P. 13. l. 389. *But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done, &c.*

Cromwe and *Colonel Pride* had been both Brewers.

P. 14. l. 433. *That Cæsar's Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.*

Cæsar had a Horse with Feet like a Man's. *Ut uba-
que insigni, pedibus prope humanis, & in modum digitorum
equis fessis.* Suet. in Jul. Cap. 61.

P. 15. l. 467. *The mighty Tyrian Queen that gain'd,
With subtil Shrews, a Tract of Land.*

A Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as She could compass with an Ox's Hide, which She cut into small Trongs, and cheated the Owner of so much Ground, & caus'd her to build *Charthage* upon.

P. 15. l. 476. *As the bold Trojan Knight, seen Hell,*

Aeneas, whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden Bough for a Pass to Hell; and Taylors call that Place Hell, where they put all they steal.

P. 17. l. 530. *In Magick, Talisman, and Cabal.*

Talisman is a Device to destroy any sort of Vermin, by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise Minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experimented by some Modern *Vitruosi* upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable Success.

Raymond Lully interprets *Cabal*, out of the *Arabic*, to signify *Scientia superabundans*; which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has render'd a very superfluous Foppery.

Ibid. l. 532. *As far as Adam's first Green Breeches.*

The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the Ancient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from the Knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise* before the Fall.

Ibid. l. 535. *And much of Terra Incognita,
The Intelligible World, cou'd say.*

The Intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, *Psittacorum Regio*, discover'd only by the Philosophers of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

Ibid. l. 538. *As learn'd as the Wild-Irish are.*

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the *Wild Irish*, as appears by the whole Practice of their Lives; of which see *Cambden* in the Description of *Ireland*.

P. 17

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P. 17. l. 545. *In Rosy-Crucian Love as learned,
As he that Vere Adeptus earned.*

The Fraternity of the *Rosy-Crucians*, is very like the Sect of the Ancient *Gnostici*, who call'd themselves so from the excellent Learning they pretended to, altho' they were really the most ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

The *Adeptus*, is one that has commenc'd in their Phana-
tique Extravagance.

P. 20. l. 647. *Thou that with Ale, or wiler Liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickers.*

Vickers was a Man of as great Interest and Authority in the late Reformation, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a Poet: He translated *Virgil's Aeneids* into as horrible Tracessy in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in *Burlesque*, and was only out-done in his Way by the Politique Author of *Oceana*.

P. 22. l. 717. *We that are wisely mounted higher.*

His Speech is set down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in his own Words: But since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry to admit of Humour, but all Men are oblig'd to speak wisely alike, and too much of so Extravagant a Folly would become tedious and imperfect; the rest of his Harangues have only his Sense express'd, in other Words, unless in some few Places, where his own Words could not be so well avoided.

P. 23. l. 755. *La bleaky Cynardomachy.*

Cynardomachy signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, tho' both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such Words very great Knowledge is contain'd: And our Knight, as one, or both, of those, was of the same Opinion.

P. 24. l. 761. *Of Force, we overvenerate it.*

Another of the same kind, which though it appear ever so Learned and Profound, means nothing else but the feeding of Corn.

P. 14. l. 780. *The Indians sought for the Truth,
Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.*

The History of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Tooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written by *Monte Blanc*. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the *Portuguese* from those that worshipp'd it, and though they offer'd a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were perswaded by their Priests rather to burn it. But as soon as the Fire was kindled, all the People present were not able to endure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the same Ingredients, with which Seamen use to compose that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

Ibid. l. 789. *The Rage in them like Boute-feus.*

Boute-feus is a *French* Word, and therefore it were unnecessary to suppose any *English* Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

P. 18. l. 906. *'Tis sung, there is a Valiant Mamaluke.*

Mamaluke's the Name of the Militia of the *Sultans* of *Egypt*; it signify'd a *Servant* or *Soldier*; they were commonly Captives, taken from amongst the *Christians*, and instructed in Military Discipline, and did not marry; their Power was great, for, besides that the *Sultans* were chosen out of their Body, they dispos'd of the most Important Offices of the Kingdom; they were formidable about 200 Years, 'till at last *Selim*, *Sultan* of the *Turks*, routed them, and kill'd their *Sultan*, near *Jeppo*, 1516, and so put an end to the Empire of the *Mamalukes*, which had lasted 267 Years. *Paulus* *vius*, &c.

Ibid. l. 916. *Honour is like a Widow woe.*

Our *English* Proverbs are not impertinent to this purpose.

*He that woos a Maid, must seldom come in her sight;
But he that woos a Widow, must woo her Day and Night.
He that woos a Maid, must feign, lie, and flatter;
But he that woos a Widow, must down with his Breeches and a*

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P. 39
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P. 40. l.

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his Proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. Ray says he would not have inserted it in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little Book, Entitled, *The Quakers Spiritual Court proclaim'd*; Written by *Nathaniel Smith*, Student in Physick; wherein the Author mentions it as Counsel given him by *Hilkiah Bedford*, an Eminent Quaker in London, who would have had him to have married a Rich Widow, in whose House he lodg'd. In case he could get her, this *Nathaniel Smith* had promised *Hilkiah* a Chamber gratis; the whole Narrative is worth the Reading.

P. 32. l. 60. *As Indian Britains are from Penguins.*

The American Indians call a great Bird they have, with a white Head, a *Penguin*; which signifies the same thing in the British Tongue: From whence (with other Words of the same kind) some Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That the Americans are Originally deriv'd from the Britains.

P. 38. l. 175. *And tho' his Country-Men, the Huns.*

His Custom of the Huns is describ'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*. *Munni Semicruda cujusvis Pecoris carne vescuntur, quam in femora sua & equorum terga subfertam, sots calefacient erit.* P. 686.

P. 39. l. 283. ----- *He spons'd in India,
Of Noble House a Lady-gay.*

A Story in *Le Blanc*, of a Bear that marry'd a King's Daughter, is no more strange than many others, in most Travellers, that pass with allowance; for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their Labour, and observ'd nothing but what they might have done as well at home.

P. 40. l. 343. *In Magick he was deeply real,
As he that made the Brazen-Head;
Profoundly skill'd in the Black-Art,
As English Merlin for his Heart.*

See *Bacon* and *Merlin*; see *Collier's Dictionary*.

P. 41.

P. 41. l. 368. *As Joan of France, or English Mall.*
Two Notorious Women; the last was known here by
the Name of *Mall Cut-purse*.

Ibid. l. 378. *Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.*

Penthesile, Queen of the *Amazons*, succeeded *Orithya*; She
carry'd Succours to the *Trojans*, and after having given
Noble Proofs of her Bravery, was kill'd by *Achilles*.
Pliny saith, it was She that invented the Battle-Ax. If
any one desire to know more of the *Amazons*, let him
read Mr. *Sanson*.

P. 42. l. 385. *They would not suffer the stout'st Dame*
To swear by Hercules's Name.

The old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Wo-
men to swear by, and therefore *Macrobius* says, *Viri per*
Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem.
Ad eum autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris
commune, &c.

Ibid. l. 393. *As stout Armida, bold Thalestris.*

Two formidable Women at Arms in Romances, that were
cudgel'd into Love by their Gallants.

Ibid. l. 395. *Of Gundibert, &c.*

Gundibert is a feign'd Name, made use of by Sir *William*
D'Avenant, in his Famous Epick Poem, so call'd; where
in you may find also that of his Mistress. This Poem
was design'd by the Author to be an Imitation of the
English Drama; it being divided into Five Books, as the
other is into Five Acts; the *Canto's* to be parallel to
the Scenes, with this difference, that this is deliver'd
Narratively, the other Dialogue-wise. It was usher'd
into the World by a large Preface written by Mr. *Hobbes*,
and by the Pens of two of our best Poets, viz. Mr. *Waller*,
and Mr. *Cowley*, which one would have thought
might have prov'd a sufficient Defence and Protection
against snarling Criticks. Notwithstanding which, some
Eminent Wits of that Age (two of which were Sir

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John Denham and Mr. Donne,) publish'd several Copies of Verses to Sir William's Discredit, under this Title, *Certain Verses written by several of the Author's Friends, to be Reprinted with the Second Edition of Gundibert*, in 8vo. Lond. 1653. These Verses were as wittily answered by the Author, under this Title, *The Incomparable Poem of Gundibert, vindicated from the Wit-Combat of four Esquires, Clinias, Damxatas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding*; Printed in 8vo. Lond. 1655. vid. Langbain's *Account of Dramatick Poets*.

P. 45. l. 496. *What Oestrum, &c.*

Oestrum is not only a *Greek* Word for Madness, but signifies also a Gad-Bee, or Horse-Fly, that torments Cattle in the Summer, and makes 'em run about as if they were mad.

P. 45. l. 525. *Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters.*

A few Days after the King had accus'd the five Members of Treason in the House of Commons; great Crouds of the Rabble came down to *Westminster-hall*, with printed Copies of the Protestation, ty'd in their Hats like Favours.

Ibid. l. 526. *When 'twas resolv'd by either House,
Six Members quarrel to espouse.*

The six Members were the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pym, Mr. Bille, Mr. Hamblen, Sir Arthur Haselrig, and Mr. Stroud, whom the King order'd to be apprehended, and their Papers seized; charging them of plotting with the *Scots*, and favouring the late Tumults; but the House voted against the Arrest of their Persons or Papers; whereupon the King having preferred Articles against those Members, he went with his Guard to the House to demand them; but they having Notice, withdrew.

P. 47. l. 579. *Make that Sarcasmos Scandal true!*

Active or insulting had been better, but our *Knight* believ'd the Learned Language more convenient to understand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

P. 49.

P. 49. l. 650. *And is indeed the self-same Case
With theirs, that swore t' Et cætera's*

The Convocation, in one of the Short Parliaments that usher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knight Errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy, for observing of Canonical Obedience; in which they enjoin'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with &c.

Ibid. l. 652. *Or the French League, in which Men wou'd
To fight to the last drop of Blood.*

The Holy League in France, design'd and made for the Extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Original, out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully transcrib'd. Nor did the Success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose; for after the Destruction of vast Numbers of People of all sorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: And as our Covenanters swore every Man to run one before another in the way of Reformation, so did the French in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of Blood.

P. 70. l. 134. *First Trulla stow'd, and Cerdon tail'd.*

Staving and Tailing are Terms of Art us'd in the *Beau-Garden*, and signifie there only the parting of Dogs and Beasts. Tho' they are us'd Metaphorically in several other Professions, for moderating; as Law, Divinity, Hectoring &c.

P. 71. l. 153. *Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the circumcised Brethren.*

Fryn, Bastwick, and Burton, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for their Profession of the Godly Party, not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took Possession of it in their Names.

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FIRST PART. 371

P. 76. l. 318. *That old Pygmalion, &c.*

Pygmalion, King of *Tyre*, was the Son of *Margenus* or *Mesbres*, whom he succeeded, and liv'd 56 Years, whereof he Reign'd 47. *Dido*, his Sister, was to have Governed with him, but it was pretended the Subjects thought it not convenient; She married *Sichæus*, who was the King's Uncle, and very Rich; wherefore he put him to Death; and *Dido* soon after departed the Kingdom. Poets say, *Pygmalion* was punished for the Hatred he bore to Women, with the Love he had to a Statue.

P. 99. l. 1122. *By him that baited the Pope's Bull.*

A Learned Divine in King *James's* Time wrote a Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-name of, *The Pope's Bull baited*.

P. 100. l. 1166. *Canonical Crabat of Smeck.*

Smeckymus was a Club of Five Parliamentary Holders-forth; the Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves express'd, in that senseless and insignificant Word: They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament-Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats. About the beginning of the Long-Parliament, in the Year 1641, these five wrote a Book against Episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscrib'd their Names; being *Stephen Marshall*, *Edmond Calamy*, *Thomas Young*, *Matthew Newcomen*, *William Spurstow*, and from thence they and their Followers were called *Smeckymnuans*. They are remarkable for another Pious Book, which they wrote some time after that, Entitl'd, *The King's Cabinet Unlock'd*, wherein all the chaste and endearing Expressions, in the Letters that pass'd betwixt his Majesty King *Charles I.* and his Royal Consort, are by these painful Labourers in the Devil's Vineyard, turn'd into Burlesque and Ridicule: Their Books were answered with as much Calmness and Gentleness of Expression, and as much Learning and Honesty, by the Reverend M. *Symonds*, then a depriv'd Clergyman, as theirs was stuff'd with Malice, Spleen, and rascally Reflections.

P. 103.

P. 103. l. 1249. *So Cardinals, they say, do grape
At th' other End the new made P*

This relates to the Story of Pope *Joan*, who was called *John VIII.* *Platina* saith She was of *English* Extract but born at *Mente*; who having disguised her self a Man, travell'd with her Paramour to *Athens*, where She made such Progress in Learning, that coming to *Rome*, She met with few that could equal her, so on the Death of Pope *Leo IV.* She was chosen to succeed him; but being got with Child by one of her mesticks, her Travel came upon her between the *Christian* Theatre and *St. Clements*, as She was going to *Lateran* Church, and died upon the Place, having lived two Years, one Month, and four Days, and was buried there without any Pomp. He owns, that for Shame of this the Popes decline going through this Street to *Lateran*; and that, to avoid the like Error, when Pope is plac'd in the *Torphiry* Chair, his Genitals are felt by the youngest Deacon, through a Hole made for that purpose; but he supposes the Reason of that to be to put him in Mind that he is a Man, and Obnoxious to the Necessities of Nature; whence he will have his Seat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria*.

Ibid. l. 1262. *To leave your Vitiligation.*

Vitiligation is a Word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible Occasions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a neglect of his Learning. *Parts*, though it means no more than a perverse Humour of Wrangling.

P. 707. l. 1373. *Mere Disparata, &c.*

Disparata, are things separate and unlike; from the Word *Dispare*.

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Some Additional ANNOTATIONS TO THE FIRST PART.

Page 1. Line 1. *When Civil Dudgeon, &c.*

Dudgeon. Who made the Alterations in the last Editions of this Poem, I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse; and I cannot believe the Author would have changed a Word so proper in that Place, as *Dudgeon* is, for that of *Fury*, as it is in the last Editions; *To take indignation*, is inwardly to resent some Injury or Affront, sort of Grumbling in the Gizzard, and what is previous to actual Fury.

P. 3. l. 62. *To make some think him Circumcis'd.*

There again is an Alteration without any Amendment; for the following Lines,

*And truly so he was, perhaps
Not as a Profelyte, but for Claps.*

S

Are

Are thus changed;

*And truly so perhaps he was,
'Tis many a Fious Christian's Case.*

The Heathens had an odd Opinion, and have a strange Reason why *Moses* impos'd the Law of Circumcision on the *Jews*, which, how untrue soever, I will give my Learned Reader an Account of, without Translation. I find it in the Annotations upon *Horace*, wrote by my worthy and Learned Friend Mr. *William Baxter*, the Restorer of the Ancient, and Promoter of Modern Learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. Lib. I.

*Curtis; Quia pellicula imminui sunt: quia Moses Re-
deorum, cujus Legibus reguntur, negligentia QUO-
medicinaliter exsectus est & ne solus esset notabilis, omne
eumcisi voluit. Vet. Schol. Vocem QUO-Deus que
scita Librarii exciderat reposuimus ex conjectura, &
medicinaliter exsectus pro medicinalis effectus que nihil e-
Quis miretur ejusmodi convicia homini Epicureo &
Pagano excidisse? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Di-
Organum videtur. Etiam Satyra Quinta hæc ha-
Censulat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei
dentissime disputant.*

P. 4. l. 103. Or Cerberus himself, &c.

Cerberus; A Name which Poets give a Dog with three Heads, which they feign'd Door-Keeper of Hell, to keep out those who carefss'd the Unfortunate Souls sent thither, and deny them that would get out again; yet *Hercules* ty'd up and made him follow. This Dog with three Heads denotes the Past, the Present, and the Time to come, which receive, and as it were devour all things. *Hercules* got the better of him, which shews that Heroic Actions are always Victorious over Time, because they are present in the Memory of Posterity.

P. 5. l. 120. Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater.

Tycho Brahe was an eminent Danish Mathematician. See *Collin's Dictionary*, or elsewhere.

Ibid. l. 131

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Ibid. l. 131. *Whatever Sceptick could enquire for.*

Pyrrho was the Chief of *Sceptick* Philosophers, and was at first, as *Apollodorus* saith, a Painter, then became the Hearer of *Driso*, and at last the Disciple of *Anaxagoras*, whom he followed into *India* to see the *Gymnosophists*. He pretended that Men did nothing but by Custom; that there was neither Honesty nor Dishonesty, Justice nor Injustice, Good nor Evil. He was very Solitary, lived to be 90 Years old, was highly esteemed in his Country, and created Chief Priest. He lived in the Time of *Epicurus* and *Theophrastus*, about the 120th O-lym-*piad*. His Followers were call'd *Pyrrhonians*; besides which they were named the *Ephesicks*, and *Aphoreticks*, or more generally *Scepticks*. This Sect made their chiefest Good to consist in a Sedateness of Mind, exempt from all Passions; in regulating their Opinions, and moderating their Passions, which they called *Ataxia* and *Metropathia*, and in suspending their Judgment in regard of Good and Evil, Truth or Falshood, which they call'd *Epochi*. *Sextus Empiricus*, who liv'd in the Second Century under the Emperor *Antoninus Pius*, writ Ten Books against the Mathematicians or Astrologers, and three of the *Pyrrhonian* Opinion. The Word is deriv'd from the Greek *πρὸς ἑαίρεσιν*, quod est, *considerare, spectare*.

P. 6. l. 151. *In School-Divinity as able
As he that Hight Irrefragable, &c.*

Irrefragable is another Alteration of three or four Lines, I think, for the worse.

Some specifick Epithets were added to the Title of some famous Doctors, as *Angelicus*, *Seraphicus*, *Irrefragabilis*, *Sublimis*, &c. Vide *Vossii Etymolog.* *Baillet Jugemens de Scavans*, & *Tassin's Apparatus*.

Ibid. l. 153. *A Second Thomas, or at once,
To name them all, another Duns.*

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Fryar, was born in 1224. Studied at *Cologne* and *Paris*. He new-modelled the School Divinity,

Divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelick Doctor*, and *Eagle of Divines*. The most illustrious Persons of his Time were ambitious of his Friendship, and put a high Value on his Merits, so that they offer'd him Bishoricks, which he refused with as much Ardor as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth Year of his Age, and was Canonized by Pope *John XXII*. We have his Works in 18 Volumes, several times printed.

Johannes Duns Scotus was a very Learned Man, who lived about the End of the Thirteenth, and Beginning of the Fourteenth Century. The *English* and *Scots* strive which of them shall have the Honour of his Birth. The *English* say, he was born in *Northumberland*; the *Scots* alledge, he was born at *Duns* in the *Mers*, the neighbouring County to *Northumberland*, and hence was called *Duns Scotus*: *More Buchanan*, and other *Scotch* Historians are of this Opinion, and for Proof cite his Epitaph;

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia educuit, Germania tenet.*

He died at *Cologne*, *Novemb. 8th, 1308*. In the Supplement to *Dr. Cave's Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary Learned in *Physicks*, *Metaphysicks*, *Mathematicks*, and *Astronomy*; that his Fame was so great when at *Oxford*, that 30000 Scholars came thither to hear his Lectures: That when at *Paris*, his Arguments and Authority carried it for the *Immaculate Conception* of the *Blessed Virgin*; so that they appointed a Festival on that Account, and would admit no Scholars to degrees, but such that were of this Mind. He was a great Opposer of *Thomas Aquinas's* Doctrine, and for being very acute Logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the Reason also, that an old Punster always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

Ibid. l. 158. *As tough as Learned Sorbonist.*

Sorbon was the first and most considerable College of the University of *Paris*; founded in the Reign of *St. Louis* by *Robert Sorbon*, which Name is sometimes given to the whole University of *Paris*, which was founded about the Year 741, by *Charlemagne*, at the Persuasion of

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P. 10.

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Ibid.

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Learned *Alcuinus*, who was one of the first Professors there; since which Time it has been very Famous. This College has been Rebuilt with an extraordinary Magnificence, at the Charge of Cardinal *Richieu*, and contains Lodgings for 36 Doctors, who are called the Society of *Sorbon*. Those which are received among them before they have received their Doctors Degree, are only said to be of the *Hospitality of Sorbon*. Claud. Hémérac de Acad. *Paris* Spondan. in Annal.

P. 10. l. 281. So Learned *Taliacotius* from.

Taliacotius was chief Surgeon to the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, and wrote a Treatise, *De curis Membris*, which he Dedicates to this great Master; wherein he not only declares the Models of his wonderful Operations in restoring of lost Members, but gives you Cuts of the very Instruments and Ligatures he made use of therein; from hence our Author (*cum Poetica Licentia*) has taken his simile.

Ibid. l. 189. For as *Aeneas* bore his Sire.

Aeneas was the Son of *Anchises* and *Venus*; a *Trojan*, who after long Travels came into *Italy*, and after the Death of his Father-in-Law, *Latinus*, was made King of *Latium*, and Reigned three Years; his Story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil's Aeneids*. *Troy* being laid in Ashes, he took his aged Father *Anchises* upon his Back, and rescued him from his Enemies. But being too solicitous for his Son and Household Gods, he lost his Wife *Cressa*; which Mr. *Waller* in his Excellent Translation thus expresses:

Haste, my dear Father, ('tis no time to wait.)
And load my Shoulders with a willing Freight.
Whate'er befalls, your Life shall be my Care,
One Death, or one Deliverance, we will share.
My Hand shall lead our little Son, and you,
My Faithful Consort, shall our Steps pursue.

P. 11. l. 337. *For Arthur wore in Hall.*

Who this *Arthur* was, and whether any ever reign'd in *Britain*, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some this very Day. However, the History of him, which makes him one of the Nine Worthies of the World, is a Subject sufficient for the Poet to be pleasant upon.

P. 12. l. 359. ————— *Toledo trusty,*

The Capital City of *New-Castile* in *Spain*, with an Archbishoprick and Primacy: It was very Famous, among other things, for tempering the best Metal for Swords, as *Damascus* was, and perhaps may be still.

P. 17. l. 526. *As three or four legg'd Oracle.*

Read the Great *Geographical Dictionary*, under that Word.

Ibid. l. 539. *Or Sir Agrippa——*

They who would know more of *Sir Cornelius Agrippa* here meant, may consult the Great Dictionary.

Ibid. l. 541. *He Anthroposophus and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood.*

Anthroposophus is only a compound *Greek* Word, which signifies a Man that is Wise in the Knowledge of Man, and is us'd by some Anonymous Author to conceal his true Name.

Dr. Floud was a sort of an *English Rosy-Crucian*, whose Works are Extant, and as Intelligible as those of *Jacob Behmen*.

P. 28. l. 906. *'Tis sung there is a Valiant Mamaluke.*

No Question but the Rhime to *Mamaluke*, was meant *Samuel Luke*, of whom in the Preface. *Vid.* p. 366. the foregoing Annotations.

P.

P. 31. l.

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Horses.

Ibid.

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P. 34. l.

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Archer.

Ibid. l. 133

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P. 35.

for the Histo
vels.

FIRST PART. 379

P. 32. l. 47. *That is to say, whether Tollutation,
As they do term't, or Succussation.*

*ollutation and Succussation are only Latin Words for Am-
bling and Trotting, though I believe both were na-
tural amongst the old Romans; since I never read, they
made use of the Tramel, or any other Art to pace their
Horses.*

Ibid. l. 65. *The dire Pharfalian Plain, &c.*

*Pharfalia is a City of Thessaly, Famous for the Battel won
by Julius Caesar against Pompey the Great, in the Neigh-
bouring Plains, in the 607 Year of Rome, of which
read Lucan's Pharfalia.*

P. 34. l. 129. *Chiron, that four-legg'd Bard, &c.*

*Chiron, a Centaure, Son to Saturn and Philyris, living in the
Mountains, when being much given to Hunting, he
became very knowing in the Virtues of Plants, and
one of the most Famous Physicians of his Time. He
imparted his skill to Aesculapius, and was after-
wards Apollo's Governor, until being Wounded by
Hercules, and desiring to die, Jupiter placed him in Hea-
ven, where he forms the Sign of Sagittarius, or the
Archer.*

Ibid. l. 133. *In Staffordshire, where Virtuous Worth
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth, &c.*

*The whole History of this Ancient Ceremony, you may
read at large in Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire, under
the Town Tutbury.*

P. 35. l. 155. *Grave as the Emperor of Pegu.*

*For the History of Pegu, read Mandelsa and Olearius's Tra-
vels.*

P. 35.

P. 35. l. 172. In *Military Garden* Paris.

Paris Garden in *Southwark*, took its Name from the Professor.

P. 37. l. 231. Though by *Promethean Fire* made.

Promethean Fire. *Prometheus* was the Son of *Itapetus*, and Brother of *Atlas*, concerning whom the Poets have feign'd that having first formed Men of the Earth and Water, he stole Fire from Heaven to put Life into them; and that having thereby displeased *Jupiter*, he commanded *Vulcan* to tie him to Mount *Caucasus* with Iron Chains, and that a *Vulture* should prey upon his Liver continually; but the Truth of the Story is, That *Prometheus* was an Astrologer, and constant in observing the Stars upon that Mountain, and that among other things, he found the Art of making Fire, either by the Means of a Flint, or by contracting the Sun-Beams in a Glass. *Bochart* will have *Magog* in the Scripture, to be the *Prometheus* of the Pagans.

He here and before Sarcastically derides those who were great Admirers of the Sympathetick Powder and Weapon Salve; which were in great Repute in those Days, and much promoted by the Great Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who wrote a Treatise *ex professo* on that Subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true; which since has been almost exploded out of the World.

P. 38. l. 267. And'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred.

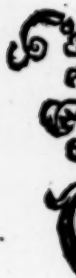
Cossacks are a People that live near *Poland*; this Name was given them for their extraordinary Nimbleness; for *Cosa* or *Kosa* in the *Polish* Tongue, signifies a Goat. He that would know more of them, may read *La Labreur* and *Thuklennus*.

P. 93. l. 923. For as the French we conquer'd once,
Now gives us *Laws* for *Pantaloon*s, &c.

*Pantaloon*s and *Port-Canons*, were some of the Fantastick Fashions, wherein we Ap'd the French.

At
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of *Celena*,
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Tany, Ho-7a



*At quisquis Insula satius Britannica
 Sic patriam insolens fastidiet suam,
 Ut more simia laboret fingere,
 Et amulari Gallicas ineptias,
 Et amne Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium,
 Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur,
 Sic Dii jubite, fiat ex Gallo Capus.*

Tho. More.

Eu is a River of *Phrygia*, rising out of the Mountains of *Celena*, and discharging it self into the River *Sanger*, the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures Madness; but largely drank, it makes Men Frantick. *Tüny, Horatius.*



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P. 11

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P. 118.

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ANNOTATIONS

TO THE

SECOND PART.

Page 111. Line 1. *But now to observe, &c.*

THE beginning of this Second Part, may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written on purpose in Imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IVth Book of his *Aeneids* in the very same manner, *At Reges gravi, &c.* And this is enough to satisfy the Curiosity of those, who believe, that Invention and Fancy ought to be measured (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the Power of the Critick.

P. 117. l. 205. *A Saxon Duke did grow so fat;*

This History of the Duke of Saxony, is not altogether so strange as that of a Bishop, his Country-Man, who was quite eaten up with Rats and Mice.

P. 118. l. 237. *King Pyrrhus cur'd his Splenetick !
And testy Courtiers with a Kick,*

Pyrrhus King of Epyrus, as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in this Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienosis medetur*, L. 7. C. 11.

P 119.

P. 119. l. 159. *In close Catasta shut, &c.*

Catasta is but a pair of Stocks in *English*. But Heroic Poetry must not admit of any vulgar Word (especially of paltry Signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import foreign Words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Erantry and as in the one they rendered the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sottish way of describing them: So they have abused the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such Stories upon them, as this upon Saint *Agnes*.

P. 123. l. 393. *This made the Beauteous Queen of Crete.*

The History of *Pasiphae* is common enough; only this may be observed, That though She brought the Bull a Son and Heir, yet the Husband was fain to Father it; it appears by the Name, perhaps because the Country being an Island, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

P. 124. l. 438. *As your own Secretary Albertus.*

Albertus Magnus was a Swedish Bishop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum*.

P. 125. l. 470. *Unless it be to squint and laugh.*

Pliny in his *Natural History* affirms, that *Uni animalium oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Putorius Lib. 2.*

P. 127. l. 532. *As Friar Bacon's Noddle wat.*

The Tradition of Friar *Bacon* and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly known; and considering the Times he lived in, is not much more strange than what another great

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P. 127.

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P. 128.
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SECOND PART. 385

Philosopher of his Name, has since deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a String, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it self, and tell exactly against the sides of the Divining Cup, the same thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

P. 127. l. 533. *Nor (like the Indian's Skull,) so tough,
That, Authors say, 'twas Musquet proof.*

American Indians, among whom (the same Authors affirm) that there are others, whose Sculls are so soft, to use their own Words, *Ut Digito perferari possunt.*

P. 128. l. 556. *Or Oracle from Heart of Oak,*

Jupiter's Oracle in Epirus, near the City of Dodona, Ubi Nemo erat Jovi sacrum, Quercum istum, in quo Jovis Dodonai Templum fuisse narratur.

P. 132. l. 715. *Semiramis of Babylon.*

Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented Eunuchs. Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima. Am. Marcel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd Horses into her Embraces (as another Queen did a Bull;) but that perhaps may be the Reason why she after thought Men not worth the while.

P. 133. l. 725. *For some Philosophers of late here.*

S. K. D. in his Book of *Bodies*; who has this Story of the *German-Boy*, which he endeavours to make good, by several Natural Reasons; by which those who have the Dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

P. 136. l. 845. *A Persian Emp'r or whip'd his Grammar.*

Ixos, who us'd to whip the Seas and Wind. In Corinis atque Eurum solitus seuire Flagellis. Juven. Sat. 10.

P. 140. l. 15. *So th' ancient Stoicks in the Porch.*

Porticus (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus, mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecit sunt. Diog. Laert.

in Vita Zanonis, -p. 383. Those old *Virtuoso's* were better Proficients in those Exercises, than Modern, who seldom improve higher than Cuffing and Kicking.

P. 140. l. 19. *That Bonum is an Animal.*

Scutum is such a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuosi* from Don *Quixot* will have Windmills under Sail to be. The same Authors are of Opinion, That all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat, but when they are run on Ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

P. 151. l. 413. ----- *In a Town*

There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

The History of the Cobler has been attested by Persons of good Credit, who were upon the Place when it was done.

P. 155. l. 548. *Have been exchange'd for Tubs of Ale.*

The Knight was kept Prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several Exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at last releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd upon all occasions to declare.

P. 159. l. 678. *Bore a Slave with him in his Chair.*

----- *Es sibi Consul*

Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.

Juven. Sat. 10.

Ibid. l. 683. *Hung out their Mantles Della-Guerre.*

Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra torum poni, quasi admonitio, & indicium futura pugna. *Ibid.* *in Tacit.* p. 56.

Ibid. l. 687. *Next Links and Torches, &c.*

That the Roman Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by Day) in publick, appears by *Julian* in *Pertinac.* *Lip.* in *Tacit.* p. 16.

P.

SECOND PART. 387

P. 165. l. 879. *Vespasian being dau'd with Dirt.*

Caesar succensus, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto iussit oppleri, congesto per milites in pretexta sinum, Sueton. in Vespas. C. 5.

P. 170. l. 139. *Has not this present Parliament
A Ledger to the Devil sent?*

The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian Times had a Commission to discover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the compass of one Year, and among the rest, the old Minister, who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

P. 171. l. 159. *Did he not help the Dutch to purge
At Antwerp their Cathedral Church?*

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common People of *Antwerp* in a Tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines; and did so much Mischief in a small time, that *Serada* writes, there were several Devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

Ibid. l. 161. *Sing Catches to the Saints at Mascon.*

This Devil at *Mascon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoirs*, written in *French*.

Ibid. l. 163. *Appear in divers Shapes to Kelly,
And speak i' th' Nun at Loudon's Belly.*

The History of Dr. Dee and the Devil, published by *Messrs. Causabon, Isaac. Fil.* Prebendary of *Canterbury*, has a large Account of all those Passages; in which the Stile of the true and false Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the same Person. The Nun of *Loudon* in *France*, and all her Tricks, have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good Observations upon the *French Book*, written upon that occasion.

Ibid. l. 165. *Meet with the Parliaments Committee
At Woodstock, on a Personal Treaty.*

A Committee of the long Parliament sitting in the King's House in *Woodstock-Park* were terrify'd with several Apparitions, the Particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

Ibid. l. 167. *At Sarum took a Cavalier.*

Wishers has a long Story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the King's Army, who being a Prisoner at *Salisbury*, and drinking a Health to the Devil upon his Knees, was carried away by him through a single Pane of Glass.

P. 173. l. 224, *Since old Hodg Bacon.*

Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward I.* and for some little Skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was by the Rabble accounted a Conjuror, and had the sottish Story of the *Brazen Head* fasten'd upon him, by the Ignorant Monks of those days. *Robert Grossthead* was Bishop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen. III.* He was a Learned Man for those Times, and for that Reason, suspected by the Clergy to be a Conjuror; for which Crime being degraded by Pope *Innocent IV.* and summon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of *Christ*; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a *Premunire*, for offering to sue in a Foreign Court.

P. 175. l. 313. *Which Socrates, and Chærephon,
In vain assay'd so long ago.*

Aristophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, measuring the Leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's.

P. 178. l. 404. *Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.*

This *Fisk* was a late famous Astrologer, who flourish'd about the time of *Subtile*, and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnson*.

P. 179.

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P. 189

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SECOND PART. 389

P. 179. l. 436. *Unless it be the Cannon-Ball.*

This Experiment was try'd by some foreign *Virtuoso's*, who planted a piece of Ordnance point-blank against the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude that it sticks in the Mark; but *Des Cartes* was of Opinion, that it does but hang in the Air.

P. 180. l. 477. *As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick.*

This *Sedgwick* had many Persons (and some of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the Day of Judgment with him, but were disappointed; for which the false Prophet was afterwards call'd by the Name of *Doomsday Sedgwick*.

P. 184. l. 609. *Your Modern Indian Magician
Makes but a Hole i' th' Earth to piss in.*

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by Monsieur *Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *East-Indies*.

P. 185. l. 627. *Bumbastus kept a Devil's Bird, &c.*

Paracelsus is said to have kept a small Devil Prisoner in the Pommel of his Sword, which was the Reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink: Howsoever, it was to better purpose than *Annibal* carried Poison in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surpriz'd in any great Extremity; for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honour of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

Ibid. l. 635. *Agrippa kept a Scyian Pug.*

Cornelius Agrippa had a Dog that was suspected to be a Spirit, for some Tricks he was wont to do, beyond the Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of Pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from that Aspersion; in which he has shew'd a very great Respect and Kindness for them both.

P. 186. l. 679. *As Averrhois play'd but a mean Trick,*
Averrhois Astronomiam propter Excentricos contempsit. Phil. Me-
 lancton in Elem. Phis. p. 781.

P. 187. l. 691. *The Median Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter,*

Astyages, King of Media, had this Dream of his Daughter
Mandane, and the Interpretation from the Magi; where-
fore he married her to a Persian of a mean Quality, by
whom She had Cyrus, who conquered all Asia, and trans-
lated the Empire from the Medes to the Persians. He-
rodor. l. 2.

Ibid. l. 679. When Cæsar in the Senate fell.

Finnt aliquando prodigiosi, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occi-
Cæsare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore can-
tinuo. Plin.

Ibid. l. 701. Augustus having b' Oversight. &c.

Erunt Augustus Lævum sibi prodidit calceum propostere indutus,
quo die seditione Militum prope afflictus est. Idem l. 2.

Ibid. l. 709. The Roman Senate, when within
The City-Walls an Owl was seen.

Romani L. Crasso & C. Mario Coss. Bubone viso orbem iugra-
bant.

P. 188. l. 737. *For Anaxagoras long ago,*
Saw Hills as well as you i'th' Moon.

Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum esse, & Peloponnesum
majorem: Lunam Habitacula in se habere, & Colles, & Valles.
Fertur dixisse Cælum omne ex Lapidibus esse compositum; Dan-
natus & in exilium pulsus est, quod impie Solem candentem lunam
esse dixisset. Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11, 13.

P. 192. l. 865. *Th' Egyptians say, the Sun has twice*
Shifted his Setting, and his Rise.

Ægyptii Decem millia Annorum & amplius recensent; & ob-
servatum est in hoc tanto spatio, bis mutata esse Loca Ortuum &
Occasuum Solis, ita ut Sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, & bis
descenderit.

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Ibid.

Causa quar
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Ibid.

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P. 193.

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P. 195.

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SECOND PART. 391

descenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. Pag. 60.

Ibid. l. 871. *Some hold the Heavens, like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up*

Causa quare Caelum non cadit (secundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus. Comment. in L. 2. Aristot. de Cælo.

Ibid. l. 877. *Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.*

Plato Solem & Lunam ceteris Planetis inferiores esse putavit. G. Gunnin. in Cosinogr. L. 1. p. 11.

Ibid. l. 138. *The learned Scaliger complain'd.*

Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Apfida Terræ esse propriam, quam Ptolomæi ætati duodecim partibus, i. e. uno & triginta terræ semidiâmetris. Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

P. 193. l. 895. *Cardan believ'd great States depend, &c.*

Tutus Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda, Helicæ seu Majoris Ursæ omnia magnum Imperium pendere. Idem p. 325.

Ibid. l. 913. *Than th' old Chaldean Conjurers
In so many hundred thousand Tears.*

Chalæi jactant se quadringenta septuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, experiundisque Puerorum Animis posuisse. Cicero.

P. 195. l. 975. *Like Money by the Druids borrow'd, &c.*

Druida pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in posteriore vita reddituri. Patricius Tom. 2. p. 9.

P. 196. l. 1001. *That paltry Story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such Gulls as you.*

There was a notorious Idiot (that is here describ'd by the Name and Character of *Wbachum*) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*,
who

who could not write himself, and yet made a Shift to stand on the Pillory, for Forging other Mens Hands, as his Fellow *Whachum* no doubt deserv'd; in whose abominable Doggerel, this Story of *Hudibras* and a French Mountebank at *Brentford Fair*, is as properly described.

P. 197. l. 1024. *That the Vibration of this Pendulum
Shall make all Taylors Tards of one
Unanimous Opinion.*

The Device of the Vibration of a *Pendulum*, was intended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that should have its Foundation in Nature) all the World over: For by swinging a Weight at the End of a String, and calculating (by the Motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would last, in Proportion to the Length of the String, and Weight of the *Pendulum*, they thought to reduce it back again, and from any Part of Time, compute the exact Length of any String that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of Time: So that if a Man should ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of *Sattin*, or *Taffata*, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way to measure Things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

P. 199. l. 1113. *Before the Secular Prince of Darknes.*

As the Devil is the Spiritual Prince of Darknes, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs in the Night with as great Authority as his Colleague, but far more impudently.

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P. 213.

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ANNOTATIONS

TO THE

THIRD PART.

Page 212. Line 15. *And more untoward to be won,
Than by Caligula the Moon.*

C *Aligula* was one of the Emperors of *Rome*, Son of *Germanicus* and *Agrippina*. He would needs pass for a God, and had the Heads of the Ancient Statues of the Gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead, and used to stand between the Statues of *Castor* and *Pollux* to be worshipped, and often bragged of lying with the *Moon*.

P. 213. l. 43. *And us'd the only Antique Philters,
Derived from old Heroick Tilters.*

Philters were Love Potions, reported to be much in Request in former Ages; but our true *Knight-errant* Hero made use of no other, but what his noble Atchievements by his Sword produced.

Ibid.

Ibid. l. 52. *To th' Ordeal Tryal of the Laws.*

Ordeal Tryals were, when supposed *Criminals*, to discover their Innocence, went over several red hot Coulter Irons. These were generally such whose Chastity was suspected, as the Vestal Virgins, &c.

P. 214 l. 93. *So Spanish Heroes, with their Lances,
At once wound Bulls and Ladies Fancies;
And he acquires the noblest Spouse,
That widows greatest Herds of Cows.*

The young *Spaniards* signaliz'd their Valour before the *Spanish Ladies* at *Bull-Feasts*, which often proved very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild Bull, kept up on purpose, and let loose at the Combatant; and he that kills most carries the Lawrel, and dwells highest in the Ladies Favour.

P. 215. l. 137. *To pawn his inward Ears to marry her.*

His *exterior Ears* were gone before, and so out of Danger; but by *inward Ears* is here meant his Conscience.

P. 219 l. 252. *Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice.*

A *Speaking Trumpet*, by which the Voice may be heard at a very great distance, very useful at Sea.

Ibid. l. 276. *As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing.*

This alludes to some abject Letchers, who used to be disciplined with *amorous Lashes* by their *Mistresses*.

P. 221. l. 313. *Rewitch Hermetick Men to run
Stark-staring mad with Manicon.
Believe Mechanick Virtuosi
Can raise them Mountains in Potofi.*

Hermes Tresmegistus, an *Egyptian* Philosopher, and said to have lived *Anno Mundi* 2076, in the Reign of *Ninus* after *Moses*. He was a wonderful Philosopher, and proved that there was but one *God*, the Creator of all Things.

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and was the Author of several most excellent and useful Inventions; but those *Hermetick Men*, here mentioned, though the pretended Sectators of this great Man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of Enthusiasts, who make a Hodge-podge of *Religion* and *Philosophy*, and produce nothing but what is the Object of every considering Person's contempt.

Totofi is a City of *Tern*, the Mountains whereof afford great Quantities of the finest Silver in all the *Indies*.

P. 229. l. 603. *More wretched than an Ancient Villain,
Contemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling.*

Villainage was an Antient Tenure, by which the Tenants were obliged to perform the most abject and slavish Services for their Lords.

P. 230 l. 639. *Like Indian Widows gone to Bed,
In flatt'ring Curtains to the Dead.*

The *Indian Women*, richly attired, are carried in a splendid and pompous Machine to the funeral Pile, where the Bodies of their deceased Husbands are to be consumed, and there voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire; and such as refuse, their Virtue is ever after suspected, and they live in the utmost Contempt.

Ibid. l. 647. *For as the Pythagorean Soul
Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of every one,
So Love does, and has ever done.*

It was the Opinion of *Pythagoras*, and his Followers, that the Soul transmigrated (as they termed it) into all the diverse Species of Animals; and so was differently disposed and affected, according to their different Natures and Constitutions.

P. 232.

P. 232. l. 707. *For tho' Chineses go to Bed,
And lye-in in their Ladies Bed;
And for the Pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more.*

The *Chinese Men* of Quality, when their Wives are brought to bed, are nurs'd and tended with as much care as Women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing Diet, in order to qualify them for future Services.

P. 233. l. 751. *Transform them into Rams and Goats,
Like Sirens with their charming Notes.*

The *Sirens*, according to the Poets, were three Sea-Monsters, half *Women*, and half *Fish*; their Names were *Parthenope*, *Ligea*, and *Leucosia*. Their usual Residence was about the Island of *Sicily*, where by the charming Melody of their Voices, they us'd to detain those that heard them, and then transform'd them into some sort of brute Animals.

P. 234. l. 755. *By th' Husband Mandrake, and the Wife.*

Naturalists report, that if a *Male* and *Female Mandrake* lie near each other, there will often be heard a sort of a murmuring Noise.

P. 235. l. 797. *The World is but two Parts that meet,
And close at th' Equinoctial fit.*

The *Equinoctial* divides the Globe into *North* and *South*.

Ibid. l. 819. *Unless amongst the Amazons,
Or Vestal Friars, or Cloyster'd Nuns.*

The *Amazons* were Women of *Sarmatia*, of Heroic and great Achievements; they suffered no Men to live among them; but once every Year used to have Conversation with Men of the Neighbouring Countries, by which if they had a Male Child, they preferred either kill'd or crippled it; but if a Female, they brought it up to the Use of Arms, and burnt off one Breast, leaving the other to suckle Girls.

P. 236. l. 825. *The Moon inflames the humid Bod
Lunatickly.*

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P. 237. l. 865. *The Nymph of chaste Diana's Train,
The same with those in Lewknor's Lane.*

Diana's Nymphs, all of them vowed perpetual Virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact Observation of their Vow.

Lewknor's Lane, some Years ago, swarm'd with notoriously lascivious and profligate Strumpets.

Ibid. l. 877. *The Reason of it is, the Wife
Runs greater Hazards of her Life,
Is trusted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind by careful Nature,
While Man brings nothing but the Stuff
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of;
Who therefore in a straight may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly.*

Demanding the Clergy of her Belly, which, for the Reasons aforesaid, is pleaded in Excuse by those who take the Liberty to oblige themselves and Friends.

P. 243. l. 1086. *As Ironside or Hardiknute.*

Two Famous and Valiant Princes of this Country, the one a *Saxon*, the other a *Dane*.

P. 245. l. 1131. *But those that Trade in Geomancy,
Affirm to be the Strength of Fancy,
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.*

Lapland Magi. The *Laplanders* are an idolatrous People, far North; and it is very credibly reported by Authors and Persons that have travelled in their Country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called *Magick*.

Ibid. l. 1158. *To burning with hot Irons proceed.*
Allusion to cauterizing in Apoplexies, &c.

P. 250. l. 1321. *The Queen of Night, whose large Command
Rules all the Sea, and half the Land.*

The Moon influences the Tides, and predominates over all humid Bodies, and Persons distemper'd in Mind are called *Lunatics*.

P. 251. l. 1349. *And growing to thy Horse, a Centaur*

The *Centaur*s were a People of *Thessaly*, and supposed to be the first Managers of Horses, and the neighbouring habitants never having seen any such thing before, bulously reported them *Monsters*, half Men and half Horses.

P. 253. l. 1423. *Sir, (quoth the Voice) you are no Sophy*

Sophy is at present the Name of the Kings of *Persia*, but superadded as *Pharaoh* was to the Kings of *Egypt*; but the Name of the Family it self, and the Religion of *Phis*, whose Descendants by *Fatimas*, *Mahomes's* Daughter, took the Name of *Sophy*.

P. 254. l. 1454. *Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.*

Peccadillo's were stiff Pieces that went about the Neck and round about the Shoulders to pin the Band, worn by Persons nice in Dressing; but his wooden one in *Pillory*.

P. 255. l. 1483. *Hence 'tis Possession does lest Evil
Than meer Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horrid & Actions done,
Are charged in Courts of Law upon*

Criminals, in their Indictments, are charged with not having the Fear of God before their Eyes, but being led by Instigation of the Devil.

P. 256. l. 1521. *When to a Legal Utlegation,
You turn your Excommunication.*

When they return the Excommunication into the Chancery, there is issued out a Writ against the Person.

Ibid. l. 1524. *Destrain on Soul and Body too.*

Excommunication, which deprives Men from being Members of the visible Church, and formally delivers them up to the Devil.

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P. 160. l. 1. *The Learned write, an Insect Breeze.*

In Insect Breeze; Breezes often bring along with them great Quantities of Insects, which, some are of Opinion, are generated from viscous Exhalations in the Air; but our Author makes them proceed from a Cow's Dung, and afterwards become a Plague to that from whence it received its Original.

P. 251. l. 13. *For as the Persian Magi once,
Upon their Mothers got their Sons.*

The Magi were Priests and Philosophers amongst the *Persians*, intrusted with the Government both Civil and Ecclesiastick, much addicted to the Observation of the Stars. *Zoroaster* is reported to be their first Author: They had this Custom amongst them to preserve and continue their Families, by incestuous Copulation with their own Mothers. Some are of Opinion, that the three wise Men that came out of the *East* to worship our Saviour were some of these.

P. 252. l. 51. *At Michael's Term had many a Trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael, &c.*

St. Michael, an Archangel, mentioned in *St. Jude's* Epistle, Verse 9.

P. 253. l. 78. *And laid about as hot and Brain-sick,
As th' Utter Barrister of Swanfwick.*

William Trynne of *Lincoln's-Inn*, Esq; born at *Swanfwick*, who styled himself *Utter Barrister*, a very warm Person, and voluminous Writer; and after the Restoration, Keeper of the Records in the *Tower*.

P. 255. l. 146. *As Dutch Boors are to a Sooterkin.*

is reported of the *Dutch Women*, that making so great use of Stoves, and often putting them under their Petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly Monster, which is called a *Sooterkin*.

Ibid. l. 151. *T'our-cant the Babylonian Labourers,
At all their Dialects of 'fabberers.*

At the Building of the Tower of *Babel*, when God made the Confusion of Languages.

P. 167 l. 215. *Toss'd in a furious Hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his Reign,
And was believ'd as well by Saints
As Moral Men and Miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian Ferry,
Until he was relieved by Sterry.*

At *Oliver's* Death was a most furious Tempest, such as had not been known in the Memory of Man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this Nation.

This *Sterry* reported something ridiculously fabulous concerning *Oliver*, not unlike what *Proculus* did of *Romulus*.

Ibid. l. 224. *False Heaven at the end o'th' Hall,
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His precious Reliques to translate.*

After the Restoration *Oliver's* Body was dug up, and his Head set up at the farther end of *Westminster-hall*, near which Place there is an House of Entertainment, which is commonly known by the Name of *Heaven*.

Ibid. l. 227. *So Romulus was seen before,
By as Orthodox a Senator:
From whose divine Illumination,
He stole the Pagan Revelation.*

A Roman Senator, whose Name was *Proculus*, and much beloved by *Romulus*, made Oath before the Senate, that this Prince appeared to him after his Death, and predicted the future Grandeur of that City, promising to be Protector of it; and expressly charged him, that he should be adored there under the Name of *Quirinus*; and he had his Temple on *Mount Quirinale*.

Ibid. l. 231. *Next him his Son and Heir apparent
Succeeded, tho' a lame Vicegerent, &c.*

Oliver's eldest Son *Richard* was, by him before his Death, declared his Successor; and, by Order of Privy-Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the Compliments of Congratulation and Consolance, at the same time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and Addresses were presented to him from all Parts of the Nation, promising to stand by him with their Lives and Fortunes. He summoned a Parliament to meet at *Westminster*, which recog-

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recognized him *Lord Protector*; yet notwithstanding, *Fleetwood, Desborough*, and their Partisans, managed Affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

Ibid. l. 245. *To edifie upon the Ruins
Of John of Leyden's old Out-goings.*

John of Leyden, whose Name was *Buckhold*, was a *Butcher* of the same Place, but a crafty, eloquent and seditious Fellow, and one of those called *Anabaptists*: He went and set up at *Munster*, where, with *Knipperdoling*, and others of the same Faction, they spread their abominable Errors, and ran about the Streets in Enthusiastical Raptures, crying, *Repent, and be baptized*, pronouncing dismal *Woes* against all those that would not embrace their Tenets. About the Year 1533 they broke out into an open Insurrection, and seized the *Palace* and *Magazines*, and grew so formidable, that it was very dangerous for those who were not of their Perswasion to dwell in *Munster*; but at length he and his Associates being subdued and taken, he was executed at *Munster*, had his *Flesh* pull'd off by two Executioners with red-hot *Pincers*, for the Space of an *Hour*, and then run thro' with a *Sword*.

P. 271. l. 351. *'Amongst these there was a Politician
With more Heads than a Beast in Vision,
And more Intrigues in every one,
Than all the Whores of Babylon.*

This was the famous *E. of S.* who was endued with a particular Faculty of undermining and subverting all sorts of Governments.

P. 272. l. 409. *And better than by Napier's Bones,*
The famous *Lord Napier* of *Scotland*, the first Inventor of *Logarithms*, contrived also a Set of square Pieces, with Numbers on them, made generally of *Ivory* (which perform *Arithmetical* and *Geometrical Calculations*) and are commonly called *Napier's Bones*.

P. 273. l. 421. *To match this Saint, there was another.*
The Great Colonel *John Lilburne*, whose *Trial* is so remarkable, and well known at this time.

P. 274. l. 473. *The Trojan Mare in Foal with Greeks.*

After the *Grecians* had spent ten Years in the Siege of *Troy* without the least Prospect of Success, they bethought of a Stratagem, and made a wooden Horse capable of containing a considerable number of armed Men; this they filled with the choicest of their Army, and then pretended to raise the Siege; upon which the credulous *Trojans* made a Breach in the Walls of their City to bring in this fatal Plunder; but when it was brought in, the inclosed Heroes soon appeared, and surprizing the City the rest entred in at the Breach.

P. 276. l. 520. (*I mean St. Margaret's Fast,*)

That Parliament used to have their publick Fast kept in *St. Margaret's Church, Westminster*, as is done to this present Time.

P. 278. l. 605. *To hang like Mahomet in th' Air,*
Or St. Ignatius at his Prayer.

It is reported of *Mahomet*, the great Impostor, that having built a *Mosque*, the Roof whereof was Loadstone, and ordering his Corps, when he was dead, to be put into an Iron Coffin, and brought into that Place, the Loadstone soon attracted it near the top, where it still hangs in the Air.

No less fabulous is what the Legend says of *Ignatius Loyola*, that his Zeal and Devotion transported him so, that at his Prayers he has been seen to be raised from the Ground for some considerable time together.

P. 279. l. 650. *As easie as Serpents do their Skins.*

Naturalists report, that *Snakes, Serpents &c.* cast their Skins every Year.

P. 280. l. 655. *As Barnacles turn Solan Geese*
In th' Islands of the Orcades.

It is said, that in the Islands of the *Orcades*, in *Scotland*, there are Trees which bear those *Barnacles*, which dropping off into the Water receive Life, and become those Birds called *Solan Geese*.

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THIRD PART. 403

Ibid. l. 663. *So he that keeps the Gates of Hell,
Proud Cerberus, wears three Heads as well.*

The Poets feign the Dog *Cerberus*, that is the Porter of Hell, to have three Heads.

Ibid. l. 685. *The Gibellins, for want of Guelphs,
Divert their Rage upon themselves.*

Two great Factions in *Italy*, distinguish'd by those Names, which miserably distracted and wasted it about the Year 1130.

P. 285. l. 841. *When three Saint's Ears, our Predecessors,
The Cause's Primitive Confessors;
But crucified, the Nation stood,
In just so many Tears of Blood.*

Barton, Prynn and Bastwick, three notorious Ringleaders of the Factious, just at the beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

P. 287. l. 894. *But Fisher's Folly Congregation.*

Fisher's Folly was where *Devonshire Square* now stands, and was a great Place of Consultation in those Days.

Ibid. l. 907. *Cut out more Work than can be done,
In Plato's Tear, but finish none.*

Plato's Year, or the grand Revolution of the intire Machine of the World, was accounted 4000 Years.

P. 295. l. 1200. *T' your great Croysado General
General Fairfax*, who was soon laid aside, after he had done some of their Drudgery for them.

P. 297. l. 1241. *To pass for deep and learned Scholars,
Although but pauntry Ob and Sollers.*

Two ridiculous Scriblers that were often pestering the World with Nonsense.

Ibid. l. 1250. *Like Sir Pride or Hewson.*

The one a *Brewer*, the other a *Shoemaker*, and both Colonels in the Rebels Army.

P. 305. l. 1505. *The Beastly Rabble that came down
From all the Garrets in the Town.*

This is an accurate Description of the Mobs burning Rumps upon the Admission of the secluded Members, in Contempt of the Rump-Parliament.

Ibid. l. 1534. *Be ready list'd under Don.*

The Hangman's Name at that time was *Don*.

P. 306. l. 1550. *They've roasted Cook already and Pride-m.*

Cook acted as Solicitor-General against King Charles the First at his Tryal; and afterwards received his just Reward for the same, *Pride*, a Colonel in the Parliament's Army.

Ibid. l. 1564. *Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.*

Ignatius Loyola, the Founder of the Society of the Jesuits, was a Gentleman of *Biscay* in Spain, and bred a Soldier, was at *Pampelune* when it was besieged by the French in the Year 1521, and was so very Lame in both Feet by the Damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his Bed.

Ibid. l. 1585. *And from their Coptic Priest Kircherus.*

Athanasius Kircher a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the *Egyptian* Mystical Learning.

Ibid. l. 1587. *For as th' Egyptians us'd by Bees
T' express their Antique Ptolomies.*

The *Egyptians* represented their Kings (many of whose Names were *Ptolomy*,) under the Hieroglyphick of a Bee, dispensing Honey to the Good and Virtuous, and having a Sting for the Wicked and Dissolute.

P. 311. l. 8. *Than Hags with all their Imps and Teats.*

Alluding to the vulgar Opinion that *Witches* have their *Imps*, or Familiar Spirits, that are employ'd in their Diabolical Practices, and suck private *Teats* they have about them.

P. 312. l. 15. *As Rosi-crucian Virtuoso's
Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses.*

The *Rosi-crucians* were a Sect that appeared in Germany, in the beginning of the XVIIth Age. They are also call'd the *Inlightned*, *Immortal*, and *Invisible*; they are a very
Enthusiastical

THIRD PART. 405

Enthusiastical Sort of Men, and hold many wild and Extravagant Opinions.

Ibid. l. 36. *From Marshal Legion's Regiment.*

He used to preach, as if they might expect Legions to drop down from Heaven, for the Propagation of the good Old Cause.

P. 316. l. 145. *More plainly than that Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches wou'd his Miter.*

A most Reverend Prelate, A. B. of T. who sided with the disaffected Party.

P. 319. l. 261. *If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest Men,
That only sav'd a Citizen.*

The *Romans* highly honoured and nobly rewarded those Persons that were instrumental in the Preservation of the Lives of their Citizens, either in Battel or otherwise.

P. 320. l. 305. *Or else their Sultan Populaces,
Still strangle all their routed Bassas.*

The Author compares the Arbitrary Actings of the ungovernable Mob, to the Sultan or Grand Seigneur, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his Chief Commanders, called *Bassas*, if they prove unsuccessful in Battel.

P. 322. l. 350. *As th' Ancient Mice attackt the Frogs,*

never wrote a Poem of the War between the Mice and the Frogs.

P. 323 l. 383. *And stout Rinaldo gain'd his Bride,
By Courting of her Back and Side.*

Story in *Tasso*, an Italian Poet, of a Hero that gain'd his Mistress by conquering her Party.

P. 328. l. 577. *An Old dull Sor, who toid the Clock
For many Tears at Bridewell-Dock,*

declaim a Justice of Peace, a very Pragmatical busie Person in those Times, and a Mercenary and Cruel Magistrate, infamous for the following Methods of getting of Money, among many others.

P. 329.

P. 329 l. 589. *And many a trusty Pimp and Crony
To Puddle-Dock, for want of Mony.*

There was a Goal for puny Offenders.

Ibid. l. 599. *Made Monsters Fine, and Puppet-plays,
For leave to Traffice in their Ways.*

He extorted Mony from those that kept Shews.

P. 332. l. 715. *From Stiles's Pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as Hocus Pocus.*

John a Nokes, and *John a Stiles*, are two Fictitious Names made use of in Stating Cases of Law only.

P. 333. l. 752. *On Bongey for a Water-Witch.*

Bongey was a *Franciscan*, and liv'd towards the End of the thirteenth Century, a Doctor of Divinity in *Oxford*, and a particular Acquaintance of *Friar Bacon's*: In that ignorant Age, every Thing that seemed Extraordinary was reputed Magick, and so both *Bacon* and *Bongey* went under the Imputation of Studying the *Black Art*. *Bongey* also publishing a Treatise of *Natural Magick*, confirmed some well meaning credulous People in this Opinion; but it was altogether Groundless, for *Bongey* was chosen Provincial of his Order, being a Person of most excellent *Taents* and *Piety*.

P. 340. l. 113. *Or who but Lovers can converse,
Like Angels, by the Eye-discourse?
Address and Complement by Vision,
Make Love, and Court by Intuition?*

Metaphysicians are of Opinion, that Angels, and Souls departed, being divested of all Gross Matter, understand each others Sentiments by *Intuition*, and consequently maintain a Sort of Conversation without the Organs of Speech.

Ibid. l. 121. *Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,
That for its own Supply was meant?*

In regard Children are capable of being Inhabitants of *Heav'n*, therefore it should not resent it as a Crime, to supply Store of Inhabitants for it.

THIRD PART.

407

P. 341. l. 173. *You wound like Parthians while you fly,
And kill with a retreating Eye.*

Parthians are the Inhabitants of a Province in *Persia*: They were excellent *Horsemen*, and very exquisite at their *Bows*, and it is reported of them, that they generally flew more upon their Retreat than they did in an Engagement.

P. 342. l. 188. *Than Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.*

One of the Assembly of *Divines*, very remarkable for the Singularity of his Beard.

P. 343. l. 137. *To what an height did Infant Rome,
By ravishing of Women, come.*

When *Romulus* had built *Rome*, he made it an *Asylum* or place of *Refuge* for all Malefactors and others obnoxious to the *Laws*, to retire to; by which Means it soon became to be very populous; but when he began to consider, that without Propagation it would soon be destitute of Inhabitants, he invented several fine *Shews*, and invited the young *Sabine* Women, then Neighbours, to them; and when they had them secure, they ravished them; from whence proceeded so numerous an Offspring.

P. 344. l. 152. *'Till Alimony or Death them parts.*

Alimony is an Allowance that the Law gives the Woman for her separate Maintenance upon living from her Husband. That and Death are reckoned the only Separations in a married State.

P. 352. l. 133. *Whose Arrows Learned Poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with Gold.*

The Poets feign *Cupid* to have two sort of Arrows, the one tipp'd with *Gold*, and the other with *Lead*; the *Golden* always inspire and inflame *Love* in the Persons he wounds with them; but on the contrary, the *Leadens* create the utmost Aversion and Hatred; with the first of these he shot *Apollo*, and with the other *Daphne*, according to *Ovid*.

P. 356.

P. 356, l. 277. *White like the mighty Prester John,
Whose Person none dares look upon*

Prester John, an absolute Prince, Emperor of *Abyssinia*, or *Ethiopia*; one of them is reported to have had seventy Kings for his Vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his Permission.

Ibid. l. 285. *Or Joan de Pucel's braver Name.*

Joan of Arc, called also the *Pucelle*, or Maid of Orleans; She was born at the Town of *Damremi* on the *Meuse*, Daughter of *James d'Arc*, and *Isabella Romee*, was bred up a Shepherdess in the Country. At the Age of 13 or 10 She pretended to an express Commission from God to go to the Relief of *Orleans*, then besieged by the *English*, and defended by *John Comte de Dunois*, and almost reduced to the last Extremity. She went to *Rheims* to the Coronation of *Charles* the VIIth, when he was almost ruined. She knew that Prince in the midst of his Nobles, though meanly habited. The Doctors of Divinity, and Members of Parliament openly declared that there was something supernatural in her Conduct. She sent for a Sword which lay in the Tomb of a Knight, which was behind the great Altar of the Church of *St. Katharine de Forbois*, upon the Blade of which the *Croix* and *Flower-de-luces* were engraven, which put the King in a very great Surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it; upon this he sent her with the Command of some Troops, with which She relieved *Orleans*, and drove the *English* from it, defeated *Talbot* at the Battel of *Patai*, and recover'd *Champagne*. At last She was unfortunately taken Prisoner in a Sally at *Champagne* in 1430, and tried for a Witch, or Sorceress, condemned and burnt in *Rouen* Market-Place in *May* 1430.

P. 359. l. 378. *Pass on our selves a Salique Law.*

The *Salique Law* is a Law in *France*, whereby it is enacted, that no Female shall inherit that Crown.



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